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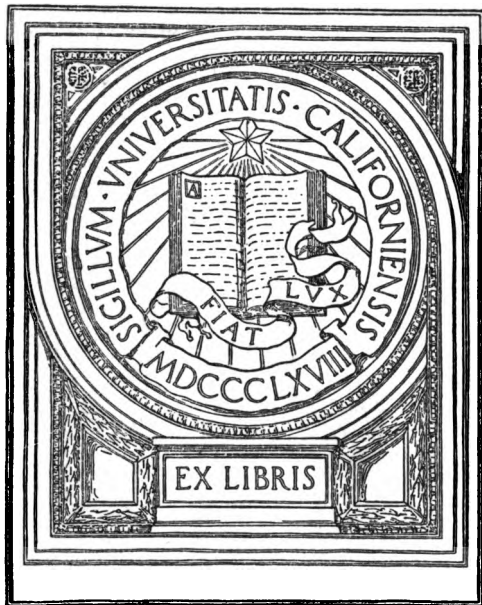
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VOLUME III

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NEW YORK CITY

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DANCING TO THE DEVIL.

THE GREAT SALTATORIAL SIN.

Just at present many "progressive" preachers are bringing all their powers to bear upon what they denominate the dance evil. Even before Sam Jones began to black-guard the ballroom in his so-called sermons, various Protestant divines were vociferously denouncing this species of divertissement as a worship of that trinity of wickedness—the World, the Flesh and the Devil; but the Cracker peddler of pseudopiety is the recognized Peter-the-Hermit of the anti-saltatorian crusade.

There was a time when it was considered a mortal sin to be merry—when professing Christians refrained from harmless jest and healthful laughter lest they displease the Deity. Some ultrapietistic people eschewed ornament, wore unbecoming clothes and cultivated an expression such as pertains to those afflicted with cramp colic or torpid livers. The idea appears to have been that by making themselves and everybody else unnecessarily miserable in this world their ecstasy would be enhanced in the great hereafter. The theater was taboo, the ballroom placed under the ban, the euchre-deck banished and young people expected to do their courting with a solemnity befitting the making of contracts in a coffin-factory. All the joy and sweetness was crushed out of life by the iron hand of a pessimistic orthodoxy; the sunshine of the heart turned into clammy London fog by specters born in the chaotic brain of pious fools; the pleasant valleys and purple hills transformed into monster-bearing deserts, the refreshing springs into bitter pools, the fragrant flowers into cruel

thorns by those too blind to see that the cult of Christ is the law of love, the unfailing fount of joy, the bloom of eternal spring, the song of birds and the merry laughter of men and maids.

But eventually the world rebelled against the pessimistic brand of piety—concessions were made, perforce, to the renaissance of reason. Gradually the dark clouds fled from the hills and the dismal mists from the valleys; the crash of cymbals and the rhythmic pulse of dancing feet supplanted groans and moans—again birds sang, flowers bloomed and perfumed fountains cast their grateful spray in the terrestrial vineyard of our God. It was no longer a crime to be happy, laughter ceased to be a sin—a sunny face came to be regarded as an outward evidence of an inward grace. Toleration born of intelligence budded and burgeoned like the proverbial green bay tree, and men whose fathers thought a fiddle but another Red Piper to lure souls to hell, felt their hearts swell with paternal pride as they looked on happy sons and graceful daughters marking time with nimble feet to music that swept with Orpheus-fingers every chord of the human heart.

But as there still be men who believe the world is flat, so are there others, even in this enlightened age, who take it for granted that a loving God revels in the sweet incense of sighs, is pleased with a pæan of groans—that a beneficent Deity looks with dire displeasure on every bright oasis Life's worn voyageur finds between the cradle and the grave. They are preachers and teachers who have failed to keep pace with the procession—who cannot realize that religion, like all else called into being by the Creator, must be progressive. Poor preterists, with their faces to the past, they would repace every step in the path of human progress, and across the sunlight of the noon cast the shadows of the night.

Most of these anti-dancing dominies make uncompromising war upon the so-called evil in all its forms, from the stately minuet to the Irish jig, from the stomach contortions of the Midway Plaisance to the nervous "jerks" of the Methodist camp-meeting; but the latest preacher to declaim against the ballroom is not quite so bigoted as his crusading brethren. We gather from the *Galveston News* that Rev. J. W. Lowber has been holding forth on the subject in the Central Christian Church of that city, and some of his pious observations may be worth attention by this, the ministerial organ of Texas. We approach him with considerable caution, however, for, by whatever name they are known—whether as Christians, Disciples or Campbellites—the members of that disorganized organization are great "'sputers," and relish nothing so much as an interminable debate, whether anent forms of baptism or the shortcomings of other sects. Parson Lowber is evidently harboring the hallucination that when he has eliminated dancing, as now indulged in by the sons and daughters of men, the world will be redeemed and the millennium due. Like the Prohibitionist who approved of punch if the spirits were left out, he can tolerate dancing if each sex will but indulge in terpsichorean exercise by itself. He has ascertained, in some mysterious manner which he does not divulge, that when Miriam, the sister of Moses, tripped the light fantastic she had no partner to caress her patent health corset, and that David, the son of Jesse, indulged in the stag-dance. That would appear to most people about as unsatisfactory as a single-handed game of baseball or a boxing bout with one's own shadow—preëminently stale, flat and unprofitable. Parson Lowber has decided, in the goodness of his heart, to permit that kind of gayety, but when

“youth and beauty meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet,”

he becomes alarmed for the morals of the community and relieves Jeremiah of his job. He assures us that “if men and women will dance apart no harm can ensue.” We fear the worthy parson is theorizing in utter ignorance of conditions—that he has never accompanied Dr. Parkhurst in his nocturnal visits to the Tenderloin district, and witnessed the can-can as danced for the special delectation of doctors of divinity. Evidently he has never participated in the hilarious “stag-party,” observed the

“Midnight shout and revelry,
Topsy dance and jollity,”

that characterize these gatherings, and compared the wild orgies with the Chesterfieldian courtesy and princely bearing of the same men when subjected to the mild censorship of woman's eyes. Each sex values the good opinion of the other, and right acting begets right thinking. The correctness of this premise conceded, the conclusion is plain that the good of the race demands that the sexes be brought together as much as possible, whether at work or play—that it were unwise if not unsafe to leave either to its own resources.

Parson Lowber assures us that “the modern dance is a great waste of time and money.” Perchance he has never heard that “all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy”—has not suspected that some preachers toil so hard to attain a little cheap notoriety that they cannot comprehend the plain teachings of Christ. Is time expended in social pleasures really wasted? Is it not rather true that time is wasted when devoted to the attainment of wealth in excess of our needs, to foolish dogmatizing, to denouncing

a harmless custom as old as the human race—while children are suffocating in the slums of our great cities, men are hesitating between beggary and crime, and the face of the world is wet with tears? Oh, ye pitiful triflers who would be teachers—heaven-ordained doctors who give a moribund world bread pills to ward off the Black Death! Ye Davids of the new Israel, are there no Goliaths of Gath, that ye must stone sheep?

These soldiers of the Lord who are valiantly charging down upon the dance and euchre-deck remind me of a hound with which I once hunted wolves. His lust for blood before we flushed our quarry was terrible to contemplate, and every cow and calf along his route was made to feel his fangs; but when the great black beast turned savagely at bay the hound would neither bark nor bite. So some preachers assail society's venial faults with fury, but when the host of hell stands forth beneath the blood-red banner of Greed, these lions of the Lord "roar as softly as sucking doves."

Is money wasted when employed to bring elasticity to the limb, brightness to the eye and happiness to the heart? A greater than Parson Lowber has assured us that "the spendthrift saves, the miser is prodigal." The man who devotes every shining hour to the service of Mammon, "the least erect of all the angelic host that fell from heaven," begrudging every moment claimed by the goddess of Joy, is the real spendthrift. He squanders, not his substance, but his life—turns his back upon the fond delights of the Vale of Tempe and wanders to the end of his days in the burning desert. I fear that Parson Lowber is more pedant than philosopher—that he has overlooked the true significance of life. While doctors of medicine are beseeching us to abate that unremitting toil which wears out hand and heart and brain before their

time, here is a doctor of divinity reproving us for every breathing spell in the "demnition grind." While philosophers insist that a life ungemmed with social pleasures is not worth the living, here is a preacher pleading that every hour is "wasted" if not burdened with a care.

Parson Lowber objects to the sexes dancing together because it has, he thinks, a tendency to sensuality and is a severe strain on the Seventh Commandment. That a man should take hold of a young lady's hand, touch her waist with his finger tips and guide her through the mazes of the dreamy waltz, fills the good doctor's head with foolish dreams of a world forever lost in the wild chaos of lust. He has somewhere heard of mesmerism, and fears the dancer will exercise that strange power on his fair companion to her hurt. If he will but reflect a little he may conclude that there's infinitely more danger in the "sitting-down waltz" in a darkened parlor than in the salutations of the brilliantly lighted ballroom. Dancing may be of the devil, but there is no intimation in Holy Writ that the Prince of Darkness ever danced. He did not cause the downfall of Mother Eve by the "arm-clutch" or the poetry of motion. According to Milton, Ithuriel found him "squat like a toad," distilling poison in the ear of Adam's credulous mate,—and we may safely assume that most of the wreck and ruin since wrought among the gentler sex has been by the quiet distillment of poison by human toads in the ears of confiding maids.

The truth is there is a tendency to sensuality in most things which minister either to the physical or spiritual life of men. Even that good living—of which the average preacher is so fond—inflames the passions, and the sacred music which throbs through our great churches makes voluptuaries as well as votaries. While it is true, as Parson Lowber points out, that some girls trace their

downfall to dancing, others attribute it to singing in fashionable choirs and the hypnotic influence of popular preachers. The ancient Greeks recognized two kinds of music—that which makes soldiers and that which makes sybarites. The savagery in man may be refined away by education and religion; but sensuality grows with civilization's growth and strengthens with its strength. Generally speaking, that which tends to make man less a servant of Mars tends to make him more a slave of Venus. No savage nation was ever noted for licentiousness—that is the curse of civilization.

The bewildering beauty of a summer night's high noon; the melody of a half-awakened mocking-bird calling to its mate; the sensuous perfume of dew-bespangled flowers, were lost upon the savage, solely animal; but they sink into the supersensitive soul like Cleopatra's mad'ning kiss and burn within the blood with celestico-infernal fire. In such moods—when the whole being is ablaze with passion, half demoniac, half divine—man climbs Parnassus' rugged steeps and stands, poised in mid-heaven, like a star. In such moods the orator is gifted with lips of gold and in the poet's heart there rings the melody of the spheres. In such moods man hears the still small voice of Omnipotent God giving a new message to mankind, and lo! another sacred book is born—another Mecca established as finger-post for toiling millions treading, with bleeding feet, the path of Life! But not every man may drive Apollo's steeds and safely guide the chariot of the sun. The same strange power that lifts man to the highest heaven may dash him to the deepest hell. Love that should illumine the world may become lawless as that of a Grecian god, and Promethean fire perverted is a destructive brand—the Star of Bethlehem becomes a blighting thunderbolt and man a demon instead of a demi-god.

Clearly we cannot exterminate everything which causes the sexes to gravitate to each other, else were the Song of Solomon hushed, beauty banished, poetry forbidden and the grander rhythm of the great prose masters—that sensuous tide which bears us away on its bosom

“O’er the ocean wild and wide—”

placed under the ban. The great sun itself—that parent and perennial storehouse of passion—were blotted from the heavens, and a lawless universe reduced to cosmic dust—go floating once more through space in snow-cold purity!

Marriage is a good or it is an ill. If good, those things which lead man to choose a mate and rear up sons to perpetuate his name, should be encouraged rather than repressed. If the dance drives some to lawless love, it must, in the very nature of things, impel more to matrimony. If contact of the sexes in the waltz, the music, the mesmeric touch of hands and wild thrill of heart pulsing against heart arouse those longings common to all animate nature, then indeed is the ballroom the enemy of celibacy and the builder of homes; for we must concede that in a country professedly Christian—and which sends missionaries to the heathen—the procreative passion will go right as the rule and wrong as the exception. I know that it will be urged by some pseudo-psychologists—who have but a vague suspicion of what really ails them—that love and passion are as distinct as the daylight and the dark; that, to borrow from Plato, there is a Uranian as well as a Pandemian Venus. Love purified of all earthly dross is a pretty conception, but it’s a barren ideality. “Love is love forevermore,” and, refine it as we may, disguise it as we will, the basic principle of that force which draws the sexes together is the procreative passion. When drunk

with the perfume and beauty of the blush-rose we think not of the compost in which its roots lie buried. When the wine of Samos sparkles in the crystal cup, or the must foams

“’Round the white feet of laughing girls”

we forget the moldering bones that nurtured the purple clusters. But compost and bones are there, and right well the gardener knows that but for them the great white light of the moon and the red glory of the sun would beat and break in vain—that the rose would not enrich the vagrant air, nor the vine pour its empurpled tide into the veins of kings. We think not of the Creator’s divine command to be fruitful and multiply—nor of the method he employs to compel obedience—when, amid a wilderness of flowers, the fair bride and gallant groom accept the sacred vows; but the command is there, and the wedding-bells send answer back—“God’s will be done.” The sexes must be brought together under circumstances mutually agreeable ere Hymen’s torch be lit at glowing eyes and fanned to flame with the soft sighs of desiring souls; so —“On with the dance.”

Having formally taken the ministers of America under my apostolic protection, I feel that I am, in some degree, responsible for their errors—that it is my duty to give Brother Lowber a little gratuitous advice. If all other ministers who are denouncing dancing and kindred social customs—whose significance they cannot comprehend—should hear and heed, so much the better. I have thought seriously of calling them together for a course of lectures on the mortal sin of trying to nullify the teachings of the great Nazarene; but the time is not yet opportune.

Do not take it for granted that whatever pleases the people originated in perdition. As the whole is greater

than a part, so is it wiser. The cumulative wisdom of sixty centuries—the customs of both savagery and civilization—approves the dance as a healthy method of diversion. True piety does not consist in preventing other people enjoying themselves. If you realize that you cannot indulge in progressive euchre without becoming a shoe-string gambler or bunco-steerer, or visit a ballroom without contracting an uncontrollable desire to see what Parkhurst saw and feel what Parkhurst felt, just spread your pin-feathers and fly from temptation instead of imitating the Son of Man by valiantly facing and overcoming it; but bear ever in mind that in the making of man the Almighty employs more than one kind of clay. Instead of wasting your strength trying to abolish the ballroom—an institution whose good equals its evil—turn your batteries upon those which are wholly bad. Battle against Frauds and Fakes, Hypocrites and Humbugs. Assail Poverty, Ignorance and Crime, hell's great triumvirate. When these archangels of evil are driven from the earth it will be time enough to abolish the social dance, burn the euchre-deck, destroy the stage and protect the Christian Sabbath from "desecration" by peddlers of hokey-pokey and popcorn balls. Doubtless the devil sometimes lurks in the ballroom; but before seeking him there, oh my brethren, let us be sure he is not snugly ensconced in the church, unctuously crying amen to the utterances of some perspiring pulpiter who is trying to lead the armies of Israel off on a wild chase after some harmless jack-o'-lantern—while the legions of evil overrun the earth. Don't make grandstand plays from the pulpit. Notoriety may be necessary to an actor, but does not increase the sphere of usefulness of a Campbellite preacher. If you really desire to enlarge the Lord's vineyard so as to include the unprofitable soil of Galveston Island—and are quite sure

the Wharf company will not seize the Ship of Zion in part payment of the dockage—squeeze the groans and moans and chronic heartaches out of your faith and fill it to overflowing with sunshine and with flowers. Millions of tender-hearted people remain away from church simply because they cannot bear to witness the chronic gloom of those who have made their peace with God—the unhappiness of those poor creatures who are doomed to inherit an orthodox heaven. Preach that God is love; that our Father in Heaven, who watches over the very sparrows, wants his children to enjoy themselves even here on earth, and gives the means if they will but wisely employ them. Teach the religion of good living, which is also right living—the religion of beauty and joy and use. Hitch your chariot to a star instead of to a mole, and fill the land with light instead of darkness, with hope instead of despair. Think you the Creator poured his splendors forth on land and sea for eyes all dimmed with tears? that he filled the bulbul's pulsing throat with melody divine and composed old ocean's never ceasing anthem for those deafened with their own moans?

I wouldn't preach five minutes to a man who looked as though his religion was hurting him—who seemed sorry he was going to be saved. When I deliver the "glad tidings of great joy" to a fellow mortal I want him to act like a poor miserable pariah who's just drawn the capital prize in a lottery, instead of treating the message as though it were a protested draft. And when I get through pumping saving grace into him I want him to go out into the world and add to its gladness instead of its gloom. I want him to object to bear-baiting because it hurts bruin, and not because it pleases the boys. No matter whether I make a Campbellite of him or a sure-enough Baptist, I want him to recognize a brother Chris-

tian in every man who is trying, in spirit and in truth, to serve the Lord. And having expended my time and energy to snatch him as a brand from the burning and formally enroll him in the army of Israel, if I find that he's such a consummate ass as to keep blazing away with his little escopette at progressive euchre, the arm-clutch, the stage, ballroom and other unimportant social beetles, while the legions of Lucifer, with visors down and spears in rest are crowding us to the wall, I'll take a club and kill him.

* * *

THE A.P.A. IDIOCY.

DEFAMATION OF AMERICAN DAILIES.

PERHAPS the most ominous of the signs of the times, so far as this Republic is concerned, is the birth of that organization known as the American Protective Association. True, the order is not formidable as yet—is of but little importance in the world of politics; but history teaches that the more ridiculous a craze or foolish a fad, the more readily it finds a following. Of course the A. P. A. cannot long survive. It's a child of Darkness and must perish with the coming of the Dawn. There is no valid reason for its existence, and the law of social as well as of physical evolution makes it imperative that the useless and unfit should perish from the earth. So perished Know-nothingism, and so will pass this new avatar of religious bigotry and political folly which has found a temporary lodgment in a land boasting liberty of conscience, beneath the flag of the free. But, though the days of the A. P. A. be few and full of trouble, it may, like the cholera scourge, or an epidemic of diarrhœa, do an infinite deal of harm before it is eradicated. Its tendency is to

promote a religious war and wreck the mighty political fabric bequeathed us by our fathers, to crush religious liberty and turn back the hands on the dial of time a thousand years. Its avowed object is the practical disfranchisement of Catholics, not only in this country, but throughout the world. The movement has already become "international," if we may credit the boasts of its leaders, which proves that it was not begotten of American patriotism, as at first pretended, but born of religious bigotry. The following paragraph, taken from the illiterate and intolerant address of the president of the supreme council of the order, delivered at Milwaukee last May, is suggestive:

"If coming generations are to be secure in the enjoyment of their liberties, we must drive the enemy not from the United States to Canada, nor from Canada to the United States—not from the new world to the old, nor from the old to the new—we must drive them off the face of the earth; must destroy the devil's brood, root and branch, by the mighty power of A. P. A.ism."

Think of an "international," of an "universal American Protective Association"—of Americans, interested only in preserving intact the liberties bequeathed them by those sworn enemies of monarchy, the Revolutionary heroes, assisting the Czar of Russia to preserve his crown and the Akhoond of Swat his harem! The movement is not "American"; it is Protestant, pure and simple. Its *raison d'être* is religious instead of political. Its object is not the enforcement of the fundamental law of the land, which declares that "No religious test shall ever be required as a qualification to any office of public trust under the United States"; but, by uniting all Protestant denominations in an "anti-Papist" crusade, to "destroy

the devil's brood, root and branch"—to "drive them off the face of the earth." Unless all signs be misleading and the utterances of its duly accredited leaders mere doting jargon, it is the spiritual rather than the supposed temporal power of the Pope that is troubling the A. P. A. That organization is warring upon Roman Catholic theology far more vindictively than upon "Roman Catholic corruption" in politics. Its agony is fully as great when a Protestant sends his child to a convent school as when "Papal emissaries" capture a municipal government. Pat's sister in a nunnery gives it as much concern as Pat himself on the police force. It harangues with far more gusto of the immortality of some unworthy priest than of the election of a "Papist" constable in a Catholic precinct.

Patriotic Americans have much to say anent the necessity of suppressing such blatant anarchists as Herr Most and Lucy Parsons; yet the doctrines enunciated by the A. P. A. are infinitely more dangerous to the peace and perpetuity of the Republic. Their avowed object is the division of the American people into two hostile classes—and Christ assures us that "Every kingdom divided against itself is brought to desolation." If this be true, either the A. P. A. or the government born of our fathers' blood and sanctified by our mothers' tears, must be destroyed. If we accept the dicta of the Deity we must class the A. P. A. organizers with Johann Most and Benedict Arnold. Nor are these enemies of the American government willing to wait for the disfranchisement of their Catholic fellow-citizens by due process of law—the change of the Federal constitution by peaceful methods and passage of a disabling act by a fanatical congress. They are already preaching war—a war of extermination! Here is a paragraph—clipped at random—from the most pre-

tentious A. P. A. journal extant, the official organ of the order at San Francisco:

"In Rochester, New York, a bad A. P. A. man shot and killed a good Catholic. The chief regret is that he had not a magazine gun instead of a single shooter."

A thousand similar expressions might be culled from the utterances of A. P. A. orators and editors, signifying that the Protestant who murders a Catholic pleases God and renders his country a service—that having killed one Catholic he should be encouraged to slaughter more. Evidently we would have a delightful Christian love-feast should the A. P. A. become strong enough to safely embark in the wholesale butchery business—in the name of a loving Christ and the Federal constitution! But let an American citizen who sees the plan of salvation through a different telescope—and who has a sister or daughter in a convent—shy a brick at some foul-mouthed black-guard for calumniating the Roman Catholic sisterhoods, and forthwith a terrible wail goes up from this "noble order of Christian patriots" that the Pope is trying to throttle free speech by means of a pretorian guard of brutal bulldozers. The A. P. A. willfully and with malice prepense provokes the Catholic until forbearance ceases to be a virtue, then points to his violence as an evidence of Papal iniquity. A large proportion of American Catholics are of the combative Irish blood. The terrible injustice which Ireland has for centuries suffered at the hands of orthodox England has not made them particularly friendly to the Protestant faith; yet so deeply are they imbued with American ideas; such respect have they for the right of free speech, that A. P. A. orators and editors may defame them in every possible manner—may

question their patriotism and revile their religion—and do so in comparative safety. The patience of the American Catholics under the jeers and sneers, the willful calumnies and cowardly insults of the A. P. A. has no parallel in religious history since the persecutions suffered by the primitive Christians. Why they do not procure a few “magazine guns” and fill the hides of their persecutors so full of holes that they couldn’t be stuffed with stovewood, I am unable to understand.

In the greatest exponent of A. P. A.ism—in which Protestant Christianity and American patriotism are supposed to be united for the attainment of salvation here and hereafter, we find such headlines as the following: “Pap for Papist Pugs;” “A Specimen Catholic Brute;” “Fearful Roman Catholic Immorality;” “Papists and False Oaths;” “Jerked to Jesus;” “Illegitimacy in Rome;” “Romanists Lie with Impunity,” etc.,—and the articles are worthy of their captions. Such is religious toleration and Christian charity as interpreted by the A. P. A.—such its idea of the cult established by Christ for the purpose of securing “peace on earth, good will to men.” The proceedings of every ecumenical council, the official acts of every Pope, the utterances of every writer of Roman Catholic theology for a thousand years have been scanned for evidence that the Mother Church is the enemy of both civil and religious liberty—and that by men who would disfranchise American citizens for worshipping God according to the dictates of their own conscience, and murder them with “magazine guns” because of a difference of opinion anent the Real Presence! I am not much in favor of a press censorship nor the abridgment of the right of free speech; but I do think that men who persist in a deliberate attempt to precipitate a civil war should be hanged for treason. My bump of venera-

tion is not so abnormal that it wears holes in the steeple crown of my Mexican hat; still I hold that the orator or editor who flagrantly defames and systematically vilifies any religious cult considered sacred by millions of law-abiding men, is a blasphemous brute, and that it would be entirely consistent with the American idea of liberty to clap a cast-iron muzzle on him and lose the key.

It has been charged by the A. P. A. that the **ICONOCLAST** is a "Papist periodical," hence "its utterances should be regarded with suspicion by all patriotic Americans." Of course every journal that declines to act as cat's-paw to pull political chestnuts out of the fire for the "Ape," is trying to supplant an American President with an Italian Pope. I am not surprised that, having demonstrated their ignorance of the history of the Church of Rome and their utter inability to comprehend the genius of the American government, the A. P. A. bosses should accuse a journal bearing the suggestive title of **Iconoclast** of being a "Papal periodical." A Catholic **Iconoclast** were almost as great a curiosity as a feathered elephant—or an English organization for the protection of American liberties! With the controversy between Protestantism and Catholicism I have no more to do than with that between Buddhism and Brahmanism. I care never a copper whether a man takes his theology from the Pope or Dalai-Lama, John Calvin or Joseph Smith, so long as he doesn't persist in mixing it with American politics. But when one religious body presumes to monopolize the honors and emoluments of this government to the exclusion of another; when an attempt is made in the name of any religious cult or creed to override the constitution of our common country; when a conspiracy is entered into by malicious busy-bodies and aspiring demagogues to disfranchise worthy American citizens because of their

religious opinions, somebody is going to get the iconoclastic gaffes driven into them so deep that the protruding points may be utilized as a hat rack.

But the **ICONOCLAST** does not stand alone to receive the destructive thunderbolts and sizzling scorn of that "noble order of Christian patriots" which proposes to play smash with the Pope and "destroy the devil's brood, root and branch"—by a combination of "open Bibles" and breechloaders. The leading article in the *A. P. A. Magazine* for July—whose politico-religious mission is ladling out a very disgusting brand of "Pap for Papist Pugs"—is an "Address by Rev. J. Q. A. Henry, San Francisco." From it I clip the following paragraph:

"Time forbids that I should give the extent to which the Papacy has subsidized the press. There is scarcely a daily of note throughout the entire country whose staff is not controlled by the Jesuits. At the elbow of reporter and editor sits the Jesuitical inquisitor to see that nothing is reported or published detrimental to the Papal church. It is shocking how unfair to Protestantism and diabolically sectarian the press has become. It cringes in the presence of the hierarchy, and enforces its unscrupulous bidding with the servility of a whipped spaniel."

I dislike very much to say anything disrespectful of a preacher; still, respect for "the cloth" does not overcome my suspicion that the reverend gentleman is an unmitigated liar. In fact I know from personal experience in daily journalism that such is the case. I have served on nine daily papers—ranging in importance from the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat* to the *Houston Post*; have occupied every position from police reporter to editor, and never did a Catholic priest attempt to shape one sentence

of the ten thousand columns that have passed from my pencil into print. I have treated of many questions in which Catholics were deeply interested, and never did I catch a glimpse of that "Jesuitical inquisitor." Never did Catholic—priest or layman—suggest what I should say or leave unsaid; but I have had the Protestant inquisitors at my elbow often enough, God knows. They have been persistent, meddlesome, dictatorial; and whenever I declined to allow them to manage my department they tried to get me discharged. In all my journalistic experience I was never told by a Catholic priest of a scandal in a Protestant church; but just let a Catholic priest go wrong, and four-fifths of the Protestant preachers make it their business, not only to inform the press, but to insist that the affair be "shown up" in its most unfavorable aspect. These are facts with which every daily newspaper man is familiar. Call up the editors and reporters of this country and they will tell you that the Catholic priests and Jewish Rabbis meddle with their work but little; but that, with the possible exception of the pot-house politicians and crank scribblers, the Protestant clergy is the greatest nuisance with which they have to deal. That politicians and monopolists sometimes subsidize a daily paper is doubtless true; but this corruption is not carried to the extent popularly supposed. The press is often foolish, but usually honest. Of course, there are corrupt men on the press, as well as in the pulpit. I have heard jackleg reporters boast of tips received from Protestant preachers to secure spread-eagle reports of their sermons; but never did I hear either editor or reporter intimate that he had received a dollar from a priest except in the way of legitimate business that would bear the light of publicity. Of course, this does not prove that priests never influence the utterances

of the press; but it does signify that the preachers are not in a position to point the finger of scorn.

My opinion is that the Rev. Jeremiah Querulous Ananias Henry is guilty of a deliberate calumny, and were I now editing a daily paper I would have him indicted for criminal libel and put into the penitentiary where such reckless liars and assassins of reputation properly belong. Such a gratuitous insult offered the American press simply proves that I sized the order up correctly when I labeled it the Aggregation of Pusillanimous Asses. No organization that has undertaken such a herculean task as the practical disfranchisement and reduction to political peonage of one-seventh of the American people, will, if it possess as much sense as an acephalous louse, deliberately antagonize a power that can ridicule it out of existence, that can drive it off the earth with goosequills—despite its “magazine guns.” The A. P. A. has taken plenty of rope, and if it have sufficient sense to tie a knot will inevitably hang itself. And the daily press will, if it possess one glimmering spark of American manhood, assist at the obsequies. Here is an organization which has defied its power and spat in its face. What will the daily press do about it? Will it play the “whipped spaniel” and lick the feet that trample upon it? Or will it hit this politico-religious monstrosity one biff between the eyes and send it back to the foul shades of hell from which it sprang?

GROVER'S NEW GIRL.

BABIES AND BOOT-LICKS.

WE gather from the press dispatches that "at precisely 4:30 p. m. by the doctor's watch," on the seventh day of the seventh month of the year of grace, 1895, a third baby girl was born to President and Mrs. Cleveland. Regardless of the Malthusian theory of population—and the existence of more girls in America than can reasonably hope to acquire dutiful husbands—we hasten to extend congratulations. It is possible that a male heir would have better pleased our "liege, lord and sovereign born;" still, the man who holds three queens in the game of life—with the privilege of calling for cards—should feel encouraged. The new addition to the President's household appears to have taken the Nation by surprise, and it is but now slowly recovering from the shock.

The Clevelands have evidently learned something by experience. They have learned that many daily newspapers have no appreciation of the sanctity of the family circle or respect for the modesty which is the glory of motherhood—that common decency demands that these literary vultures and foolish Boswells be kept resolutely at bay. Ere President Cleveland had been married six months, the daily press—that "professional educator" and self-styled "moulder of public opinion"—began to speculate on paternal possibilities. It was recalled that before becoming President he had acquired a procreative record of which he appeared not a little proud, and that he was not a man to weary in well-doing; hence, if by any chance, a Peeping Tom reporter caught a glimpse of Mrs. Cleveland clad in a maternity gown, or even a hot-weather Mother Hubbard, the great American Commonwealth was

thrown into a state of painful expectancy bordering hysteria. The family physician was beset by interrogation points wherever he turned, while seamstresses and house-servants were subjected to rigid cross-examination by enterprising Washington correspondents who should have been humanely killed. If a midwife or obstetrician was seen about the premises the world was advised thereof by wire. If a haberdasher's boy delivered a package at the White House he was fairly mobbed by reporters eager to learn if it contained safety-pins or material available for diapers. The physique of the "first lady of the land" was observed as closely and commented upon as freely as that of a Blue Grass brood-mare, and the slightest tendency to embonpoint called forth column telegrams, editorial leaders and "smart" paragraphs. Speculation anent the probable sex of the newcomer was freely indulged in by papers of professed respectability, and the approaching accouchement became the subject of conversation alike in the gilded drawing-room and the dingy "doggerly." I am told that bets were laid on the sex of the babe to be, and pools sold on the date of its début.

Time after time the wiseacres of the press were disappointed, but that only redoubled their vigilance. It is said that a watched kettle never boils; but to even this rule there are exceptions, and the Cleveland household was eventually blessed with a babe—a fuzzy-wuzzy little barbarian, in no wise distinguishable from a thousand other babes born on the same day. But if the little bundle of bawl that lay mewling and puking in its nurse's arms had been a reincarnation of the Buddha, or even the Christ—re-born in a mansion instead of a manger, of pseudo-patrician instead of unquestioned proletarian parentage—the American press could not have expressed more concern. Hourly bulletins informed the awe-struck universe

of the condition of the mother, the state of mind of the father and progress made by the young pilgrim.

“Baby Cleveland awoke at 11:30 and wept softly.”

“The baby smiled intelligently and coo-cooed to her happy father.”

These are specimen bits of the intellectual goose-liver pie served up by our journalistic caterers to a public boasting itself “heir of all the ages and foremost in the files of time.” What caused Baby Ruth to indulge in that soft wailing cry which echoed and re-echoed round the world by wire, has never been satisfactorily explained. Perhaps some faint adumbration of an idea that, through no fault of hers, she had been precipitated into a world where fools predominate broke her heart. Her “coo-coo” remains as much a mystery as her tears, the attempt of etymologists to prove it an infantile form of “cuckoo” having signally failed. By unremitting attention to duty, the doctors managed to save both mother and child—even pulled the old man through without much difficulty; but for a long time the general public languished. The strain upon its nervous forces had been abnormal; but the wonderful recuperative powers of nature at length asserted themselves and society was safe. Had the first Cleveland baby been a boy, excess of joy might have proved fatal to a nation founded by those who taught the equality of men and held kings in contempt. Had it been two boys the sun would not only have stood still upon some occidental Gideon and the moon in a cisatlantic valley of Ajalon, but have stuck fast and refused thenceforth to shine upon the other half of the earth. That Mrs. Cleveland did not die of vexation, nor the male progenitor of the young “princess” go gunning for various press correspond-

ents, "able editors" and other purveyors of such godless gush over an accomplishment to which most married couples are equal, argues a patience beside which the patriarch of Uz were but a querulous dyspeptic. The third candidate for colic and carpet tacks to appear in the "Stuffed Prophet's" household was not heralded by "scare" headlines. No pools were sold on the day it would appear, no sesterces laid by chivalrous American sovereigns on the question of its sex.

"Silently as the daylight comes when night is done.
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek grows into the
great sun,"

the little wanderer from No Man's Land entered this vale of tears and unostentatiously took up life's trials. The sacred pre-natal secret was guarded as closely as though it were some hideous crime, lest the reporters once more come prying about kitchen windows "pumping" garrulous serving maids and listening at keyholes to catch the first faint cry of a new-born babe. A modest matron dislikes to have a tribe of hoodlums measuring her girdle and speculating on the probabilities of parturition; so it was not until a domestic, finding the secret too hard to hold, "told a neighbor's girl" of the new arrival that the press correspondents realized that another crisis in the world's history was at hand. But although the public was spared the vulgar speculation and barbaric horn-blowing that preceded the arrival of other babes "born in the purple," it could by no possible precaution on the part of the modest mother escape the deluge of post-natal ditch-water and disgusting hog-wash. Here is a specimen, clipped from that owl of American journalism and representative "public educator," the *Dallas News*:

"Cosy Gray Gables was bathed in warm sunlight to-day and the early existence of the new Miss Cleveland, the personage in whom the residents of Buzzard's Bay are most interested, is marked by bright, pleasant weather. Dr. Bryant reported that Mrs. Cleveland and the little one are resting quietly and that everything is progressing finely. He will add nothing except that the newcomer is a 'fine little girl.' In company with Joseph Jefferson, Mr. Cleveland spent nearly all day trout fishing at East Sandwich, where Mr. Jefferson has a private stream. The party left early in the day and did not return until nearly 6 o'clock. Ruth and Esther did not drive with their nurses to the village this noon, as they have done almost every day since their arrival at Gray Gables, nor were the horses sent to the postoffice; but a messenger was dispatched on foot after the mail. The children remained at their play, often chattering as they ran about the piazzas and lawn over the little sister so recently introduced to them. Both children seem delighted with the idea of having another little one in the household."

The existence of "warm sunlight" on a July day will strike the average reader as a phenomenon well worth recording—even wiring across the continent. Warm sunlight and wet water prove that nothing is impossible in Nature. We are pleased to learn that the omens were auspicious at the birth of the Cleveland babe, portending prosperity and a life all whose paths are peace. Had one J. S. Hogg been born while the warm sunlight gilded the paternal cabin with supernal glory and rested like a benediction upon the softly murmuring pines, instead of in the midst of a March storm that knocked the pillows out of broken window panes and piled the cow-path with

broken boughs and general rubbish until it resembled an interior view of Riggins' head, or the English language after a criminal assault upon it by "J. K. Street, journalist"—whoever that may be,—what a world of woe and worry, trials and tribulations might have been spared the Lone Star State! That Dr. Bryant declines to give it further information than that the babe may some day wear bloomers—and "everything is progressing finely"—is the apology which the press offers the public for not furnishing full particulars. The doctor's curt refusal to divulge all the delicate secrets of the sick-room to be exploited in double-ledged type is probably a great disappointment to many people; still it entitles him to the eternal gratitude of every mother, present and potential. The same spirit of morbid curiosity which caused crowds to assemble to see *le Grande Monarque* dress and undress himself largely prevails even among the American people, where it has been so prurient that the daily press finds it profitable to violate the canons of common decency. That President Cleveland should almost immediately leave the house, not to devote a few moments to important public business, but to spend the entire day trout fishing in a play-actor's "private stream" (where is Henry George?) while his new-born babe was battling for a hold on life and the mother far within the pale of danger, would suggest superbrutishness to any but a press correspondent. But then we must not judge by the highest altruistic standard a man who runs largely to bowels and little to brains. The gander carefully guards his unfledged goslings, the tiger keeps watch and ward over his purblind progeny, but who ever saw Taurus take an active interest in the new-born bovine?

But more important than all else, perhaps, is the information afforded us by an enlightened public press to the

effect that Ruth and Esther did not drive to the village with their nurses, as was their wont, but remained at play, "chattering as they ran about the piazzas and lawn over the little sister so recently introduced to them." (Lindley Murray being already dead, the architect of the foregoing sentence in our "great public educator" cannot be indicted for homicide.) We might have expected them to discuss Mother Goose's Melodies, Coin's Financial School, the latest society novel and other light literature adapted to nascent minds. The fact that they preferred to talk of something tangible—to discuss conditions rather than theories—proves that they have risen above that photoplasmic or rudimentary state of the mental faculties occupied by the Trilbyites, the patrons of the *Houston Post* and those semi-vegetable polyps who absorb a kind of intellectual circus lemonade—with a sock in it—from that great tank of orthodox wiggletails yclept the *Baptist Standard*. We are pleased to learn that Ruth and Esther approved of the newcomer. Had they decided that it was *de trop* of course it would be instantly killed—or perhaps consigned to the tender care of Baylor University to be "educated for Baptist missionary work in Brazil."

We are further informed that "the horses were not sent to the postoffice, but a messenger was dispatched on foot after the mail." How fortunate that in raking the great round earth for rubbish, the Associated Press—that busy collector of compost—caught this important item! Otherwise, should the world wobble in its orbit and "planets and suns flame lawless through the sky," we might never suspect the reason. Given a cause, even Dr. Burleson might figure out an effect. We know now that the nigger employed at Gray Gables to go errands actually hoofed it to the postoffice and "toted" the presidential mail-pouch,

instead of driving—that he did not even ride a bike or bestride a brindle mule. Thus day by day does the diurnal press add to the mighty domain of human Knowledge and drive the monster Ignorance further into the desert. Knowledge is power, if we may believe the old copy-books, and the Archimedean lever may yet move the world.

But why criticize the press for performing its legitimate function—that of industriously catering to a depraved public appetite for toads? If the people did not crave and pay for such intellectual ditch-water it would not be collected at great expense and pumped into them—much as the Lagado doctor inflated the colicky canine!

The birth of babies in the Cleveland household is of no more importance than the appearance on this planet of what a high official of the present plutocratic administration calls “the spawn of the wayside cabin”—of which Lincoln was an example. In fact, if we may judge the future by the past, the “spawn” is likely to fill a larger niche in this world’s economy than is the offspring of My-Policy Presidents; yet the press of this country—where every man is supposed to be a sovereign—indulge in more unmitigated gush over a Cleveland babe than does that of Russia over the birth of an hereditary Tsar. In Great Britain when a woman is confined whose kid, by any possibility short of a revolution, may come to the crown, a high state officer is required to attend the accouchement, while the people testify their loyalty to the reigning family by votes of thanks—for the unavoidable—and a liberal *largesse* to the young princeling or dukeling who, if born in a manger like the Man of Galilee, might eat grass. We have not quite reached that state of intellectual servility where we pension the babes of our political boss, but are tending rapidly in that direction. From the Penobscot to Jim Well’s town on the lower Rio

Grande, toadyism is rapidly taking the place of American independence, and in this respect at least the public press is "in the vanguard of human progress." It is comforting to reflect that there was no typographical fanfaronade when Shakespeare and Burns were born—that Grant and Napoleon stormed their first breastworks without attracting the attention of the press. Even the coming into the world of the Immaculate Son of God was not at the time considered nearly so important as the birth of Cleveland's last baby. But then his Father was not in politics—did not appoint postmasters nor dispose of public bonds to syndicates on private bids.

* * *

BAYLOR IN BAD BUSINESS.

THE case of Steen Morris, charged with outraging the 14-year-old "ward of the Baptist Church" while she was an inmate of Baylor College, has been heard in the lower court and the defendant held to await the action of the grand jury. It is not difficult to predict the final outcome of the case. The complainant is a stranger in a strange land, an ignorant child—despite her three years at Baylor—deserted by that pious crew of hypocrites who persuaded her to leave her faraway Brazilian home and commit herself to the tender care of the Baptist Church of Texas. The defendant is brother to the pious son-in-law of Baylor's president, and all the power and "pull" of that institution are being exerted to save him from the penitentiary. It is a case of weakness vs. strength, of ignorance vs. knowledge, the good name of a fatherless girl vs. the reputation of a powerful denomination and a pretentious college. Antonia Teixeira cannot

cast a single vote; the Baptist Church holds the political destiny—and offices—of this judicial district in the hollow of its hand. Of course she may get justice—but it's a 100 to 1 shot.

It may be presumed that all the important evidence for both prosecution and defense was introduced at the preliminary trial. It simply amounted to an accusation by the one and a denial by the other. No corroborating testimony of any importance was introduced by either. It is simply the word of a child-mother against that of a modern Joseph. That the girl acquired a contract to raise a kid while she was being equipped for Brazilian missionary work in Dr. Burleson's kitchen, and that the party of the first part was not a coon, as the Rev. S. L. Morris, in the plenitude of his Baptist charity tried to make it appear, but some lecherous white man who was allowed to range at will among the female inmates of Baylor, is all that has been established beyond the peradventure of a doubt.

Steen Morris may be innocent; but the question naturally arises: If he never had carnal intercourse with the child why does she accuse him of being the father of her illegitimate babe? What has she to gain by shielding the real criminal and accusing an innocent man of the terrible crime? She is evidently not seeking to recover pecuniary damages, for Morris has no money. She can not expect to coerce him into marrying her, for he is already a benedict. Her accusation is evidently not the result of enmity, for she entered no complaint against him until requested by the court to disclose the author of her disgrace. Why then did she accuse the defendant and stick to her story despite the efforts of the Burlesons and the Morrises to bluff and bullyrag her into a recantation? Men of wealth or distinction are sometimes

wrongly accused of sexual crimes by brazen adventuresses; but Morris is neither wealthy nor distinguished, and it is inconceivable that a child in short dresses should learn to play the adventuress in a Baptist college—or even in Dr. Burleson's kitchen.

Of course, the public may be wrong in denouncing Morris as the guilty man. He may be a veritable Sir Galahad or he-Dian. He may be physically incapable of such a crime; or the girl whom Dr. Burleson would have us believe was "crazy after the boys," may have caught the good young man and ravished him *vie et armis*. We really cannot be certain of anything in this world. The **ICONOCLAST** would not prejudice the case of Morris. It simply desires that justice be done. If he is proven to be innocent it will gladly record that fact; if he is proven guilty it will insist that he be hanged. If he is guilty it goes without saying that there is a conspiracy to shield a criminal regardless of the good name of the girl, and its principals should be made to feel the strong hand of the law. Whether the child was outraged or freely gave her consent to carnal intercourse matters much from a legal, but none from a moral standpoint. She was 14 years old when ruined, and at that time the law raising the age of consent to 15 was not in effect. What would be a capital crime to-day might have been simply seduction a year ago; still the fact remains that, whatever the law of the land, a lecherous brute who will ruin a child of 14, with or without her consent, should not be allowed to live. He should first be subjected to the surgeon's knife, lashed naked through the streets with a whip of scorpions, then hanged higher than Haman and his foul carcass fed to the buzzards.

Whether Steen Morris be guilty or innocent; whether he be convicted or acquitted, Baylor College will have to an-

swer at the bar of public opinion for its brutal and unchristian treatment of the Brazilian girl. She was committed to its care, a child of 13, unversed in this world's wickedness. She was utterly alone, and Baylor was to be father and mother, sister and brother to her until she developed into noble womanhood and was safely returned to her kindred across far seas, consecrated to the cause of Christ. Instead of being carefully educated she was consigned to the kitchen. Instead of being tenderly guarded she was permitted to become *enceinte*—it was at first said by a “coon.” Instead of being kindly cared for after this dire mishap and an effort made to bring her back into the fold—granting that she willfully went astray—she was bundled out of Baylor like so much carrion and never an effort made to bring her destroyer to justice. When compelled to disclose him the aged president of Baylor denounced her as a thief and branded her in the public prints as a bawd. During her confinement she was shown less consideration by Baylor than is due a wolf about to become a mother—and she the duly ordained “ward of the Baptist church!” There is not water enough in all the oceans to wash the dark stain from the escutcheon of this Baptist college; there are not words enough in the English language to convince the American people that Baylor is a proper custodian for their daughters. The credit of the Morris family may be preserved; Steen may escape the penitentiary; the unfortunate girl and her Baptist bastard may disappear from the face of the earth, but Baylor college will stink forever in the nostrils of Christendom—it is “damned to everlasting fame.”

Since the above was put in type the defendant has carried his case by habeas corpus before the district judge,

and that official—a worthy Baptist brother—has rendered a Scotch verdict and ordered the release without bail of the alleged rapist. One judicial tribunal, after an exhaustive hearing of the case, decided that the girl was telling the truth and ordered the defendant held; another, after a cursory examination of the matter, and without calling the complainant to combat the witnesses for the defense, ordered that he be discharged. So ends the suit. No one will be punished for the ruin of Antonia Teixeira, the “ward of the Baptist Church.” The grand jury will understand that it were useless to take cognizance of the case—that it will get no assistance from her self-constituted guardians in rounding up the criminal. Somebody is guilty, but he’ll go scot free; for in the eyes of these good people female virtue seems of little worth and lawless venery but a venial fault. Baylor considers that it has done its duty by the innocent child committed to its care in establishing, to the satisfaction of the court, not who is, but who is not responsible for her ruin. And Waco’s morning paper—one of those “great public educators”—of the Baptist school—fairly chortles in its joy because no one will suffer for Antonia’s shame—evidently thinks the debauchment of a child a matter of little importance which “prejudice has stirred into a great stink!” Right royally are Tom Ochiltree’s kind of men “standing together!” Well has it been said that there may be much religion and no morality, tomes of law and little justice. Poor Antonia! Miserable little waif, adrift among the Baptist wolves! She can now beg money of publicans and sinners to carry her back to her native land, and there lay her ill-begotten babe on her old mother’s breast—as her diploma from Baylor! She can seek sanctuary in the Catholic church—which her fond parents left to tread a primrose path to Christ—and there find help

and human sympathy; or she can take herself to the Reservation and there pursue that "missionary work" for which three years in a Baptist college have so eminently qualified her. Whatever her future, the great world will go on much the same. Dr. Burleson will doubtless continue to "weep and pray" over erring girls—then pillory them in the public press. The Baptists will continue to send missionaries to Brazil to teach the heteroscean heathen what to do with their young daughters, and the godly people to rail at prize-fighting as a public disgrace—while Antonia Teixeira clasps her fatherless babe to her childish breast, bedews its face with bitter tears and wonders if God knows there's such a place as Texas.

* * *

THE JURY SYSTEM.

ANOTHER VENERABLE NUISANCE.

THERE is at present almost as much talk of reforming the jury system as of reforming the tariff. Why "reform" the jury system? Why not abolish it altogether?

The jury system, like the habeas corpus act, has long been regarded as one of the "great bulwarks of our liberties." And such it undoubtedly was when the greed of princes and prelates threatened to grind us like grain between the upper and nether millstones; when an absolute monarchy on one hand and an intolerant and presumptuous prelacy on the other were trying to fix their cursed fetters upon the brawn and brain of all mankind. When judiciary and prelacy worked together like the upper and lower jaws of a wild beast, of which the harem of a besotted king was the stomach; when such creatures as Jeffreys wore the ermine and the Star Chamber and

Court of High Commission hung like ominous shadows over every English home, then indeed was trial by jury, however defective, a thing to be thankful for, to be defended in the forum or the field. Then indeed was it the sheet-anchor of liberty, the bright bow of promise to the weak, the pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night upon which the eyes of the liberty-loving world were fixed with reverence and awe,—the rock between the tempestuous sea of anarchy and the desolate desert of abject slavery, upon which rested, with such poise as it could, the ark of the social covenant.

But "the old order changeth, yielding place to new," and we have outgrown the jury system as we have the ordeal by fire and many other forms and formulas established by the fathers and religious dogma and judicial process. The trouble is that the old order acquires a kind of prescriptive right, lingers long after the conditions which brought it into being have departed, after the day of its usefulness has declined. Time was when "sacred relics" were an invaluable aid to religion, forming a bridge, as it were, between ethnic materialism and the spirituality of the Christian cultus; but having crossed the bridge it were the part of wisdom to burn it, that we may not return. A progressive world must cast the jury system behind it, as it has cast the Ptolemaic system, polytheism, alchemy and augury, absolute monarchy and many other things once regarded as the very acme of natural or even preternatural prescience.

The genesis of the jury system is by no means certain. It first attained a systematic development in England, but whether its basic principle was introduced by Anglo-Saxon or Norseman, borrowed from the Gallic-Romans or developed from the native Celtic customs, antiquarians find difficulty in deciding. It really matters little whether

we are indebted for it to the semi-mythical Alfred, the legendary Hengist, or that mailed marauder, William of Normandy, to whom titled English nincompoops and dead beats delight to trace their lineage. Certain it is that during the past five hundred years its development has been in the wrong direction, and it is not to-day so well adapted to secure justice between man and man as it was when Henry II permitted cowards to decline the trial by combat for that by assize. In olden times the jury was composed of the witnesses, was selected from among reputable citizens of the neighborhood who were supposed to know most of the cause they were called upon to decide, and who might refuse to take into consideration the testimony of any or all other witnesses. Now instead of selecting those who know most about the cause they are to pass upon, we select those who know least. Instead of "afforcing the assize" by getting twelve good men and true who will agree of their own accord, we gather twelve ignorami together and, after pumping law into them they cannot comprehend, and surfeiting them with testimony which they are incompetent to analyze or unable to remember, we allow a dozen or so shyster lawyers to befog them with their sophistry, to drive out what little of the law and evidence may have found lodgment in their befuddled brains, then lock them up until the most obstinate jackass in the crowd coerces the others into submission or drives them to open revolt!

In simple cases where the law is plain and explicit, twelve honest men, possessing a personal knowledge of the facts and acquainted with the parties to the suit, may be expected to render a righteous verdict; but what can we expect of a know-nothing jury, gathered by chance, where the testimony is conflicting, the interests involved are

intricate, the law ambiguous, the attorneys adept in the art of obfuscation and the bribe-giver is ever active?

Even were our juries always composed of men of the strictest integrity, still we might expect many miscarriages of justice. The average citizen regards jury duty as an irksome task to be avoided if possible. He chafes under the restraint, is in no condition of mind to analyze great masses of evidence. Even if he can keep his thoughts off his neglected crops, his workshop or his store and confine them strictly to the cause in question, his mind has had no judicial training, and, with skillful attorneys to mislead him, he is too apt to mistake the non-essential for the essential, or suffer his prejudices to be so played upon that his verdict, while conscientious, is infamous.

It is safe to say that five-sixths of the verdicts rendered by juries are compromises—are not the verdict of twelve men, but of a minority who, being strong-willed or stubborn, override the majority, who are chiefly interested in getting through with the business that they may receive their discharge. And this is “the great bulwark of our liberties—the handmaid of justice!” Why, the blundering of petit juries long since passed into a proverb! It is as impossible to predict from the law and the evidence what verdict a jury will render, as where lightning will strike, or what fool demagogue the Texas democracy will next deify. About the only thing that can be predicted with any degree of certainty is that, if the suit is against a railway company, the corporation will get the worst of it.

It would be some improvement, doubtless, to substitute the majority for the unanimous rule in making up verdicts, but there would be some loss to offset this gain. While it would rob the stupid and contrary blockhead or the “fixed” juror of his power for evil, it would also

deprive the man capable of rendering an intelligible and righteous judgment of his power for good. While on the one hand it would prevent a stupid and perverted minority overriding an indifferent majority, on the other it would estop a wise and judicial-minded minority acting as a check upon a blundering or vicious majority.

The fact is, society is becoming too complex for the jury system and we must find a substitute therefor. When a nation is composed of but few people they can all assemble in council and make laws; but when they become numerous, and national interests complex, pure democracy must give place to representative government or monarchy. In a small State every freeman may properly be expected to be soldier as well as citizen; but when the hundreds swell to millions, division of labor and greater proficiency in each department becomes possible. It is as foolish to expect every citizen to leave his farm and workshop to enforce the law as it is to expect him to assist directly in the making of those laws, or to take his turn at garrisoning frontier forts.

If we can trust delegates to make our laws certainly we may trust delegates to enforce them. If we can trust to judges alone in our courts of last resort, cannot we trust them also in the lower courts? If it be objected that such a system would lead to favoritism and abuses; if the jury system has such a hold upon the popular fancy that, despite its many shortcomings, its immediate overthrow would be impossible, why not elect our jurors and pay them as we do our magistrates and county boards? There is no magic in the number twelve, five or seven would answer equally as well. The majority rule in making up a verdict might be adopted and each juror's vote made a matter of record. We could thus secure the services of ~~men~~ of more than average intelligence and moral standing,

with some little qualification for the work, fix the responsibility of verdicts and save to the general public a vast deal of worry and waste of time. It would be vastly cheaper to the commonwealth, trials would be briefer, fewer useless witnesses would be summoned and lawyers would soon learn it to be but a waste of lung power to indulge in cheap sophistry and Ciceronian fanfaronade. While a bench of trained judges, holding their positions for life, and liberally paid, would be the best possible tribunal, if we must retain the jury system let us effect a division of labor and fix upon jurors some little responsibility. Let us put men in the jury box who at least know a hawk from a handsaw, men who freely accept the service instead of those who are driven into it by fear of fine and imprisonment.

* * *

POLITICIANS AND PENSIONERS.

I WAS conversing with a hardy-looking machinist in Houston who incidentally remarked that he had served in the federal army during the civil war.

"How long?"

"Only about six months. I enlisted near the close and never got to see a Johnny with his war-paint on."

"Get a bounty when you enlisted?"

"Oh, yes; I got \$300."

"Ever try to get a pension?"

"Sure! I was taken sick of the mumps and permanently disabled."

"Disabled for what?"

"Well, you see, my general health was impaired. I only draw \$6 a month, but I'm trying to get an increase."

The conversation drifted to other topics and he finally informed me that he was the parent stem from which had sprung twelve lusty olive branches.

"Raise your family since the war?"

"Sure."

"Work at your trade regularly?"

"Haven't lost a month's time in ten years."

"Now, hones' Injun, don't you think that a man who came out of the war capable of continued hard labor and of incidentally accumulating a dozen kids, has a good deal of gall to ask the Government to pay him a pension?"

"Well, congress allowed it, and I'd be a d—n fool to refuse \$72 a year that's thrown at my head."

A few years after the war I witnessed a six-day walking match and subsequently learned that the winner was drawing a comfortable pension from Uncle Sam because of a disabled leg! A careful investigation would probably disclose the fact that fully forty per cent. of the ex-federals now receiving pensions came out of the war better men physically than they went in. The pension legislation indulged in by that omnium-gatherum of practical politicians and professional jobbers yclept the American Congress, is, beyond the peradventure of a doubt, the most damnable outrage ever perpetrated on a free people.

The Republican party sets the pace in the matter of pension legislation—in pandering to the "old soldier vote"—and its Democratic brother considers that it must follow suit if it would keep its nose within smelling distance of the public flesh-pots. The leaders of both parties take it for granted that the old soldier can be held in line only by liberal concessions of public pap—that the moment a subsidy is denied him he will, like a political mercenary, transfer his allegiance to the cause

of the enemy. As in several States he holds the balance of power, his vote is important; hence we have the edifying spectacle of Democratic and Republican congresses vying with each other in the building of new turnpikes upon which he may travel to the treasury.

General Grant declared that twenty-five years after the close of the war the pension expenditures should not exceed \$50,000,000 per annum; yet here it is 30 years since the cessation of hostilities, and the expenditures are three times the sum named as the maximum by the federal commander! Men who followed the flag of the confederacy are fully as liberal with the public funds when bidding for the votes of ex-federals as are the most radical Republicans.

It is well enough to grant pensions to those who were permanently disabled in the discharge of their duties and who possess no means of support; but this promiscuous pensioning for political purposes is not only an infamous outrage upon the taxpayers, but an insult to patriotism. The pay of the federals, rank and file, was far in excess of that received by the soldiers of any European country. In addition to this, many received a liberal bounty. If a man will not fight for his country or defend his home for a salary, with a subsidy annex, without asking to be provided for all the rest of his life at public expense, his patriotism is considerably below par.

I do not believe that the federal soldiers who faced the legions of Jackson and Lee are asking to be listed as chronic paupers—that the men who “saved the country” insist on taking it in part payment of their services, then compelling us to work out the balance. It is the men who “enlisted near the close of the war”—when the bounties were biggest and the draft hardest to dodge; who “never saw a Johnny with his war-paint on”; who were “per-

nently disabled by the mumps"—then founded large families—and those who became professional pedestrians on pensioned legs, that consider patriotism and pie as synonyms and hold the tear jug into which practical politicians ostentatiously weep for the woes of the "old soldier."

The confederate soldier suffered far more severely than did his federal brother. In addition to catching the mumps and getting disabled legs he got his house burned down, his mules stolen and his niggers confiscated. He received no fat bounties and never saw a greenback except when he went through the pockets of some federal prisoner. He drew the enemy's fire with a great deal more regularity than he drew his pay, and when he got the latter it was good for little but gun-wadding and pastime poker; yet he has managed pretty well without a pension—has even contributed some hundreds of millions toward ameliorating the mental anguish of his erstwhile enemy.

The confederates were not playing the game of war for pensions. They did not consider the Confederacy a casualty insurance company. Some fought as a matter of duty, some for the fun of the thing, and a few, perhaps, because they couldn't help it; but none of them, so far as heard from, have threatened to spill their patriotism, renounce their political principles and kick the enacting clause out of their party unless it filled them to the nozzle with pie at the expense of the public. What little has been done by the respective States for disabled and impecunious veterans was unsolicited. The old confeds have never threatened to ruin a political party unless it assisted them to rob the country. Their patriotism is not built on a gold basis like the American greenback, but is purely a fiat affair.

TRUE LOVE'S TRIALS.

Miss Rebecca Merlindy Johnson, Assistant Editor Houston Post:

MY DEAR REBECCA: It has been some months since I took my pen in hand to spill my fond affection over the fairest of the fair, my sweet Rose of Sharon. During this hiatus in our communion through the mails you have evidently imagined that my heart has become frappé—even harbored the awful hallucination that in the rush and hurry of reforming the Texas ministry, squeezing the politics out of latter day religion and promoting harmony in the bifurcated democracy, I have actually forgotten you. I gather as much from the fact that you inform the few unfortunate readers of the *Post* that I'm a bold bad man, an "adventurer," an "ingrate," and other things not calculated to inspire respect. This only proves the old adage that the path of true love is ever a rocky one, beset with thorns and thistles, as well as rosebuds and bulbuls. You know you wronged me when you made those cruel flings. You suspected that I had transferred my affections to Dr. Mary Walker—and "hell hath no fury like a woman scorned." You were wretchedly unhappy and longed to be bitterly cruel. If I ever sinned against your youth and innocence it must have been in an uneasy hypnotic dream. Before gods and men I do declare that if you have been led astray—if your young life is blighted like a tender plant by a sneaping frost—'tis no fault of mine. If you have been guilty of unwomanly conduct, God wotteth well it was despite my counsels rather than because thereof. If your conscience hurts you, and in the stillly night there comes into your exuberant bosom a feeling that's akin to pain; if you bedew your

hen-feather pillow with unavailing tears while Remorse fleshes his cruel fangs in your broken heart and makes it to bleed afresh, why lay the burden of the blame on one who gently held you back by the tail of your little alpaca coat when you yearned to fill your snowy cuticle with barrel-house booze and whoop it up in Happy Hollow? Jealousy is indeed a green-eyed monster, that makes us see things more strange than ever flitted hither and yon in a jag-cure joint. "Ingrate" I may be, for I should not have left a maid so fair and wayward in a town with Epictetus Paregoric Hill and Uncle Dan Gary, with none to keep watch and ward. When she poured out to me the wealth of her fond affection I should have stayed ever by it to see that it did not sour. Still I felt my duty done when I found you, a poor green gosling in the newspaper pasture, and played the part of a guide, philosopher and friend until you developed into a full-fledged goose. Perhaps I have been derelict, for the relations of man and woman are so delicate that it is indeed hard to draw the line where duty ends and generosity begins. Still, to err is human, to forgive divine, and I beg that Rebecca the beauteous will pass my imperfections by. In these lover's quarrels, which will arise from time to time, like ominous clouds in a summer's sky, you should not expect me to do all the forgiving, for monopolies are contrary to law. The fact is, Rebecca, I have been compelled by cruel circumstances entirely beyond my control to forego the pleasure of feeding you with the usual allowance of compressed pansy blossoms and anacreontic poetry. I have already ravished the gardens of the gods of every fragrant flower to lay at your wayward feet—have even despoiled weald and wold of straggling blooms and woven them into garlands with which to crown you Queen of the Liars' Club. There is not even a pale pink hollyhock left blooming

alone in some deserted garden, or hexapetalous jimson waving its wild glories above a pile of compost that can be added to your triumphal arch or entwined in a magic cestus for my *fin de siècle* Venus. I have overworked my muse in an effort to paint the lily and gild refined gold, exhausted the lover's dictionary in showering sweets to the sweet and can only stand, like another Troilus, on some beetling rampart beneath the twinkling Pleiades, make mouths at the harvest moon and sigh my soul out toward the distant camp where fair Cressid lies, lulled to peaceful dreams by the drowsy bleat of the goat editor and soporific hum of the busy gallinipper. I must wait for new flowers of fancy to bloom in the arid waste, for Orpheus to mend his lute and Pegasus to rest his weary wings. Forgot you, Rebecca? As the French novelists say when waiting for an idea, "Ah God!" What impressionable son of Adam, having once feasted his hungry eyes on your sylph-like form; what mortal man, having once been awed and quite o'ercome by your statuesque, she-Napoleonic pose, and gazed into the dreamy depths of your bovine eyes—those wonderful windows of the soul through which it peers forth with all the unutterable longing and aching tenderness of a bull-calf contemplating a dewy clover-patch through a pair of bars—could efface, even with a bath-brick and elbow grease, that matchless vision from his memory! But it is not of love and love's raptures I here would speak. It is of matters less pleasant than yum-yum beneath the umbrageous boughs of a china-tree while the fragrance of the bayou comes stealing around the trysting Pyramus and Thisbe like a benediction, that chiefly concerns us here. The "New Woman" craze which you have precipitated on this unhappy land is to-day the burden of my song. What evil and unwomanly spirit induced you to cast aside flowing skirts and health-

bustles, beflowered hats and French heels and appear in public places in split-tail coat and pantaloons? How came you to exchange the modest name of Rebecca Merlindy for the bellicose pseudonym of Rienzi Miltiades? Did you not understand that such an example was calculated to utterly demoralize your sex? Already a goodly portion of the great she-world has taken to derby hats, shirt-waists and bloomers. Encouraged by your almost criminal recklessness, the softer sex becomes year by year more masculine, more inclined to don the breeches and transpose the "obey" clause in the marriage contract. You dabbled in politics—or tried to—and forthwith the woods were filled with Mary Ellen Leases. You wrote for the papers—by proxy, of course—and half your sex contracted an incurable case of *cacoethes scribendi*. You went on the stage and played Claude Melnotte to Mrs. James Brown Potter's Pauline, and now all the she-stars of the theatrical firmament want to "do" male parts and stride about the painted rocks and "set" trees in white tights and top boots. You insisted upon voting, although you knew less of political economy than does a prohibition orator, and forthwith the dear creatures became clamorous for political privileges, and one of them actually hoisted a presidential lightning-rod. Your example, Rebecca, has bred a train of ills, whose culmination even the wisest philosopher cannot foresee. Indirectly you are responsible for the bicycle habit which has the beauty of America in its remorseless grasp. True, you do not ride a bike yourself, your legs not being long enough to reach the treads, nor your dignity of that kind which can be safely trusted on rubber wheels; but other women, whose physical construction is more conservative, mount the erratic machine, light their cigarettes and go whizzing by, dazzling we poor he-things with the twinkle of

their Trilby feet. You doubtless think it all a joke, Rebecca mine; but it is a jest that may prove a boomerang and knock you off the social Christmas tree. You have carried it too far and must suffer the consequences. Had you donned a pair of breeches measuring 14 inches in the leg and 75 in the beam and slipped out on a dark night for a quiet lark with Dud Bryan, Will Bailey and Whistle-trigger, you would have done little harm; but such costume continually worn in the garish light of day by a gentle maid who should be spinning her marriage linen and dreaming of orange blossoms and epithalamiums, is a bid for adverse remark. Already it is whispered that you are not a woman at all, but just a dapper little man to whom heaven has denied the glory of a beard and masculine strength of mind. The world is so prone to judge by appearances, and when made up you do look a very little like a man in some respects. Think of a young and beautiful woman suspected of being only a he-thing at a time when the ladies are taking the destiny of the world into their hands! Imagine one who was born to rule, being classed with those miserable worms of the dust who, in the years to be, will watch the baby and crochet tidies while their female lords are sitting with feet cocked up in front of swell hotels, saving the country and ogling the Josephs who saunter timidly by! But that is not all—it is not half. It is even darkly hinted that you are neither male nor female, but a peculiar and eminently unsatisfactory combination of both. To such ribaldry, fair Rebecca, does your clothing-store and gin sling habit subject you. And to think that I cannot come to your rescue—that it is one of those aggravating cases wherein a dotting swain must listen to the most preposterous speculation anent the idol of his affection and hold his peace—lest he make a bad matter worse! I can only confide these facts

to you, trusting that womanly tact will teach you the necessity of turning to the wall your portrait in the gallery of gold-cure graduates, and adopting some more feminine occupation than chewing plug tobacco and spitting at a mark—that you will once more go into your raiment head first. I do not chide you, Rebecca. I realize full well that you are a good girl at heart; but “evil communications corrupt good manners.” There is yet hope. Mary Magdalen reformed and Trilby tried to—though it killed her. That latter fact should caution you to go at your work of reformation scientifically, but none the less determinedly. Will you do so, for the sake of the

APOSTLE.

* * *

FACT AND FANCY.

TAKE a male biped that’s a moral bankrupt, a spaniel by nature and a fraud by profession, and let it pass current as a man simply because it wears pants, and you have a contemptible humbug. Humbuggery may be called our national vice, our besetting sin. Like liberty, it appears to be in the very air we breathe, and we take it as naturally as we go into politics. A humbug is simply an incarnate falsehood, one who deliberately lives and acts a lie.

The very best people have a touch of this complaint—the trail of the serpent is over us all. Even our young ladies are said to be, to a certain extent, frauds. I have been told that many of them wear patent complexions, “boughten” bangs and pad out scrawny forms until they appear voluptuous Junos, and thereby deceive and en-

snare, bedazzle and beguile the unsuspecting sons of men. I have been told that many of them who were soft-voiced angels before marriage could give a rusty buzz-saw cards and spades and beat it blind after they had succeeded in landing the confiding sucker; but perhaps such tales are but the bitter complainings of miserable benedicts who have been soundly beaten at their own game of humbuggery. Marriage is perhaps the only game of chance ever invented at which it is possible for both players to lose—too often, after a world of sugar-coated deception and many premeditated misdeals on both sides, one draws a blank and the other a booby. After patient angling in the matrimonial pool, one lands a stingaree and the other a bull-head. One expects to capture a demi-god who hits the earth only in high places, the other to wed a wingless angel who'll make his Edenic bower one long-drawn sigh of ecstatic bliss. And the result is that one's tied up to a slattern who slouches around the house with her hair on tins, in a dirty collar and with a dime novel, a temper like aqua-fortis and a voice like a cat-fight; the other to a hoodlum who comes home from the lodge at 2 g. m. and whoops and howls for her to come down and help him hunt for the keyhole, and is then snailed in by a policeman before she can frame a curtain lecture or find the rolling-pin.

Perhaps the most aggressive fraud that infests the earth is the professional atheist—the man whose chief mental stock in trade consists of doubt and denial of revealed religion, so-called. About the time a youngster first feels an irresistible impulse to make a fool of himself every time a female smiles upon him; when he reaches that critical stage in life's journey when he imagines he knows much more than his father, he begins to doubt the reli-

gion of his mother; shrewdly asks his Sunday-school teacher who made God; demonstrates, by the aid of natural history diagrams, that a large whale could in no-wise swallow a small prophet—that if it did succeed in relegating him to its internal economy it were impossible for him to slosh in the gastric juices for three days and nights without becoming much the worse for wear. He undertakes to rip religion up by the roots and reform the world while you wait, but soon learns that he's got a government contract on his hands; that the man who can drive the Deity out of the hearts and homes of this land can make a fortune turning artesian wells inside out and selling 'em for telegraph poles.

A correspondent at Little Rock asks: "Who is Oscar Wilde, and for what is he famous?" Oscar found himself a few years ago without means, but possessing a chronic dislike for labor. He set about devising a way of "raising the wind," and decided to pose as a prophet of super-æstheticism. He let his hair grow long and his breeches grow short, affected sun-flower boquets and delivered lectures. His fad caught on, and after working it for all it was worth, he chopped off his hair and appeared in long "pants." He wrote considerable decadent rot, and was finally convicted of a nameless crime, such as those to which old and decayed civilizations became addicted, and sent to prison. He was lately released, and announced that he would resume his literary labors over his own name. We cannot judge Wilde by the code of ethics prevailing in this country. He is an Englishman, and John Bull has associated with the "Unspeakable Turk" so long that he has begun to copy the Ottoman's sexual sins. What would forever damn a man in America may be regarded in England merely as a misdemeanor.

Had the opposition press let up on the "Bryanites" when the campaign closed, there would have been precious small prospect of Willie's renomination in 1900. Thousands voted for him who really regarded him as too inexperienced in national affairs for such grave responsibilities—accepted him only because he was the party nominee, or because they regarded him a safer man than McKinley. Others—and among them the **ICONOCLAST**—felt that he belittled himself in making his nomination the lever of a profitable lecture tour, that his eager chase of the dollar poorly accorded with presidential dignity; but these foolish post-campaign assaults upon his followers have solidified the ranks, and if the election occurred this year the Chicago platform would be reaffirmed and Bryan renominated by acclamation. If the enemies of Democracy maintain their present called for and insulting slander another year they will make Bryan the next president, smash the protective tariff and assure the free coinage of silver. More power to their mud-hills!

The Duchess of Marlborough (Mrs. Churchill, successor to Sara Jennings Churchill, the door-hold) is said to have declared that she is "no longer an American." How will Columbia manage to stagger along under this new cross! The daughter of Alva Smith-Vanderbilt-Belmont-Demirep, scorns her country and takes refuge under the crown, yet the sun rose as usual next day, government bonds kept the even tenor of their way and there was no diminution in the number of applicants for American post-offices. In the words of the lamented Garfield, "God reigns and the government still lives." It is possible, however, that the haughty Consuelo will wish she were an American and peddling sprats about the streets of New

Amsterdam, like her maternal ancestors, when the Jook begins to ape his unlamented sire and "kick in de bloomin' slats" of the woman whose Yankee ducats provide him with three square meals per diem. She should take a half holiday and reflect on the fate of Lil Hammersly.

The precocious pair of mamothrepts responsible for the *Angelus Maggotzine*, of Cincinnati, are still scribbling "anti-Brann" editorials on the corners of their diapers with the nozzles of their nursing bottles. There, children, is the free ad. you've been fishing for, and I sincerely hope it will help you.

* * *

CORBETT-FITZSIMMONS AFFAIR

AT THIS writing (July 20) it looks very much as though the great glove contest between Corbett and Fitzsimmons would not take place in Texas. This, by itself considered, is of no particular importance; for if they should migrate to the moon to pull off the mill—or even give up pugilism and ham-fat theatricals altogether—the world would probably continue its revolutions around the sun much the same, bring the seed-time and the harvest. They are simply a brace of burly animals—of well-nigh as little importance in this great universe of ours as Pinkie Hill of Houston, and Dr. Hayden of Dallas. True, they are as much the superiors morally and mentally as physically of the doctor of blackguard divinity and the apostle of boot-lick journalism; still they are not such people as a gentleman would care to be caught dead with, and it is doubtful if they have enough brains between them to grease a gimlet. Still if these Boanerges want to "go together," and several thousand people are eager to see the

sport and bet their sesterces on gladiatorial brawn, why should the professional pharisees and super-sanctified smart Alecs interfere? Why should they, with faces wide ajar, mount to the housetops to make moan? The contest will be governed by rules and regulations that will, in all probability, prevent serious injury to either; hence it will be no more "brutal" or "degrading" than a wrestling match or game of football. It is a trifle tiresome to hear semi-civilized inhabitants of a frontier province prating of a glove contest being "a disgrace to our civilization," when we consider that the civilization of Greece, the conceded glory of the world, not only tolerated, but encouraged combats with the terrible cestus. Why did not these goody-goodies—whose civilization is so superior to that of our masters in art and literature—come to the front when brutal slugging matches were being brought off every few weeks at Galveston and other Texas points? Simply because the pugs, being small potatoes, there was no great glory to be got by denouncing them—the world did not have its lorgnette trained on Texas, so there was little opportunity for the Epworth Leaguers and Dallas psalm-singers to make an effective grand-stand play. But it is different now, and tearful addresses to the public by those who fatten on the perquisites of professional godliness, and Miss Nancy resolutions by religious organizations are in order, while sectarian editors—who lie about their circulation and swindle advertisers—fairly tear their sacred undershirts lest a harmless boxing bout "leave an indelible blot on the fair name of Texas." The Epworth Leaguers threatened to run a political boycott on all citizens who presumed to think for themselves, and declare it the inalienable right of the Methodist Church to manage the State. I was hitherto under the impression that the Protestant churches never meddled in

politics, but confined themselves exclusively to the realm of the spiritual—that it was the awful “Papists” who presumed to dictate to the temporal powers! The Iconoclast is not the apologist of pugilism; but it does insist that when religious organizations begin to issue political edicts and declare boycotts on all who assert their independence they should be given distinctly to understand that they are out of their element. The Epworth League—largely composed of young gillies not yet dry behind the ears—issuing its ukase to the Texas officials, were an exhibition of monumental audacity seldom witnessed even in Waco, the home of Baylor College and the Mecca of religious bigots. The St. Louis *Mirror* sizes the situation up exactly when it declares that the chief opposition to the Corbett-Fitzsimmons affair “is made by people who are lacking in the virility which holds in honor courage and skill and endurance.” The normal young man is naturally combative; but it were too much to expect a job-lot of modern Josephs, who possess the glassy, semi-idiotic eye, the flabby flesh, graveyard complexion, twitching fingers and uncertain step so significant to medical men to approve of anything in the way of athletic sport more exacting than a gum-chewing match or a game of Presbyterian billiards with a bevy of old maids. A few bottles of that “lost manhood restorer” so extensively advertised in sectarian journals, might, if properly placed, give these good young men a different opinion of a rattling bout with the gloves between the world’s greatest gladiators. Instead of resolving against “Lanky Bob” and “Gentleman Jim,” the he-angels now trying to preserve the honor of Texas from the awful blight of pugilism, might take the pitiful case of Antonio Teixeira under prayerful consideration, and devise ways and means of protecting little girls from criminal assaults in sectarian colleges.

HORR VS. HARVEY.

ABOUT the dreariest "rot"—printers have a more expressive name for it—with which the daily press has yet afflicted a long-suffering public, is the report of the Horr-Harvey debate anent the currency question. The lingering reports of this unimportant tilt between intellectual tumble-bugs usually concluded with the unnecessary statement that "the attendance was not large." Why should it have been? There was certainly nothing in the debate to attract an audience. A man troubled with insomnia, or lacking the necessary nickel to purchase a boot-leg beer, might have dropped in for a quiet snooze; but why a healthy man with any occupation under heaven should waste time on the Horr-Harvey debate I cannot conceive. No new truth was brought to light—it was simply a re-threshing of old straw by men who are mere amateurs at swinging the flail. The corruption of Congress, the "crime of '73," the original unit of value, and a score of other things that cut no ice in a controversy anent the currency question, were laboriously reviewed, and the debate closed with the people never a whit the wiser than before. Neither Horr nor Harvey seem able to comprehend that a shifting measure of value constitutes the nigger in our industrial woodpile, and that whether we make that measure of gold, silver, or both combined, the evil will still be with us to a greater or less extent, because the precious metals are subject to the same law that governs all other commodities. They evidently do not understand that the "dollar" is simply a term by which we express the relative value of one commodity to all others, just as the foot or the pound is a figure of speech by which

we express the relative size or weight of each material thing to all other material things. The rapid development of our exchange system is making money of ever less importance as an exchange medium, while the expansion of credits is multiplying its importance as a measure of value. To this latter and greater attribute of money the wise economist will give his chief attention, with the full understanding that the monetary question will continue to vex us until we recognize the word "dollar" as an abstract term, expressing the commercial relation, not of cotton to coin, but of cotton to corn,—until we emancipate it from the laws which govern pork and potatoes and make it immutable as the multiplication table. The attempt to express in numbers of grains of silver or gold the commercial relation which a sad-iron bears to a barrel of soft soap, or the product of a day's labor now to a given amount of the product of labor ten years hence, were as ridiculous as to substitute tom-cats for abstract numeration.

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SUNDAY JOURNALISM.

THE would-be great morning dailies are evidently striving to outdo each other in journalistic idiocy. Their Sunday editions especially are fearfully and wonderfully made. Some of those issued by New York and Chicago publishers are about the size of the U. S. census report, and their component parts are "want ads.," cheap woodcuts and wind. They have now taken to colored illustrations and resemble nothing so much as painted bladders blown to the bursting point. In this particular field of journalistic endeavor the New York *World*, like Abou Ben Adhem,

leads the procession. It can spoil more white paper with jejune gabble and abortive art than any other publication on the earth—with the possible exception of the *Houston Post*. Its illustrations would give the author of *Trilby* that tired feeling, and throw Little Billee into moral convulsions. The *Sunday World* would be a godsend to the gude housewife who has carpets to underlay and pantry shelves to paper, if the rough edges of its "art" could be so smoothed down as not to perforate the brussels, and the booming thunder of its inept and idealess editorials so modified that they would not sour milk. An accommodating drayman who makes a specialty of moving heavy furniture, has delivered to my address a copy of the *Sunday World*, and I am now torrefying it for my winter fuel. While glancing it over I was reminded of a proposition Capt. Andy Faulkner, for a long time the mainstay of the Houston & Texas Central, once made to me. Like Epictetus Paregoric Hill, Captain Faulkner was tired of railroading and longed to launch his well-freighted bark upon the tempestuous sea of metropolitan journalism. He proposed to start a great daily in New York and make me editor thereof, on condition that I employ on my gilded staff only Texas newspaper men. I was to have for chief assistants Whistletrigger Vanderhurst, Charlie Edwards, Frank Brady and Major Mose Harris. Captain Faulkner has an idea that a morning daily with that kind of a gang on the quarter-deck, would create a sensation in New York,—that the entire force, from proprietor to porter, would have ortolans and champagne for midnight lunch and katzenjammer and bromo-soda for breakfast. I saved the captain a cool million by talking him out of his great journalistic idea, but he wouldn't divide. My first impression on glancing over the *Sunday World* was that he had sneaked off to New York, bought Pulitzer's paper

and put Whistletrigger and Mose Harris in charge without first taking the precaution to remove the sideboard. It is just such a paper as those two bloods would put up if one was drunk and the other dead. It is slop from *imprimis* to *finis*, but slop made from pouring port and keg beer, absinthe and barrel-house booze into the same bowl. There is a suggestion about it that the men who made it could have done better under more favorable circumstances. Editor, artists and reporters all seem to be describing the curious things a very rapid young man can sometimes see with his eyes shut. The *Sunday World* boasts a tremendous circulation, and I can easily believe it—when I consider the large population of our lunatic asylums. Some of these days the American people will be blessed with a renaissance of common sense, and then such papers as the *Sunday World* will frizzle up like Jonah's gourd and make place for legitimate journalism.

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THE BUSINESS REVIVAL.

THE free-traders and thick-and-thin administration organs are almost hysterical with joy over the gradual revival of business. Of course everybody is glad that the shadow of hard times is passing—that there will soon be a smoke-out of every man's chimney; but there is absolutely no more reason for attributing improving industrial conditions to the revised tariff or increase of the national debt to bolster up that financial fraud known as the gold reserve, than for attributing the speed of a runner to the clothes he wears. The panic of '93 is not the first one from which this country has recovered—despite the politicians. If it survived the others without the adventitious aid of that political potpourri known as the Wilson bill,

and the omniscient statesmanship of President Cleveland, it is reasonable to infer that it would have pulled through this time had Harrison been reëlected and the economic ideas of the Buckeye Napoleon continued to dominate our tariff policy. I am not here discussing the causes of financial crashes nor the relative merits of tariff and free-trade; but we know that panics and periods of business depression have occurred when the tariff was low as well as when it was high. We know likewise that when the worst is reached a reaction sets in and the body industrial comes slowly back to normal health regardless of the brand of economic doctors that may chance to be on deck. At the imminent risk of being read out of the Democratic party by the *Dallas News* and other hypnotized bacchantes indulging in delirious stag-dance about the Dionysius of Buzzard's Bay, I confess the belief that had Harrison been reëlected in '92 the financial crisis of '93 would not have been so acute. America could hardly have escaped the business depression that swept round the world like the grip epidemic or bicycle craze; but the belief of capitalists—whose *bête noire* is innovation—that a radical departure would be made both in our tariff policy and currency system, was what turned a retreat into a rout, a depression into a panic. The Democracy came into power at a time when a policy of ultra-conservatism was necessary to reassure the commerce of the country; but a course the direct antithesis of this was adopted by the Democratic captains. And so distrust was augmented, commerce paralyzed and the land filled with tramps, while our public servants—paid to guard the general welfare—indulged in interminable talk and added to the confusion worse confounded. For weary months the mighty tide of dialectical ditch-water ebbed and flowed, while capital waited for order to evolve itself from the

wide-weltering chaos and labor stood with folded hands and starved. Commerce can adapt itself to almost any condition and prosper; but uncertainty is the most powerful brake ever applied to the wheels of the car of progress. At length the gab-mill wore out its mainspring and stopped, and immediately the goddess of Industry began to repair the incalculable damage done by Democratic stupidity. This partisan organization, claiming credit for the business revival, which it did so much to delay, for curing the panic for which it was chiefly responsible, must provoke the world's admiration, for men instinctively adore the monumental—even in audacity. As it is but a step, however, from the sublime to the ridiculous, so may adoration easily decline into disgust. That after the party was condemned by the people as utterly unworthy and irremediably inept, mouthpieces of the administration should complacently point to the slight betterment in business made despite the almost criminal blunders of Cleveland, his half-baked cabinet and Kilkenny Congress, as blessings of Democratic rule, were enough to make a consistent Christian fracture the Third Commandment. The best thing the Democracy can do is to follow the advice given by Grover Cleveland when a futile attempt was made to lie him out of the Maria Halpin escapade, and "tell the truth." If the party will but muster up sufficient moral courage to acknowledge that its asininity has cost the country some billions of money, profess penitence and promise to materially reduce the length of its ears, perhaps the people will trust it again sometime—but not during the present century.

SUNDAY IN NEW YORK.

THE goody-goodies whose Christianity consists of chronic meddling in matters which do not concern them, appear to have over-reached themselves in New York City. While closing up the saloons on Sunday to give the soft-drink joints a chance, they encountered a judge with sufficient sand to declare it contrary to the genius of a free government, boasting equality before the law, to make fish of one and flesh of another. That is to say, discrimination between merchants engaged in vending the same goods does not conform to the fundamental law of the land—that one cannot purvey the soothing milk-shake and exhilarating soda cocktail and gather in the nimble nickel that maketh the heart glad, to the exclusion of another. The result is—theoretically at least—that the giddy Gothamites are confined to Croton water one day in the week, and that at a time when the mercury is spilling itself over the top of the tube, and the fat man, like Sir John Falstaff, is diluting his tallow. Of course, the theory *de jure* does not coördinate with the condition *de facto*, for no considerable city exists on God's great earth in which the Sunday law is successfully enforced. If it is a dismal failure, a howling, hypocritical farce here in the nascent city of Waco—which contains more chronic busybodies, Meddlesome Matties and intellectual doodle-bugs who believe that men can be saved by means of the secular law, than any other community in the known world—it were certainly ridiculous to expect it to be operative in such a cosmopolitan city as New York. Of course the New York law, which would compel a million people to stand around for four-and-twenty hours like so many mallards with their bills full of dried mud, and cause even the Tammany tiger to spit cotton, will eventually be

repealed; but in the meantime the illicit joint will get in its graft and a class of professional bums and chronic law-breakers will reap trade benefits that should go to legitimate and license-paying business concerns. This is indeed a great country. We boast of religious liberty, then compel, under severe pains and penalties, Jew and Gentile, Atheist and Seventh-day Adventist to observe a Sabbath in whose sanctity they do not believe. We declare this a free government in which the rights of one end only where the rights of another begin, then insist that he shall not do certain things which affect only himself. We declare that church and state must be kept separate and distinct, then deliberately make laws whose sole purpose is to compel the citizen to conform to some particular religious cult. If there is a hell, and humbugs go there, the devil must need many ticket-takers on the American door.

When the Wrong-Reverend Joseph Slattery, "Baptist minister in good standing," was bidding the people of Waco beware lest the "Whore of Babylon" grab all the offices and run away with the government as did the calf with the foolish farmer who yoked himself thereto, he was probably not aware that it is a practical impossibility for anybody but a Baptist to be elected to an office in this judicial district. There are many things that Slattery does not know, and an important feature in his long catalogue of ignorance is the fact that the Baptist church in this bailiwick has gone into politics,—not exactly for its health—and has grabbed well-nigh every office, from district judge to country constable.

DEMOCRACY DISINTEGRATING.

THE Democratic party is split wide open like a boot-jack, and not even Milton's pontoon over Chaos could bridge the chasm. It has long been composed of many discordant elements held together with a rope of sand, and is now in the throes of disruption. While out of power it was possible for the free-traders and "Sam Randall Democrats," the bi-metallists and gold-buggers to move in solid phalanx upon the public fleshpots; but when victory perched upon the party banner the various factions began to fight for supremacy and disintegration followed as a matter of course. The Chicago platform was designedly framed to catch the votes of all the "outs." Victory was the chief desideratum, principle but a secondary consideration. The good of the party, not the good of the country, was the dominating idea of the committee on resolutions. As a "cowardly makeshift" the Sherman silver law was not a circumstance to the National Democratic platform which condemned it. It was a flagrant example of the pot animadverting on the complexion of the kettle—of the devil rebuking sin. The tariff and the currency were the only important issues before the people, and the tariff and currency planks of the Chicago platform are simply sibylline oracles which the party leaders interpreted to suit the temper of the people of the different States. Every man of average intelligence knows this to be true. The party stooped to conquer, and it stooped so low that its nose stuck fast in the mire of double-dealing and the wind of public opinion soon began taking liberties with the narrative of its nether garment. Those too intelligent to be deceived and too honorable to connive at political trickery were branded as "traitors" if they dared to file a protest, and the party went up like a rocket—then ex-

ploded, filling the heavens with the smell of sulphur. The Democracy took charge of the government, Prosperity was slain in the war of factions, and soon the party planted by Jefferson and watered by Madison became a byword and a reproach. What is left of this once glorious political brotherhood is now divided into two belligerent camps, each striving desperately to exterminate the other. Let 'em fight. Whatever the result, Democracy will thenceforth signify something—something more than an omnium-gatherum of political odds and ends, hoodooed and humbugged by a handful of plotting politicians whose only god is Greed. Meantime the professional “peace-maker” is abroad in the land, beseeching the brethren to “settle all their differences inside the party.” He’s the charmer whose siren song was heard at the Chicago and Dallas conventions pleading for harmony—for the sake of pie. He it was that yoked that stupid free silver ox and the long-eared gold bug ass to the Cleveland Car of Juggernaut that has crushed Commerce and mangled Industry. He it was that “harmonized” fire and gunpowder in the Democratic Ark of the Covenant—then spilled his salt tears over the fragments. He it is that is again crying, “Peace, peace”; but there is no peace; the struggle is already on. The Democrats have learned that even political honesty is the best policy. They are weary of compromises. They are tired of stultification. They are determined that there shall be no more sacrifice of principle for the sake of disastrous victories. It is the most encouraging sign the Democracy has shown during recent years. But whether the ox do gore the ass, the ass cave in the ribs of the ox, or they do kill each other, matters but little; the American government will still live.

HEAVEN AND HELL.

THEIR LATITUDE AND LONGITUDE.

EVER since the idea of Heaven and Hell first dawned upon the mind of man, he has been trying to locate those interesting ultimates, to fix their position in the Cosmos, to mark out their metes and bounds; but despite infinite inquiry at Sibyl-caves and elsewhere, patient poring over half-articulate prophecies, much labored lucubration and study of the heavens by theologico-astronomic savants, they still hover indefinite in the great inane, a drifting Delos which no scientific Jupiter can finally fix and give a latitude and longitude. We are accustomed to think of Heaven as high above us; of Hell as far beneath our feet,—a freak of barbaric fancy that even our super-civilization cannot shake off. If Heaven be over our heads at midday, what direction at Night's high noon would we take to reach the happy home of the gods?

Is it not possible that we are using in this search telescopes of too long a range,—looking quite over the objects sought and into inane limboes; that, in fact, we need no optical aids, being able to look into the highest Heaven and deepest Hell—even with our eyes closed; to hear celestial harp-music and the rush of wings amid the perfumed groves of Paradise; to feel Hell's hot blast beating into our very faces? Is it not possible that Hell and Heaven are even around us and within us, visual, tactual,—here or nowhere?

What is it that we denominate Heaven but Happiness; that we call Hell but Unhappiness? Then art thou not in Heaven or Hell? Is it necessary to pass the portals of the tomb, to make a long voyage on unknown seas to find Pleasure or Pain? What Pleasure canst paint with

Fancy's most skillful pencil that transcends pure Love requited? What agony, mental and physical, canst picture greater than surrounds thee on every side? Is it not true, that even here, in this world, in this life, is found the divinest Pleasure and the most demoniac Pain—the highest Heaven and the deepest, darkest Hell that human mind can conceive? That even now we flit to and fro in Paradise, harping and hymning to an ever-present God; or wander, with blistered feet and bleeding hearts, hopeless and helpless, through the desolate regions of the damned?

Perhaps if we were all transported, Elijah-like, to the orthodox heaven, many of us would find it much less tolerable than this earth; would long to return and fight Life's bitter battles all over again; to suffer an occasional touch of that nether fire which sometimes scorches and withers us. Really, if the celestial immigration agents have put forth a true prospectus, it is small wonder that people cling so tenaciously to the old homestead, or, when compelled to move, go to a quite opposite direction. In old times it was supposed that angels relinquished Heaven for earth's pains and pleasures—being tempted thereto by the daughters of men; and after carefully reading such celestico-descriptive literature as can be come at, one may well wonder that the whole Heavenly Hierarchy did not follow them, and give to Lucifer and his hosts his leave to return thither when they liked.

How better can we describe Heaven than by calling it Content; Hell than by naming it Discontent? One man is contented with a crust—finds Heaven in half a loaf of black bread; another is discontent with a crown—finds Hell in the wardship of half a world. How, then, if men are to retain aught of their individuality—if they are not to be blotted out and quite new beings created in their places in whom the first parties can take no more than an idle inter-

est—can we expect one Heaven, even though the highest, to please everybody? How can we expect one Hell to prove a place of pain to the great multi-minded host that is supposed to be drifting thither? Really, the Devil and his imps would prove quite pleasant companions to many—kindred spirits who take a grim delight in defying Destruction itself.

Stranger than even the idea that we must leave this world to find the face of Deity or Devil is our method of determining who shall be given a harp in the great Hereafter, who dance to music of quite other making. We set up an arbitrary standard of Goodness; those who comply therewith are assuredly destined for Paradise, those who fall short thereof as certainly devoted to Destruction. If a man do thus-and-so he may, according to all accounts, read his title clear to mansions in the skies; if he do not so, it will be the worse for him in the world to come. "To the victor belongs the crown." Granted; but how are we to determine who are the victors—what ones of the mighty host seeking celestial bays fought their way through fierce foes; what ones found no gorgons and goblins in their path, but marched gayly through their allotted term of life without so much as a skirmish?

With fair fortune and fish blood how easy it were to be a saint! With fortune of quite another hue and every vein a fierce flaming torrent of Gehenna-fire, in which Demons dance and Lust runs riot, in which Madness mingles and Murder ever shrieks, it were not so easy. Is it not possible that some of the world's worst wage the most relentless warfare upon the great realm of Darkness and the Devil? That while others are making a holiday warfare upon and putting to flight certain mischievous little imps—Satan's light infantry—many of those we call criminals and assign to the gallows here and Hell hereafter, have for

long weary years been at very death-grips with the whole Infernal Hierarchy? battling without hope of victory, of that Happiness of Despair and that Godlike within them that, however choked by the sulphur-fumes of war, however torn and trampled, cannot cry for quarter, will not surrender, but, through defeat after defeat, fight ever on and on!

In physical warfare, where man goes forth to strive with man, the world stops not to consider who was victor or vanquished; but rather with what courage they fought, what powers they contended withal. It were greater glory to have lost Thermopylæ or the Alamo than to have won on fairer fields; yet in this struggle with Hell's puissant powers to be overcome is to merit eternal infamy! To those who stand—though they never looked on Lucifer's blazing banner—imperishable crowns; to those who fall, the execration of man, the curse of God! Around the unscarred "victors" we gather with pæans of praise, upholding their hands in every trivial trial; but let not those who bear the battle's brunt—upon whose unhappy heads burst the blue terrors of that mighty cimmerian cloud—expect either aid or comfort, love or sympathy. Alone in that black Chaos; mocked by man, torn by fiends, taught that even God is their enemy, they must struggle on to—what?

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THE CURSE OF KISSING.

EVERY little while some smart Alec scientist mounts the bema to inform a foolish world that kissing is a dangerous pastime; that upon the roseate lips of beauty there ever lurks the bacillus, flourishing skull and cross-bones—veritable flaming swords to keep poor Adam out of his Eden.

According to these learned men the fairest maid is loaded to the muzzle with microbes, her kiss a Judas osculation, betraying the sighing swain who dares to browse upon her dewy lips, to well-nigh certain death. In the "lingering sweetness long drawn out" myriads of disease germs are supposed to pass from mouth to mouth in true reciprocity fashion, and, falling upon new and fecund soil, take root and flourish there until the ecstatic fools pass untimely to that bourne where all faces stand so wide ajar—held so by eternal hosannahs—that an attempted kiss were like dropping Hoosac Tunnel into the Mammoth Cave. As the duly ordained guide, philosopher and friend of the scientists—as of the clergy—the ICONOCLAST feels compelled to file a protest. As the Moor of Venice intimated, there's such a thing as knowing entirely too much. Wisdom that knocks the yum-yum out of life, transforms the fond delights of courtship into an armed neutrality and makes of the sensuous Vale of Cashmere a profitless desert of dead formalities and scientific sanitation, simply to save the life assurance companies paying an occasional premium, should be sealed in some Pandora box or genie-casket and cast into the sea. We cannot blame the bacteria for selecting as roosting-place the rosebud mouths of the daughters of men, any more than we can blame the bees for hovering with drowsy drunken hum about the fragrant flowers; still we were happier when we knew not of their presence—when we could swoop blithely down upon a pair of ruby lips working like a patent clothes-wringer in a steam laundry, and extract hyblæan honey in great hunks with Death riding his old white skate athwart our pansy-bed and freezing the genial current of our soul with his Svengali leer. We dislike to quarrel with science, but the tables educed in the currency controversy now epidemic in this unhappy land have made us doubt. Death may lurk in

the lover's kiss like a yellow-jacket in a Jersey apple; but that scientist who will go about with his compound microscope, searching into this tutti-frutti of the soul for miniature monsters, is fit for treason, stratagems and spoils. He's not a credible witness and ought to be abolished. He's the Thersites of modern society, and we hope to see some wrathful Achilles take him out behind the smoke-house and talk to him in a tone of voice that would discourage a book agent or a poor relation. We don't believe a word about his little tale of osculatory woe. During a variegated experience of forty years we've never combed any tuberculosis fungi, mump microbes or diphtheritic walking delegates out of our white-horse mustache. Kissing injurious to health, forsooth! Why, it's the fount of perennial youth which owl-eyed old Ponce de Leon sought among the savages, instead of filling his sails with sighs of "Gady's soft desiring strain." It's the true Brown-Sequard elixir, which makes the heart of hoary age beat forever like a boy's. It's the heaven-distilled *eau de vie* which causes the young man to forget a combination of tight boot and soft-boiled corn and makes the grisly octogenarian rise up William Riley and neigh like a two-year-old. Disease germs, indeed! Why, it's nature's remedy for all the ills that flesh is heir to, *facile princeps* of *ennui* antidotes, infallible cure for that tired feeling. The latest pseudo-scientist to discover that the gentle ripple of the kiss is but a dirge, tries to set in the black o'erhanging firmament a bow of promise. He opines that all danger may be avoided if the kissing machines are carefully deodorized before and after using, and recommends that the lips be washed with some chemical compound that will make the most obstinate bacillus sorry he was born. It's a great scheme—but will it work? Will our society belles and beaux now appear equipped, each with a bottle of carbolic acid or a jug of lime water in

which to soak their sweetness before effecting that exchange which is no robbery? or will each parlor be provided with a bowl of bacteria annihilator, which the young man will employ much as the careful cotton planter does Paris green? The plan of disinfection before permitting the spirits to rush together a la Tennyson at the touching of the lips, may work in Boston, perhaps; but out here in the glad, free Southwest, where we still have to catch our hare before we cook it, such an arrangement would clog the wheels of progress and perhaps extinguish Hymen's torch. Imagine the Apostle chasing the beauteous Rebecca Merlindy around a log cabin at some husking bee at the metropolis of Harris county, a swab in one hand and a gourdful of carbonated bayou water in the other! Here in Texas a man must take his kiss with the peeling on or go without. He has enough to do to manage the maid without bothering about the bacteria. And, let scientists with their double-gear'd microscopes say what they may, that man who gets an opportunity to buss a corn-fed beauty whose breath is sweet as that of a brindle calf fed on clover blossoms, need not worry about bacilli. It is a feast fit for gods, so let him fall to, without waiting to have the bloom sponged off his peach on the foolish hypothesis that its component parts are horned hippogriffs, ichthyosauria and feathered sea-serpents such as hover in the gloom of a gold-cure joint at 2 g. m. If his heart fails him—if he be not willing to chance the cold and silent tomb for the felicity of browsing for a few fleeting moments in Elysian Fields—let him follow the example of the great and glorious G. Cleveland, Esq., and hire a substitute. There are cases, however, where it would be well to do considerable deodorizing before risking osculation; better still, to let the doubtful sweets remain unplucked, as not worth the labor. This great Yankee

nation has fallen into the bad habit of promiscuous kissing—a social rite as stale, flat and every way unprofitable as employing a community toothbrush or an indiscriminate swapping of gum. Whether dangerous diseases may be transmitted thereby I know not; but it is death to sentiment and provocative of nausea. A woman should be almost as chary of her lips as of more gracious favors. A sensitive gentleman would as soon accept a bride from Boiler avenue as take to wife a vestal virgin whom every lecherous libertine had “mouthed and mumbled.” The practice of “kissing the bride,” which still prevails in communities professing not only civilization, but the acme of æstheticism, should be abolished by law under severe pains and penalties. Why a modest woman, who has done nothing worse than marry, should be compelled to kiss a company of men and thereby sample everything from the aroma of sour stomachs to masticated codfish, I cannot imagine. The levite who performs the ceremony usually consecrates the first fruits to the Lord, and what he may chance to leave is gleaned by Tom, Dick and the Devil, until lips that would have tempted angels to assume mortal ills, become foul as the Valley of Hinnom—sweet incense to offer a loving lord! I once attended a church fair in Missouri and there found two local beauties of good family retailing kisses to all comers at two-bits apiece—“for the good of the cause!” “D—n a cause,” quoth I, “that must be forwarded by such foul means.” I bought \$5 worth of the sacred sweetness—then hired an old farmer who enjoyed a bad case of catarrh and had worn his solitary tooth down to the pliocene period chewing plug tobacco and depositing the quotient in his beard, to receive the goods. When half through with the job he struck for a raise of salary! A kiss should be a sacred thing—the child of a love that is

deathless. It is the benediction of a mother, the pledge of a sweetheart, the homage of a wife. Promiscuous kissing is casting of pearls before swine, a brutal prostitution of the noblest and holiest rite ever practiced by the human race. It is a flagrant offense against all that is noble in man and modest in woman; hence let us hope that it is really conducive to disease—that the wage of sin is death.

* * *

JINGOES AND JOHN BULL.

ANGLOMANIACS VS. AMERICANS.

THE brutal treatment accorded the Cornell crew in England is enough to make the blood of every true American boil, and so hotly that Johnny would be compelled to get his gun, and get it p. d. q. Still the case does not materially differ from that of a dozen others that preceded it. It is notorious that whenever American athletes cross the briny to try conclusions with our British cousins they are flagrantly insulted, systematically robbed and not infrequently mobbed by a people posing as the very avatar of fair play. Ever since the Benicia Boy put it all over the British champion—then had to lick a job-lot of high-toned toughs—the more or less “noble Briton” has missed no opportunity to belittle and belie, black-guard and bully-rag the American athlete who chanced to be his guest. Time and again it has been demonstrated that he has as little conception of the courtesy due a stranger within his gates as has a hyena of hospitality. He boasts of his civilization and sneers at Uncle Sam as a semi-savage; yet our very Bowery toughs and Boiler avenue bums will treat a brave adversary with more con-

sideration than will the lordlings and dukelings of Great Britain. I do not say this to disparage the English people; I simply record it as a melancholy fact which has been too frequently demonstrated to permit of denial. So brutally inhospitable are the people and press of England to American athletes, that Corbett—who is not particularly thin-skinned—declares that Peter Jackson is the only pugilist he will consent to meet on British soil. As the latter is a “coon,” Corbett might hope to fairly defeat him and escape being mobbed by the ring-side roughs such as the conquerer of Sayers had to contend with; though he realizes full well that the sympathies of England would be with the Ethiopian—just as they would be with the devil were the prince of darkness pitted against an American pugilist.

Unquestionably some grand and noble men have been bred in England—men who would do honor even to America; but the tight little isle has an undue proportion of plug-uglies and prigs, blackguards and bullies.

In boxing and wrestling, in rowing and running America has repeatedly demonstrated her superiority; but this fact does not fully explain why her athletes are so inhospitably treated in England. John Bull's chronic belly-ache dates far back of Sayers' defeat by the Benicia Boy—it can be traced to the Boston Tea Party and Bunker Hill. The royal beast of Britain has never forgotten that once upon a time an infant Republic held him up by the beard and beat the immortal ichor out of him. That kept him on reasonably good behavior for a quarter of a century, when his impudence again rose paramount to his judgment and he was given a second prescription. The trouble with the arrogant brute to-day is that he has been allowed to go too long without a licking. For more than half a century John Bull has been turning his broad beam up to Uncle Sam and fairly begging for another

blistering. He should be accommodated—and this time Columbia should drive her Cinderella so far under the old buccaneer's coat-tails that he could taste leather all the rest of his life.

But the capitulation of Cornwallis, the almost ludicrous defeat of Pakenham's veterans by Jackson's frontiersmen, and the regularity with which British athletes have been relegated to the rear by their American brethren, does not fully explain the biliousness of John Bull. We have outstripped him even further in the field of industry than in athletic sport—have defeated him even more signally in the struggle for national preëminence than in the squared circle. The little Republic of a century ago, struggling painfully along the Atlantic sea-board, has become the wealthiest and most powerful nation in the world—the Star of Empire is now blazing in the West. America is the commercial rival of England—a more grievous offense than even the Declaration of Independence. In every possible way John Bull makes his displeasure manifest. During our civil war the present premier declared that the disruption of this nation would inure to the commercial advantage of England—a fine sentiment truly for our “Mother Country”—and thereupon John Bull began to meddle in our family unpleasantness. He had to pay for this impertinence, and that did not strengthen the *entente cordiale* to any alarming extent. In all official intercourse with America, England assumes an arrogant and dictatorial tone characteristic of that country when dealing with the third- and fourth-class powers. There was a time when such treatment would have been hotly resented; but the old Continentals have been succeeded by Anglomaniacs who have never forgiven Almighty God for suffering them to be born American sovereigns instead of British subjects; who cultivate the Hinglish hawkcent—which is about as cheerful as polishing a back-tooth with a rat-tail file—

ape the waddle of the Prince of Wales and turn up their trousers don't-cher-know whenever they hear that it is raining in "Lonnon." When these Anglo-maniacs accumulate a little money they employ some fakir to evolve from his imagination a "family tree" and hang thereon a bogus coat-of-arms. They decide that Uncle Sam's sons are not quite good enough to beget their grandchildren and buy scorbutic dukelings for their daughters to drag through the divorce courts. They are the same mangy mavericks who dubbed Jim Blaine a "jingoist" for advocating a foreign policy with a dash of the Declaration of Independence in it—one that would compel even England to respect the American eagle. They are the same empty peacocks who lift up their discordant voices in frantic protest when orator or editor gives utterance to a genuinely American sentiment—who have a conniption fit and fall in it whenever a Congressman suggests that John Bull be compelled to keep his meddling snout out of American politics. These are the featherless poll-parrots who prattle of "twisting the lion's tail" whenever it is proposed to resent an English insult—talking-machines who are witty at the expense of their country's honor. These are the unhung idiots who imagine that a nation, producing in abundance everything humanity needs, would go to Hell in a handbasket if it adopted an independent currency system or an international policy which Yewrup did not approve. Why in the devil's name these birds do not fly across the ocean to their beloved England, instead of remaining to befoul their own nests, it were difficult to determine. They should be compelled to migrate, for no man who esteems another country above that from which he gets his daily bread is fit to be buried in its soil, drowned in its waters or hanged on its trees.

Why should the foremost nation of all the world fawn at the feet of John Bull? We can get along much better without England than can that country without us. Columbia has proven both her intellectual and physical superiority to Britannia. Then why should she stand humble and shame-faced in her presence? America has done more for the human race in a hundred and twenty years than has England in all her hoary centuries. We could buy the miserable little island, pay for it and blow it at the moon, and the world would be none the worse. England has produced some really great men; but, like the hen that sat on the nest of door-knobs, it has taken her a terribly long time to bring off her brood. Call the roll of the great of England and America for the present century and say which the world could best afford to spare!

What we need is a million funerals among the Anglo-maniacs and a little healthy Jim Blaine "jingoism" in the White House. We need a revival of that old spirit which taught that the title of American sovereign is superior to any ever borne by a British subject. We need an administration that can understand that America is to-day the greatest nation on the map of the world and does not have to dance attendance on transatlantic powers. It is time the American eagle came off the nest where he has so long been hatching dollars, and emitted a scream that would clear the atmosphere of political buzzards. It is time the Giant of the Occident was looking this world over and deciding what he is going to do with it. Is America to be a new and greater Rome, bequeathing freedom to all mankind; or will the Anglo-maniacs annex it to England and ordain that the tail shall wag the dog?

THE SINGLE-TAXERS.

“GEORGEISM” REVIEWED.

OF the various political parties and economic schools now striving to solve the industrial problem, none is more enthusiastically aggressive than the so-called Single-Taxers—those who expect, by laying the burden of government altogether upon land, to compel the use or relinquishment of natural opportunities for the production of wealth. The Single-Taxers are quite sure they have discovered an industrial catholicon, and, in season and out of season, they continue, with unabated zeal and unfaltering faith, their “campaign of education,” their crusade against professional landlordism. As might be expected, they are regarded with profound aversion by the large land-owners who, driven to bay by this bold assault on prescriptive right, are not particularly choice in their weapons of warfare, resorting to the bludgeon of invective quite as readily as to the rapier of ridicule. It proves nothing to denounce the Single-Taxers as “lunatics” and “crazy communists”—at least nothing further than the inability of their opponents to meet and overcome them in the arena of intellectual controversy. Abuse is neither argument nor good policy—individuals and political parties thrive on it. It is recruiting the ranks of the Single-Taxers and making of the Populists a political power. Abuse is an evidence of logical weakness—is the wild ravings of vindictive ignorance.

Lest the landlord class should take fright and refuse to delve deeper here, I hasten to assure them that I am not a disciple of Henry George. He has failed to convince me; but I freely admit that his theories have never been successfully controverted. To answer such a man by calling

him a "crank" were too much like the college of cardinals replying to Galileo by putting him in jail. Henry George is a world-compeller, and we must either prove the fallacy of his conclusions or eventually capitulate.

The thesis from which the Single-Tax is legitimately derived did not originate with George, nor with Quesnay or Rousseau; it is old as human history. It is an ancient idea cropping out in our nineteenth century civilization—a kind of economic atavism which goes far to prove the immortality of mind, the indestructibility of human habits. Henry George is chiefly responsible for the revival of the state landlord idea; hence it has been called by his name by ignorant editors who imagined it a new "craze."

That there is something radically wrong with our industrial system is generally conceded. Even the old political parties ostentatiously train beneath the "reform" banner, and promise the betterment of labor's sad condition. Despite the mighty increase in the wealth-producing power of labor resulting from improved machinery, the masses find the battle of life becoming ever more bitter. While those who neither toil nor spin are attired like unto Solomon in all his glory, those who ditch and delve are mere bundles of rags. While Idleness feasts, Industry starves. So long as such conditions prevail attempts will be made to right the wrong, and failure to obtain relief will produce that restless discontent of which bloody revolutions are born.

The problem which confronts us is of paramount importance—a crisis in the history of the human race is at hand. Every industrial depression is becoming a greater danger, not alone to existing conditions, to established forms and formulas, but to civilization itself. There was never a time when the latter could be so easily and irremediably destroyed. The truth of this startling

proposition must readily appear to whosoever will carefully consider it. When each community was an independent microcosm both progress and retrogression were slow; but science has transformed these isolated and independent communities into a mighty commercial entity. A century or two ago, war, pestilence or famine might have swept away half the population of the world without materially affecting the remainder; to-day the cotton planter of Texas and the corn planter of Kansas depend for their prosperity upon the price of those staples in Europe, the mechanics of England and Germany upon the demand for their wares in the antipodes. A million independent corpuscles have been incorporated in one great organism, which is affected in every part by what befalls any of its members. It is this fact—this mighty union of forces—that made the progress of the nineteenth century possible; and it is this that has made feasible a world-wide French Revolution that may never leave a sanctuary for civilization—no house of refuge in which may be hid away and preserved for happier times the wisdom accumulated by the toil of sixty centuries. Economists usually consider the printing press, public education and political equality as the conservators of civilization, the dynamics which will carry it ever onward and upward. They forget that the same winds that waft a proud ship to port may rip its canvas to ribbons and drive it upon the rocks. When the masses were ignorant and space had not yielded to the power of steam and the electric telegraph, empires might rise or fall, peoples attain to Roman citizenship or be reduced to Russian serfdom, and few beyond that particular corner of the continent either know or care; to-day the progress of German socialism is watched with intense interest in San Francisco, and the march of a Coxey on our national capital is

bulletined in Bulgaria. Men separated by far seas are brought into close communion, agrarian and communistic movements assume an international character—the electric spark may become the beacon of universal war, may set the world ablaze.

Political sovereignty united to industrial slavery, public education for those steeped to the lips in hopeless poverty were indeed a dangerous compound. Well did Cæsar say of the lean and hungry Cassius, "he thinks too much—such men are dangerous." Lean and hungry men who do not read and think are servile slaves who accept their fate like the patient ox or ass; but a well-filled head and an empty stomach were fire and gunpowder in the social ark of the covenant. When men begin to ask why some should want while others waste; when a dissatisfied growl by the Parisian *sans-culotte* is promptly echoed by the Chicago *canaille*; when the proletarians throughout the world begin to realize their strength and to regard the patrician as their natural enemy; when they have been hoodooed and humbugged by pseudo-economists and lying politicians until hope is dead and patience quite exhausted; when they realize that progress in the industrial arts means deeper poverty and education but a lamp by whose cold light they view their own wretchedness, think you our boasted civilization is safe?

Such are the conditions to-day, and enlightened self-interest should suggest to the wealthy class the wisdom of giving an impartial hearing to a man who imagines he has found why a progressive civilization breeds plutocrats and paupers—why, albeit his productive power has been multiplied, the workman continues at very death-grips with the wolf of Want. The ability and erudition of Mr. George, and the further fact that his disciples are not only many, but men of more than average intelligence and

economic information, certainly entitles him to courteous consideration.

It were folly to call the Single-Tax movement a passing bubble on the political sea. Men still alive once discoursed in that vein of "the Abolition lunacy"; but despite their sneers—or perchance because thereof—it grew and gathered force until able to exchange the forum for the field and prove the supernal wisdom of its thesis with the naked sword. In considering the future of the Single-Tax movement it must not be forgotten that this country is to-day a political chaos—and that from chaos new worlds are evolved.

The proposition of Henry George is that poverty persists despite the increased productiveness of labor because of land monopoly, which enables the land-owner to demand and obtain as rent all the joint product of capital and labor above what will induce the former to seek investment and the latter to accept employment. He would abolish private ownership of land and compel each occupant to pay a rental to the state proportioned to the desirability of his holding. He assumes that land values are created by the community and should not go to enrich the individual, but be apportioned by government and employed to promote the general welfare. This plan, he thinks, would permit the abrogation of taxes on the products of industry, thereby enhancing the incentive to production, abolish monopoly of natural resources and insure to rich and poor access thereto on equal terms. He insists that there is no "conflict between capital and labor"; that these productive forces are really allies and the land monopolist their common enemy, the efficient cause of that great inequality in the distribution of wealth which to-day threatens the very existence of civilization.

The theory is a very attractive one; but let us measure it by existing conditions. I freely concede that did one man own the entire arable area of the earth the rest of the race would be as truly his slaves as though he held a proprietary interest in their bodies. No matter how great their production of wealth, he could appropriate all in excess of what would yield mere animal existence. It is as absurd to permit a monopolization of land as to permit a monopolization of the atmosphere. But that is not the question—we need not cross a bridge until we come to it. Does a world-embracing land monopoly exist? And, if so, is it really responsible for the fact that the population of the globe is dividing into two well-defined classes—millionaires and mendicants, masters and slaves? And if Mr. George has properly diagnosed the industrial disease, has he prescribed the proper remedy?

It were impossible in the brief space of a magazine article to take up in detail the propositions of the apostle of state landlordism and subject each to a searching analysis; nor is it necessary to do more than call attention to a few indisputable facts to prove that the public policy he recommends would do little or nothing to ameliorate the hard conditions that behedge the toiling millions.

Although the human race has inhabited the earth for ages, there has never been a time when the arable land, the timber, coal, iron and other great resources of wealth were monopolized. Three continents, rich in natural resources and capable of supporting dense populations even though isolated from all other portions of the earth, have scarce felt the touch of the dominant race, are inhabited chiefly by predatory bands of savages. It is possible that the time will come when the entire available surface of the earth will be thick-settled as Massachusetts—when land-

lordism will become a serious problem; but we have no reason to believe that the total population has materially increased within historic times. There has ever been, perhaps always will be, a vent for overcrowded countries. Man is not confined to that locality in which he is born. Year by year migration is made easier, cheaper, the world's population rendered more mobile. Rapid and systematic transportation facilities are spreading our cities over vast areas and bringing the remote parts of the earth within easy reach of the world's markets. A difference of a shilling or two a day will move vast bodies of laborers across the ocean, an added cent of interest send capital to the antipodes. When ignorance among laborers was general, a journey of a few hundred miles a serious matter and international protection of capital practically unknown, those who could monopolize the natural resources of a populous country might grievously oppress the people; but to-day labor and capital look the world over for the best opportunity, are no longer dominated by the local landlords. The vast amount of European wealth and labor here in America, and the mighty stream of money and muscle setting towards newer countries still, should suggest to Mr. George the impossibility of landowners grievously oppressing these great factors of production until the entire earth is "fenced in."

If Mr. George desires to invest money in a great manufacturing enterprise, a hundred thriving cities are ready to donate a desirable site, and some of them will even exempt his plant from taxation for a term of years—labor and capital may produce to the utmost of their power and divide the product unvexed by the greed of their arch-enemy. If he would like to acquire a little farm, thousands of men who are "land poor" are eager to accommodate him on easy terms. If he will but give

it out that he wants to buy a building lot, he'll find his front yard black with real estate men ready to convince him that the landholders of the community do not constitute a close corporation. True, he can no longer go into Illinois or Indiana and "take up" a fertile farm; he will be required to pay for the value that has been conferred upon the land by the expenditure of the wealth and energy of others. In attempting to seize more than this, the landowners drive away the population, and with it the superior advantages which give value to their holdings. When the owners of land in the heart of a city demand too much, the tendency of the trade center is to move in the direction of the least resistance. Thus, when landlordism becomes a disease, it supplies its own remedy. Land is fixed while labor and capital are not. I use the word capital here in the sense in which Mr. George employs it, as distinguished from land ownership—really a distinction without a difference. Despite the hair-splitting of those economists who would save the world by the science of definition, land employed for productive purposes and possessing a marketable value, is as much capital as the farm machinery and store buildings upon it. To distinguish rent from interest is a species of philosophizing that bakes no bread, and I am surprised that a man of Mr. George's breadth of mind should waste time on such profitless subtleties while grappling with the great industrial problems. If I have money which I desire to employ for the attainment of more wealth, I buy a farm with it and receive *rent*; or I may loan it to another who will buy a farm with it and pay me *interest*. By whatever name the increment is called, it is dug out of the soil; hence it were ridiculous to say that the landowner is the economic enemy of the capitalist. The number of mortgages recorded in the United States would indicate that in the

battle which Mr. George imagines is being waged between the two, the capitalist is more than holding his own. Capital represented by desirable land presses for employment just as does capital represented by coin; and when it cannot get much it must take little.

But, it may be asked, how comes it that thousands of fertile acres lie idle in the older States while people press forward into the wilderness? I do not say there is no local land monopoly—I say that there is no general monopoly. I have monopolized one woman and one section of land; but that does not prevent other men getting married, or acquiring farms. There are other women to be won and other sunny acres awaiting ownership. In fact, taking the world at large, the supply of both land and women seems to be in shameful excess of the demand.

Men must be governed by their means. If I have an abundance of money, I will buy a farm in that garden of the gods, Central Texas, where I may enjoy many pecuniary and social advantages; if I have but little, I will go where land is cheaper because of less desirable environment, and strive by industry and economy to acquire those conveniences which my present capital does not permit me to enjoy. If I have a million of money, I may buy and build on Fifth avenue; if I have in my pockets only a choice assortment of rectangular holes, I must content myself with a squalid tenement in Rag Alley until, by getting a compound cathartic hustle on myself, I am able to command the comforts of life. It might be asked with equal reason why great store buildings sometimes remain empty while hucksters stand on the curbstone to vend their wares; why fine residences are often tenantless while there's brisk demand for small cottages—why women wear cheap calico while bolts of silk remain unsold.

. . .

Let us briefly consider that "unearned increment" of which Mr. George would deprive the landholder as something to which he is not justly entitled. Ten years ago—let us say—John Smith purchased a lot in the new town of K., paying therefor \$100. It is now salable at \$1,000, an increase in value of \$900. He has not driven a stake upon it, has not caused it to produce food or shelter for man or beast. The town has simply grown up around it and enhanced its desirability, therefore its market value. Surely here is a case of "unearned increment" upon which the public may pounce with a clear conscience! But wait a bit. Although he has not used the lot, has not Smith paid "rent" thereon to the State, county and municipality in the form of taxes? And from such taxes have not the streets been paved, school-houses built, government maintained and a fire department paid? And do not these things add to the desirability and market value of all land in the community? Has he not for ten years past been pouring into the public coffers of K. the product of his labor? True, if ten thousand non-residents had purchased lots in the prospective city and none had improved them there would have been no increase in value; and it is also true that Smith would not be paying taxes on a valuation of \$1,000 for the continued betterment of the town. After deducting the purchase price, compound interest thereon and taxes for ten years, his profits are large; but suppose he had paid \$1,000 for the lot, and, despite all the money expended to maintain it, now finds it marketable at but \$100: how much unearned increment is the government entitled to? If only the increase in land values is to be taken for public uses, as proposed by Mr. George, from whence is that county or municipal government where lands are declining in value, to derive its revenue?

There are unquestionably instances where people have been enriched by a rise in land values which they did little to promote; but it may be safely assumed that the general rule of action of landowners is in the direction of self-interest—that the increase in values is due chiefly to their industry and enterprise. If it be true that “men will not take up arms in defense of a boarding-house,” it is also true that they will not construct railways and canals, build factories and bridges for the benefit of a community in which they have no proprietary interest. To illustrate: A few years ago the citizens of a Texas town in which realty values were rapidly declining, raised a considerable bonus to secure a railroad. The road was built, the trade territory of the town increased, freights fell, business became brisk and realty rapidly advanced. Many people moved to the town and adjacent country to share the prosperity and by their industry made it greater. There was employment for more laborers at better wages than formerly and new opportunities for the profitable employment of capital. The newcomers profited by the enterprise of the old citizens; but were they entitled to appropriate the increase in realty values? Under a system permitting them to do so would that railroad have been built? Was the enhancement of values really unearned increment, or was it the legitimate reward of capital wisely employed?

When a number of people penetrate into a new country and subdue the wild beasts and savage men; when they create a social oasis in the wilderness, from a trade ganglion, establish a government and make it a more desirable place of residence for those who come after, are they not entitled to their reward? According to that moral law of which Mr. George talks so much, are the newcomers entitled to appropriate unto themselves the

value created by the toil and sacrifice of the pioneers? And when they in turn have builded roads, established schools, and by their labor made the land still more desirable, were it either just or politic to deprive them of the fruits of their toil as something that belongs equally to any tramp who may drag his idle carcass into the community?

The Single-Tax propaganda is simply an attempt at compromise between the Georgian theory and existing conditions—the insertion of the thin end of the wedge. Mr. George would, if possible, confiscate to the last penny “that fund arising from the general growth and development,” regardless of its efficient cause. Just what he would do with the surplus after defraying governmental expenses and making necessary public improvements he does not plainly say, but intimates that he would prorate it among the people regardless of the value of the individual in our social economy, as is the practice in Freudenstädt, Klingenberg and other German Arcadias—that have made no material progress worth mentioning during several centuries. If that be the idea, and it can be successfully carried into execution, then indeed will Weary Willie and Dusty Rhodes find life well worth the living.

But the Single-Taxers would not go to the Georgian extreme—they would simply let down the bars. They would take from the landowner only enough “rent” for the support of government; there is to be no *largesses* distributed among the impecunious—not just yet. It is urged that this plan would not interfere with private ownership of land, but would abolish land monopoly, while the tax could be more equitable and collected at less cost than any hitherto devised. This is another plausible theory concocted without due regard to conditions. Ex-

perience has repeatedly proven that while the people will stand a heavy indirect tax without murmuring, a much lighter one direct in incidence will drive them to revolt. To illustrate: The man who pays an indirect tax of \$40 a year on the liquor he drinks seldom thinks of it. Ask him about the liquor tax and the chances are he will tell you it ought to be increased; but let the government take the excise off the liquor and on the first of each year compel this consumer to pay \$20—and others in proportion—and there will be trouble. Although the tax has been reduced one-half, those required to pay it denounce it as an outrage. It profits nothing to urge that such action is illogical; theories are but intellectual gymnastics—conditions govern.

But if the Single-Tax could be inaugurated despite the prejudices of the people, would it abolish local monopolies of land? Would it even have a tendency in that direction? If it be true that every dollar expended by government must be coaxed out of the soil, torn from the mine or hewn from the forest, what difference does it make, so far as monopolization of these natural resources is concerned, whether the tax falls upon them directly or indirectly? If it be true that the government mulct would be lightened, would not monopoly of natural resources be encouraged rather than repressed? Let us say that I am paying taxes on \$10,000 worth of realty, half of which is unimproved land yielding me no income, and that the annual mulct is \$300; the Single-Tax is inaugurated and my buildings become exempt. My taxes—reduced, of course, by the improved system—amount to but \$200, all upon land. Will I be more likely than before to place my idle land on the market for what it will bring and retire from a “speculation” supposed by the Single-Taxers to be the root of all economic evil? And if so,

why? I am certainly better able than before to maintain my title, for the governmental drain upon my sources of wealth is lighter. The supply of land has not been increased nor the demand therefor diminished. In this era of machinery, production is impracticable without the coöperation of capital. True, labor is the creator of capital, but it has become largely dependent upon its creature—without its assistance must return to the industrial system of the savage. That is what those economists mean who offend Mr. George by discoursing of the “wage fund.” If the Single-Tax leads me to part with my idle land is the capital available for the employment of labor increased? If the purchase price comes from the sale of other land there has simply been a swapping of jack-knives; if from manufacturing or commerce, the result is the same—no capital has been added to the general stock, no new opportunities have been opened to human endeavor.

It is urged that the shifting of taxes from all other forms of wealth to land would encourage production because men would no longer be “fined” by government for building a house, constructing an engine or erecting a mill. What is taxation but the taking by government of a portion of labor’s product? Land, by itself considered, can pay no taxes. All governmental burdens laid upon it must be borne by what labor compels it to yield. Taxation is a tithe taken from the bushel of corn, the bale of cotton, the barrel of flour and the bolt of cloth. Such being the case, what boots it whether the tax be laid upon the land or the product—on the plow, the crop or the crib? As first or last the producer of wealth must pay the tax, what difference does it make, so far as production is concerned, from which pocket it is taken?

There are some evils inseparable from private ownership of land; but the same may be said of every human institution yet devised. To attribute all the ills of the industrial world to this one cause were too much like tracing bunions and baldness to the same source. Land speculation may have had something to do with the commercial crash of '93; but it were difficult to show that its influence for evil was greater than speculation in grain and fibers, stocks and bonds. There was a tremendous shrinkage in the market value of realty that year. The "land monopoly" became demoralized and large holders made a desperate effort to unload at a loss—to relinquish natural opportunities for the production of wealth—and this, the Single-Taxers say, produced the panic. If this be true, what will happen when they deliberately bring about these very conditions again? Having undertaken to better the condition of labor and capital by compelling the great landlords to throw their holdings upon the market at bankrupt sale, they next assure us that like conditions transformed a million industrious workmen into penniless tramps and strewed the country with the wrecks of business concerns. Did land monopoly produce the panic of 1857—when a vast public domain awaited the plow?

The fact that private ownership of land is a comparatively new thing is no argument against it. The steam engine and electric telegraph—even the Republic in which we live—are new. Nor does it profit aught to point out that no landowner can trace his title back to the Original Producer, as can the owner of a pocket-knife or a pint of peanuts. Mr. George truly says: "That which a man makes or produces is his own, as against all the world." In reality man cannot "make" or "produce" a pocket-knife or a pint of peanuts, any more than he can make an

acre of land or a bed of ore. He can only transform matter into articles of utility, adding thereby to its value, and that added value, and that only, is his. In the same manner he can, by his labor, add value to land by increasing its fertility or otherwise enhancing its desirability, and that added value is "his own, as against all the world." It is all that he claims, is all that he can sell. In time the pocket-knife becomes worthless and is relinquished; in time the value of land passes, and on the site of once populous cities the solitary herdsman tends his sheep. This being true, private ownership of land is as defensible as private ownership of corn or cattle—the title of land values is as valid as his title to any other kind of wealth which human endeavor has called into existence.

The assumption that the institution upon which Mr. George is warring makes against the interest of labor remains to be demonstrated. In matters of such moment it were unsafe to draw conclusions from a few isolated instances. The prosperous condition of New Zealand may be due to the Single-Tax, or obtain despite of it. So far as I can gather from Single-Tax literature—which seems as inexhaustible as Prohibition tracts—there is no more reason for attributing trade revival in that country to the new system than for attributing trade revival in Texas to the old. The Single-Tax were much like bread pills—calculated to do neither much good nor harm—granting, of course, that the change could be effected without alarming capital.

But the extreme of the George system, by which all increase in land values would be appropriated by the State—and to which the Single-Tax is to serve as stepping-stone—would profoundly affect industrial conditions for good or for ill. Let us consider its probable effects. We

will suppose that I am by trade a farmer, and find myself in one of the older States entirely devoid of capital. Clearly there is nothing for me to do but seek employment with one more prosperous. I may then save up my wage until able to embark in business for myself, either as tenant in a populous community where land is dear, or as proprietor in a sparsely settled one where it is cheap. And I would be compelled to do the same thing under the George system, for if granted access to land I have not the capital wherewith to provide the teams and tools, shelter and sustenance necessary to make a crop. When I have accumulated a little capital I lease a farm and pay rent to an individual; under the George system I would pay rent to the State. In the first instance the amount is fixed by the law of supply and demand; in the latter I would yield to my landlord (the State) every ear of corn and every ounce of cotton in excess of what could be produced on the poorest land in cultivation. In time I buy a farm. It represents the investment of so much of the product of my labor. I may exchange it for an equal amount of other forms of wealth. Having invested my capital I expect it to yield interest as well as wages. I at once become a public-spirited citizen and strive to benefit my neighbors, because their interest and mine are commutual. I want good government, schools and churches. I may need no protection, have no children to educate or soul to save; but I realize that these institutions add to the value of my property, enhance my capital. For the same reason I give liberally of my substance to secure railways and factories, establish newspapers and libraries, build bridges and drain pestilential marshes. The increase in the value of my land repays my enterprise and rewards my philanthropy. Under the system proposed by Mr. George I could not become a free-holder, but

would remain ever a tenant. Increase in the value of land I occupied would not belong to me, but to the State; hence I would have no more interest in promoting it than would the veriest vagabond. I would be as happily situated on the outskirts of civilization as in the center of the most populous State, as prosperous fifty miles from a railway or a blacksmith shop as with these conveniences at my door, for all I gained by the advantages of location would be taken from me for the benefit of those less fortunately situated. With the chief incentive to enterprise gone, I would simply stagnate, and so would my fellows. We would have a new and greater Freudenstaedt—progressing a foot or two every four centuries.

The Single-Taxers who are industriously warring upon land monopoly are frightening themselves with a specter of their own contriving. There is no such thing in existence—probably never will be. Some men own vast quantities of land; but a majority of them are willing to part with it, or portions thereof, on terms that make it as safe an investment as the purchase of any other class of property at the market price. As a rule the holders of large tracts of unused land are eager to sell the bulk of it in homestead parcels to those who will improve it and thereby add to the market value of the remainder. The “unearned increment,” that lesser evil of which Mr. George complains, usually proves an effective antidote for the greater monopoly of land.

In most of the large cities we find men owning large quantities of land which yields them enormous revenues in the way of rent. Thousands of poor people slave from the cradle to the grave to enrich these arrogant aristocrats. Such a condition is unquestionably an evil; but will the Single-Tax—or even the George system in its

entirety—cure it? Taking the tax off a tenement building and placing it on the land occupied has no more tendency to reduce rent than has exempting one floor from taxation and doubling it on the next. The Single-Taxers take it for granted that more tenement buildings would be erected—that less land would be allowed to remain idle. Under the present system, wherever land is available buildings are erected whenever, in the opinion of capitalists, they will yield a good return on the investment. It is the efficient demand for buildings—a demand backed by rent-paying ability—that causes the construction of buildings now, and the same rule would be operative under the economic system proposed by Mr. George.

Clearly the Single-Tax would not make for the betterment of the masses except in so far as, by the simplification of government it reduced taxation. And even this benefit, according to Mr. George, would be intercepted by the landlords, for we have already seen that a reduction of the government mulct of the production of wealth instead of tending to abate monopoly of natural resources, would really strengthen it. We have also seen that the Georgian theory of state landlordism if carried to the extent of confiscation of all land values, instead of promoting progress by insuring an equitable distribution of wealth, would really retard it by throttling individual enterprise. A nation where Georgeism was fully applied would scarce consume itself in revolutionary fires—it would simply petrify.

According to the census of 1890, the value of land occupied by the industrial establishments of this country was only about one-third the value of the buildings and machinery, less than one-third the annual wages paid. It contributed much less than one-fourth the total assets of those concerns. Yet Mr. George would have us believe that rent is despoiling both interest and wages—that

the tail is wagging the dog! Capital is not in business solely for its health. It is just as easy to invest money in land as in buildings and machinery, and the greater safety of such an investment leads men to accept a lower interest than will induce them to embark in any industrial enterprise. Even Mr. George notes this fact, but its natural sequence has evidently not occurred to him. How money invested in land values yields a smaller return than money invested in manufacturing and merchandizing, while at the same time the landlord is robbing all active industry, Mr. George does not explain.

It does not follow, however, that private ownership of land is an unmixed blessing; that a man who secures title to a few square rods in the wilderness is entitled to found thereon a purse-bound aristocracy and compel generations yet to be to pay more than royal tribute to his heirs. The labor of the Single-Taxers is not altogether in vain. It has driven thousands to thinking on economic questions—and “in a multitude of counsel there is wisdom.” It serves to keep the people alive to the necessity of guarding from the undue encroachment of concentrated capital the great domain that has been bequeathed to them. The political and economic systems of a country must of necessity represent a compromise between conflicting forces which hold each other in check. Where we have ultra-conservatives we need ultra-radicals to keep the car of progress out of the rut; and where we have the latter we require the former to prevent a reign of wild experimentalism that would end in disaster. The radicals furnish the dynamics of civilization while the conservatives maintain the equilibrium. In the collision of factions is generated light as well as heat, and to the philosophic ear there is social harmony only in political discord.

THE GRAMMAR SHARP.

A PARTY signing himself A. L. Jenks writes the **ICONOCLAST**, pointing out a grammatical error in the last number of the great religious monthly. Thanks, Jenks. Even the best of us will inadvertently get over on the haw side of the median line in our syntax sometimes, and I am so grateful to you for setting me right that I will not only put your name in print and immortalize you as the prize jackass of your day and generation, but tell you a little story—in the humble hope that all your busy tribe of professional grammar sharps and pestiferous pismires will profit by it.

I served my apprenticeship in the sanctum of a surly editor who was long on ideas but short on grammar. One day a putty-headed pedagogue blew in—one of those mental microbes who spend minutes thinking what to say and months learning how to say it. He had discovered a grammatical error in an editorial leader and was gasping like a duck with its bill full of dried mud.

"Mistah Editor," he exclaimed, "I find a grammatical ehwah in your papah this morning."

"The h—I you say," quoth the editor, who could see no harm in taking the name of the devil or his dominions in vain. "What else did you find in the article—any ideas?"

The professor assented, and the autocrat of the sanctum continued in a voice that made the bristles of the paste-brush curl: "Well, sonny, language is the vehicle of thought, and if I have succeeded in constructing a vehicle that will carry ideas into the head of a blankety-blanked idiot, such an irremediable ass as you are, I'll get it patented."

Do you understand, Jenks? Can you discover the beautiful moral of the story without a diagram? Right here, Jenks, I will present you—as a worthy representative of a considerable contingent of smart Alecs—with a slug of advice that is more precious than fine gold. Treasure it tenderly and transmit it as a priceless heritage to the Jenkses of the next generation: Whenever you encounter a grammatical error riding gayly along on a train of thought, “Kill it and go on.” Remember that even the good Homer nods sometimes. If you aspire to be really useful go sit on the bleaching board and watch an amateur game of baseball, bestride a dry goods box and save the country, spit at a mark, preach prohibition, play croquet with a bevy of old maids, suck a cane—do anything but play grammar sharp.

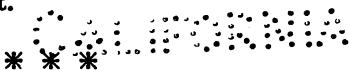
Another thing, Jenks, and character this in your memory: Do not take your pen in hand and write letters to a busy editor just to display your cuteness. By so doing you encroach upon the preserves of Doc Daniels—Austin’s meddlesome little itch specialist. Besides, the exasperated editor may expectorate on you and drown you.

But right here a question, Jenks: How do you get into your clothes? Do you go into them head first, then pose before an amorous looking-glass with your mouth full of pins; or do you insert yourself one leg at a time, then make frantic swipes under the bureau for collar buttons, while the circumambient ether assumes a cerulean hue? This question is important. In the unlamented erstwhile the last of the Apostles was bestride the editorial tripod of the *San Antonio Express*. One day he sorted out of his mail a kick almost as silly as yours. He had been up late—attending a prayer meeting with Albert Steve and Oscar Guessaz—and his liver was a trifle out of plumb. He jumped on that kicker and recalcitrated in return until

the air was full of fragments of flesh. The next day he found in his sanctum a beautiful damosel with a chilled-steel glitter in her bright blue eye. He opined that perhaps she had called to praise his latest "Sunday Sermon" and present him with a pair of hand-wcrked slippers several sizes too small; but he was banking on the wrong card. He thought maybe she had brought a bunch of blue forget-me-nots to lay on his shrine and to say that she had worshiped at a distance until her young heart hurt her so she could stand it no longer; but he was mistaken. She had dropped in to inform him that she was the party of the first part to the controversy aforesaid, and to lament the untimely demise of chivalry. Now, A. L. Jenks, if the front elevation of your name is Amanda Louise, please understand that this don't go; if it be Abraham Lincoln it goes with altitudinous *éclat* and wild acclaim.

Great God, is it possible that people will give precious time to such trifling—with the mighty Universe yet to be explored, the secret of man's origin still enshrouded in mystery, his destination a mere matter of speculation! Let grammar sharps say what they will, that phase approaches nearest perfection which conveys, with most perspicuity and least jaw-labor, an idea from mind to mind. Mortal man cannot afford to sit down "in the conflux of two eternities" and split hairs. Life is too real, too earnest, too valuable to be wasted on the idle subtleties of word-mongers. I'd rather have Samian wine served in a gourd than putrid vinegar in a goblet of gold. The purists of the present age are to progressive thought what the scholastics of the past were to religion. They reduce the mind to a soulless machine which grinds no grist for the hungry multitude; they blast the fruitful fig tree with the curse of their foolish criticism; they sub-

stitute manner for matter—esteem the wretched vehicle above its priceless freight.



A SISTER'S SHAME.

A BRACE OF MINISTERIAL BOOZERS.

THE Galveston *News* created a tremendous sensation in Methodist circles by declaring that, during the recent conference in that city of the Epworth League, two prominent ministers in attendance took in the town, tanked up, played bopeep with the bawds and were finally pulled by the police for beating a hack bill. The *News*, with that cowardice peculiar to "great dailies," did not give the names of the gay Lotharios; but the reading public found little difficulty in identifying them. Rev. W. Wimberly, pastor of the Methodist church at Brenham, and Rev. E. H. Harmon, presiding elder of that district, were recognized as the festive preachers at whom the *News* pointed the finger of scorn, and the board of stewards proceeded, as in duty bound, to jack them up. The accused admitted that during their sojourn in the Island City they made the round of the honk-a-tonks, and that "red eye" had been carried to their rooms; then proceeded to put up the most remarkable defense since Joseph the son of Jacob accused Mrs. Potiphar of attempted ravishment. Presiding Elder Harmon, like Simon's wife's mother, "lay sick of a fever" when the board of stewards met in secret session; but Parson Wimberly presented himself and poured into their pendulous ears a tale of woe that would bring the briny from a pot-metal bust of Sitting Bull. He stated that his favorite sister, after figuring in a horrible scandal and murder case, had gone

to Galveston and become a professional bawd; that he and his presiding elder were trying to find her and snatch her as a brand from the burning when the godless reporters swooped down upon them and made them a byword and a shaking of the head to the nations. Two wicked brothers, armed with six-shooters and a plenitude of Island City bust-head joined in the search for the erring sister, and the ministerial Dog Trays were wrongfully judged by the company they kept. The poor parson, while doing the Parkhurst act, did catch a glimpse of his sister; but the wicked Sir Launcelot who had her in tow bluffed him out, and he could only weep on Elder Harmon's brisket as the two returned sorrowfully to their hotel and left the erring Guinevere to go her gait. Whether this was the night they quietly dropped from the hack and made their way to the hotel afoot—to be subsequently pulled out of bed by the police as a brace of deadbeats—deponent saith not. It is probable, however, that such was the case. When men are crazed with grief they are liable to overlook little things. Had the parson been in his right mind when he found himself unable to cope with his sister's paramour, he would have appealed to the police instead of making a quiet sneak and leaving her to be debauched. The fact that Parson Wimberly and Elder Harmon did not in the first place ask the police where the erring woman could be found, instead of playing private detective and visiting in person every disreputable dive, argues that they are either a brace of awkward falsifiers or a couple of infernal fools.

Parson Wimberly will have the sympathy of saint and sinner when it becomes known that he has two bold bad brothers who "tote" guns, tank up on whiskey cocktails, then leave him to suffer for their sins, and Presiding Elder Harmon will not be overlooked in the distribution

of the general stock of sympathy. It is a new and nobler version of Damon and Pythias. For his friend's sake Elder Harmon was willing to suffer not only such ills as flesh is heir to, but to sacrifice name and fame. A friend in need is a friend indeed and when it comes to doing the elegant Elder Harmon is a copper-riveted lulu, a howling jimhun. So dearly did he love the parson that for his sweet sake he was willing to visit a notorious beach resort with a brace of bawds, to be chucked under the chin by the bedizened drabs while the obsequious waiter rushed in the dollar-a-bottle beer and blithely filled the beaker to the brim. Such love is in very truth a consuming fire, and to prevent accidents the hose should be played upon it.

It is a very pretty story and ought to be dramatized. In salaciousness it throws Trilby into cimmerian shade, is loaded to the muzzle with pathos, bathos and blue fire—is replete with startling situations and thrilling climaxes. The fact that it does not point a moral would not detract from its popularity,—its utter improbability would not make it the less agreeable to a public that dotes on burlesque and the bizarre. Of course the critics—those carping Zoilists who set themselves up as censors—might object that a hero should never be made of a preacher who tries to shield himself from shame by proclaiming that his sister is a prostitute—that had the Rev. W. Wimberly possessed the fundamental elements of manhood he would have suffered expulsion from the church, or even Perdition's pains rather than brand his sister as a bawd. They might urge that had he, like the weak-kneed parson in the Scarlet Letter, unwittingly gone astray, then repented without finding the moral courage to 'fess up, he might be forgiven—that some faint adumbration of respect might still be due him had he brazenly lied himself out of a bad box; but that the man who will deliberately

drag a grewsome skeleton from his family closet and bid it dance for the delectation of the rabble, has reached the profoundest depths of human degradation.

I would not do the Rev. W. Wimberly an injustice; but having carefully considered all the evidence I can come at, I am of the opinion that he was assiduously seeking some other fellow's sister. Many a good man has gone wrong in Galveston. There's something about the dreamy beach, the softly murmuring waves and the sensuous breeze that comes stealing across the brine burdened with the perfumes of the Spanish Main, calculated to make even a preacher loath to wait for the imperishable joys of the New Jerusalem. When to such poetic surroundings are added a hundred naiads, posing in abbreviated costume upon a shimmering strand that suggests the land of the Lotos-eaters, or sporting in reckless abandon in the phosphorescent wave beneath a crescent moon, saving grace itself may fail and even a presiding elder slip his anchor and go floating—heaven knows whither! The reverend gentlemen should gird up their loins with a season of silent prayer and try again. Bob Ingersoll has assured us that every success is built upon the ashes of a thousand failures. Of course Bob is not a recognized authority of the Methodist church; still its members believe that while the spirit may be willing the flesh may be weak, and are inclined to give a backsliding member another show for his white alley.

Had Parson Wimberly and Elder Harmon come up to the lick-log like little men and acknowledged that they tripped over a mint julep, or found a stumbling-block in a *fin de siècle* bathing suit, the ICONOCLAST, as the official organ of the Texas clergy, would exert its influence to have them retained in their respective charges; but it does not feel warranted in recommending to the mercy of the church

a brace of preachers who are unwilling to tell the truth, and unable to concoct a falsehood that would impose on the most credulous fool.

* * *

FAKE JOURNALISM.

LEGITIMATE journalism is rapidly becoming a lost art in the Lone Star State. A majority of Texas newspapers appear to be published for the express purpose of buncoing the confiding countryman out of his cash. There is not a Texas daily of prominence that is not "faking" to keep afloat—depending for revenue upon something other than its popularity with the reading public. For a long time the *San Antonio Express* held aloof from the fake annex—sold brains exclusively, and prospered. The very novelty of such a policy attracted attention and assured it the respect of a grateful public. But at length the *Express* yielded to the prevailing custom and began to peddle back-number encyclopædias and snide pictures with the industry and enthusiasm of a huckster bawling before his booth. It has evidently learned that if a paper can get a good run on abortive art it can dispense with editorial ability—that a junk shop is more profitable than a legitimate journal. The *Fort Worth Gazette* is always cooking up some "voting contest" to induce people to purchase a notoriously worthless paper, while the *Houston Post* devotes even more energy to conjuring up catch-penny games to play on a gullible public than to searching the stub-end of the dictionary and "World Almanac" for answers to fool questions of its own asking. The only fake it has attempted that proved a flat failure was that of insuring \$100 to every man killed with a copy of the paper in his pocket. As no one was willing to be caught

dead with such a disreputable journalistic dishrag concealed about his person, this effort to extend its circulation to the cemeteries was soon abandoned and more attractive bids made for the patronage of Happy Hollow. The people have no reason to expect much of the *Post* and *Gazette*, or anything in particular of the *Express*—whose editorials are now written by an inexperienced reporter at the dictation of a peculiarly ignorant blacksmith printer whom “bull-luck” has advanced to a proprietorship; but it must be a matter of general regret that “the mother of Texas journalism,”—the *Galveston News*—is now giving up a goodly portion of its first page to picture-peddling and the exploitation of a guessing contest on the relative standing of the ball clubs at the close of the season. Think of a great morning journal assiduously molding public opinion with one hand and waving a flashy picture book before the hayseeds with the other—of it imploring the people in one breath to support the plutocratic policy of that eminent mugwump, Mr. Cleveland, and in the next promising that a nickel dropped in its slot machine may yield a prize! This bad example has been largely followed by the imitative country press, and it is now the rule to sell the confiding Reuben some worthless truck for two dollars and throw the journal in for wrapping paper. Pretty much everything is offered in the way of “inducements,” from a hand-painted cuspidor or job lots of World’s Fair Views to a glacier lot in Alaska; but the most popular premium is “a genuine Webster’s Unabridged”—an old slab-sided solecism of the vintage of 1847, printed on carpet-tacks and “dated up” by swindling publishers who ought to be in the penitentiary—an archaic curiosity and typographical miscarriage scarce worth its weight in Austin *Statesman* editorials. The *North American Review* and the *Iconoclast* are about the only journals that have

not embarked in the junk business. The latter is patiently waiting for its great contemporary to make a break. When the *Review* goes into trade the *ICONOCLAST* will decline to star as the last rose of summer, and will offer a hot wienerwurst or slug of vanilla-flavored hokey-pokey with each and every copy. If we must bribe the great American public to take this periodical out of the post-office we propose to offer something more tangible than a voting contest—something with a better defined market value than a prehistoric sewing machine or antediluvian “Unabridged.” Our bargain counter will be a bute and up-to-date, with Wherein Riggins as master-of-ceremonies; but pictures will be our specialty. Yearly subscribers will be supplied with crayon portraits of the political corpses of all the gubernatorial candidates supported by the diurnal press—lifted into innocuous desuetude by the Archimedean lever. When the cold hard fact is once filtered into the Apostle that a publisher, to succeed in this enlightened age, must run a four-story plunder-shop in connection with a Washington hand-press, he will become a pneumatic-tired, kite-shaped pace-setter in the matter of premiums.

* * *

THOSE CHINESE OUTRAGES.

JUST now the Christian world is ablaze because the Kurds in Armenia and the Pig-tails in China have been acting in strict accordance with the commands contained in the XIIIth and XVIIth chapters of Deuteronomy, which instructs people to slay without pity all those who would entice them from the faith of their fathers, and to utterly destroy such cities as differ from them anent religious dogmas. The Chinese and Kurds are doing to-day exactly what we are required to believe God commanded the Jews

to do three-and-thirty centuries ago—cleaning out unbelievers with sword and fire,—an edict that has never been repealed. When God gave this law to Moses he signed the death-warrant of his Son. The worship of Jesus and the Holy Ghost was unknown to the Israelitish cult. They constituted “other gods,” such as the Jews were forbidden to adore, and upon whose priests and prophets they were commanded to wage exterminating war. Had the Jews neglected to kill the Christ they would have disregarded a religious duty twice enjoined in Deuteronomy, and provoked the dire displeasure of their Deity. “If there arise among you a prophet, or a dreamer of dreams . . . saying, Let us go after other gods which thou hast not known, and let us serve them . . . that prophet or that dreamer of dreams shall be put to death. . . . If thy brother, the son of thy mother, or thy son, or thy daughter, or the wife of thy bosom, or thy friend which is as thine own soul, entice thee saying, Let us go and serve other gods, which thou hast not known, nor thy fathers, namely, the gods of the people which are round about you, nigh unto thee, or far off from thee, from one end of the earth even unto the other end of the earth . . . thou shalt surely kill him: thine hand shall be first upon him to put him to death, and afterwards the hand of all the people.—Deuteronomy XIII, 1-9.

In such manner did the Father of the Messiah deal with missionaries. Only a century or so ago Christian Europe was boring the tongues of heretics with red-hot irons and subjecting religious non-conformists to the rack. In our own America the Quakers were cruelly persecuted, the Mormons scourged across the continent and forbidden to worship God according to the dictates of their own conscience even in the western wilderness. We boycott in business and politics such agnostics as presume to criticize our

creed, defame deists and compel Jew and Gentile to observe our Sabbath or go to jail; yet we hold up our hands in holy horror if the followers of Buddha and Allah do not receive our missionaries with open arms and feed them on the fat of the land! The religion of the Turks and Chinese is just as dear to them as that of the Christian cult to its communicants; yet missionaries from Europe and America go among them uninvited and tell them that the time-honored faith of their fathers is but a tissue of falsehoods, their sacred rites but heathenish customs born of brutish ignorance, their prophets brazen impostors, their priests mere pretenders and themselves the blind servants of Perdition's powers. Is it any wonder—keeping Deuteronomy and the history of Mediæval Christianity well in mind—that these self-expatriated apostles sometimes get it where the bottle got the cork? Having sown the wind, can they justly complain if they reap the whirlwind? If the Buddhists and Moslems were more tolerant and merciful than we in religious matters they would need no missionaries.

About eighteen months ago I met in El Paso two Hindu priests who were en route home from the World's Fair. They were learned men but very poor, and were trying to meet their traveling expenses by delivering lectures upon the religion of the Orient. They informed me that they always called upon the local ministers and tendered them complimentary tickets, and that this courtesy was not infrequently repaid by brutal denunciation from the pulpit and even suggestions that they be "drummed out of town." Yet they were scholarly and high-born representatives of that race which first taught the immortality of the soul! It were like persecuting as the tools of tyranny the signers of the Declaration of Independence. To the Hindus we are indebted not only for the fundamental principles of

the Christian faith, but for civilization itself. As I listened to those learned priests discourse on the philosophy of religion it occurred to me that the missionaries were traveling in the wrong direction—that exporting bumptious preachers to the Far East were like sending a Flat-head Indian to teach theology to an Œcumenical council.

At this writing (Aug. 10) Christian Europe and America are being urged by the churches to take summary vengeance upon the Celestials. Bishop Thoburn of the Methodist Church declares that the Christian powers must “put a strong force into Chinese ports”—that they “must take both China and Turkey by the throat.” Already Europe and America are moving in the matter, and if the Chinese Government does not promptly bring the rioters to the block, pay a money indemnity and guarantee the future good behavior of its subjects, it is liable to learn that the text which commands Christians to turn the other cheek to the smiter is what an American statesman once characterized as “a d—d barren ideality.” China will be compelled to accept the Bible at the muzzle of a blunderbuss—the Christian world will hold her and cram it down her throat with the bayonet. We have “no God in the Constitution”; but we will continue to tax Jew and Gentile, Atheist and Agnostic to send warships to the antipodes to protect meddlesome missionaries who are trying to subvert religions equally as good as their own, while American cities are filled to overflowing with heathen who haven’t heard that Christ is dead—who would rob him of his single garment and hypothecate it for the long green with which to rush the growler.

I am sorry for the men and women who have fallen victims to the religious fanaticism of the Orient; but their fate is the result of their own folly. They imagined that the people of those countries had no religious books com-

manding the butchery of unbelievers—that Pagan Turkey and China would exercise more toleration than Christian Europe and America—and in this they were mistaken. They should have remained at home to convert our own heathen. This government was not established to spread the Gospel by means of Krupp guns. Men who would enjoy the protection of the American flag should either remain beneath its folds or respect the religions of those countries in which they elect to live.

* * *

SUNDAY IN WACO.

Nothing kills a town so quickly and effectively as the sanctified dry rot. When it becomes generally known that the professional godly are in possession of a place people avoid it on Sunday as they would the plague and spend as few week-days in it as possible. Since the pharisees assumed control of Waco its hotels on Sunday have resembled Swinburne's "Forsaken Garden," its streets an overland trail when the Apaches are on the war-path. Thousands of dollars are drained out of the city by Sunday excursions, the people naturally seeking more congenial surroundings, while traveling men who in the glad erstwhile made long jumps to Sunday here, go to other cities or hang up at the flag stations and spend the day spitting at a mark. It is as easy as ever to accumulate a Sabbath jag,—or whoop it up in the Reservation—but a majority seek more manly diversions, and when not permitted to enjoy a ball game or even to absorb a social glass of beer without sneaking up a dirty alley like a chronic thief and taking it red-hot from the register, they seek a more liberal city in which to spend their money. If

Waco is to become more than a wagon-town—a halfway station between Dallas and Houston—the business men must relegate these bilious busybodies to the rear. They constitute the pinworms of the body politic, and should be sat upon. There is absolutely no excuse for our rigid Sunday law. It is a violation of the teachings of Christ and the spirit of liberty, while experience—that school in which fools sometimes learn, but fanatics never—has abundantly demonstrated that all its tendencies are evil. San Antonio utterly ignores the iniquitous law, and despite her cosmopolitan population, is the most orderly on the Sabbath day of any city between the Sabine and the Rio Grande. Her citizens may entertain themselves on Sunday without buying a bottle of barrel-house booze, playing cards in a back room and winding up the day in a bagnio. Waco has entirely too much of the Cranfillian brand of pseudo-piety—which manifests itself in chronic meddling with the rights of other people—and should take something for it.

* * *

A THREE-CORNERED CONTROVERSY.

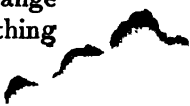
A POLITICAL Midshipman Easy duel has been inaugurated in Texas and bids fair to fill the atmosphere with sulphur-fumes before the bleak November ides of '96. The Democratic party has divided, one segment training blithely beneath the yellow banner of the "Stuffed Prophet," the other charging where it sees the white plume of Pap Reagan shine amid the ranks of war, while all the paladins and peers of Populism are grinding their scythes and gathering from the hillside, gathering from the plain, "shouting the battle-cry of freedom." In 1892 the great Democratic Jupiter divided, but the split was nowhere near the middle.

The detached portion was a mere asteroid, which gyrated in eccentric circles through the political heavens for a time, then gravitated back to its original position, and the monster planet—with a crack in it filled with “harmony” cement—went rolling on, bringing the Populist night and the Democratic morning. But the Democratic world drifted in between the sun of the plutocracy and the silver moon of the people, and these powerful counter-attractions have again pulled it in twain. It is irrevocably divided. Populism is pushing forward between the amorphous fragments, attracting the one, repelling the other. When order is once more evolved from chaos the Cleveland-Cuney-Clark wing will be singing the pæans of Republicanism and the Reagan-Baker-Culberson contingent found sitting at the feet of Mother Lease and saving the country in accordance with the Omaha platform. Political organizations cannot long exist without an independent object, and the tariff question not being available as a campaign issue, the Clevelandites are Republicans pure and simple, while it were impossible for the Pops and Reaganites to shinny on the same side of the all-absorbing currency question without making common cause.

* * *

IS IT A FAKE?

THE Corbett-Fitzsimmons nose-pulling, slobber-swapping incident in a Philadelphia bar-room was probably a pre-concerted grandstand play to accentuate interest in the forthcoming fight and boom the gate receipts. “There are tricks in all trades”—notably the trades of pugilism and ham-fat acting. The public was rapidly accumulating a chronic case of that tired feeling from the long-range “roasts” the pugs were giving each other, and something



had to be done to rejuvenate flagging interest; so Gentleman Jim pulled Lanky Bob's proboscis, rolled his gum around in his larboard jaw, and expectorated in the Australian's hawk eye, while the latter raged and swore to paddle around in bright red pools of ber-lud. Pugilists who "mean business" do not usually frequent bar-rooms, toy with the flowing bowl and waste their saliva while preparing for a hard fight. The fact that two tough gangs, headed by great gladiators, came together in a bar-room, smashed chairs, flourished knives and exchanged cuspidors without seriously injuring anybody is in itself suspicious. It is possible that the Corbett-Fitzsimmons affair will be almost as shameless a fake as the average church fair.

* * *

BUZZARDS ON THE WING.

It is now pretty generally conceded that the plutocracy is preparing for another systematic raid on the public treasury. The shameful manner in which a few men were permitted to privately gobble up the last bond issue—pocketing thereby several million dollars in a few days—sharpened the appetites of the vultures and encouraged them to attempt new infamies. The gold reserve—that blessed monetary "bulwark"—now stands at a comfortable figure; but can at any time be forced down to the "danger line" by a conspiracy on the part of half a dozen men, and another bond issue made "necessary to protect the credit of our currency"—another hundred millions or so added to the interest-bearing debt of the nation in a time of profound peace, and while the cuckoos are splitting their sweet throats chanting pæans of praise to the Stuffed Prophet as the good angel who has induced "a return of prosperity"! This buncoing of the common people by

bond-jobbers, aided and abetted—consciously or unconsciously—by a fat-headed President and his idealess automatons, is becoming an unbearable nuisance and must be abated, even if it be necessary for a greater than Coxe—even a Cromwell—to march on Washington and put his plebeian feet on the grass sacred to the shoe-leather of insolent officialism and its friends. Did the American sovereign possess a hundredth part of that intelligence of which he boasts, he would not suffer himself to be so hoodooed and humbugged, but would kick large segments of sawdust out of such a brazen sham—perchance make the climate uncomfortably torrid for certain Cagliostros now fattening on the fruits of premeditated fraud. Any man possessing the reasoning faculty and exercising it ever so little, must know that the gold reserve is an infernal fraud. He must know that a “national bulwark” that can be swept aside by a handful of bond-jobbers is no bulwark at all, and that every copper expended in maintaining it might as well be cast into Symmes’ Hole—or even used to buy Bibles for the buck niggers of Central Africa, whose one great need is a bath. He must know, further, that if the gold reserve were at all necessary to “protect the credit of our currency,” the men who for years past have persistently warred upon it would no more touch it than they would scatter coals in a powder-house. Who, in the devil’s name, will be most injured by a radical depreciation of our currency? Who would be most injured by a decline in the price—the purchasing power—of silk undershirts? Not you, my Democratic friend with your sunburned back, toiling blindly in the wake of a partisan bandwagon and cursing every critic of your political boss. The men injured would be those with stocks of silk undershirts to sell—the larger the stock the deeper the wound. Those injured by a slump in the value of the dollar would be those

who have the dollar—the more dollars the deeper the hurt. Yet here we are bribing the money barons with big bond issues—which they buy in on private bids—not to deliberately cast half their cash into the depths of the sea—not only bribing them to refrain from bankruptcy, but actually returning thanks to one G. Cleveland for the blessed privilege. Verily man—at least the Democratic species of the *genus homo*—is but “a poor forked radish, with fantastically carved head, stuck on purely for the sake of conformity”! Featherless geese—the feathers having been plucked away to make soft pillows for the plutocracy—assiduously saving a new Rome. Suppose that the presidential head was filled with something other than rusty bait-cans—the bait itself having become putrescent and fly-blown—and he should say to those fellows: “There is the gold reserve. You insist that the credit of the currency depends upon it. Very well. Then touch it if you dare. You get no more bonds, my sweet Shylocks—no more bribes to refrain from disemboweling yourselves. Out with your knives and commit hari-kari when you like; the debtors of this land can stand it if the creditors can.” What then? Either the gold reserve would be proven a sham, or the money kings would guard it as the apple of their eye—and ask no wages! The cold hard fact is that the money kings, with the help of Cleveland and a coterie of editors—who may be arrant knaves, but more like are hopeless dampools who order their ideas from the East in barrel lots as they do their ink—are playing Uncle Sam for a rank sucker. Some day the old gentleman will tumble to their cut-throat game, and then there will be—as Sam Jones would say in his elegant pulpit vernacular when addressing a congregation of ladies—“blood and hair and the ground tore up.” But we trust that in his righteous wrath he will spare the *Gal-Dal News*. Ever since Cleve-

land permitted Colonel Belo to spit on the royal bait he has had the "Old Lady" hypnotized,—completely Trilbyized—and she will sing "Ben Bolt" for his benefit to the end of time if he but wills it so. Poor Old Lady! So long the model par excellence in the atelier of Texas journalism; now only a musical cuckoo, singing in uneasy dream the notes of another, while her friends look on and weep.

* * *

THE PREACHER IN POLITICS.

THE modern preacher is going extensively into politics—is devoting fully as much time and attention to party platforms as to the Prince of Peace. The churches are being transformed into political wigwams where the people are taught, not how to save their souls, but how to save the country—are instructed in the esoteric science of economics by men who could scarce tell a customhouse receipt from a kangaroo ballot. Not a thing can happen on God's great earth but these pulpiteers must pass upon it. Not a public policy can be proposed but they pop up like jack-in-the-box to inform their parishioners whether it should be approved. They deal with secular matters not as citizens but as censors; not as men possessing equal political privileges with their fellows, but as clergymen entitled to speak *ex cathedra*. Having taken charge of Heaven and ordered the social economy of Hell, they are now attempting the administration of the rest of the universe. They inform the Senate what laws shall be enacted and dictate to Cæsar how they shall be executed. If they could order the occultation of Orion, the procession of the planets and pull the moon about with a string, the great Demiurgus would quickly be relegated to innocuous desuetude. Most modern preachers have been guilty of prostituting the pulpit for

political purposes, of mixing their religion with secular matters which in nowise concern them; but perchance the chief of sinners in this respect is that offensive bundle of ignorance and egotism now wiggling about the world like a small maggot on a mammoth cheese, ycleped Sam Jones. This Georgia horse-jockey—whose education was begun in such bar-rooms as permitted him to “bum” his booze, and rounded out at the race-track, and who found it more profitable to mount the pulpit, sling stable slang and call the ladies of his congregation “old sows,” than to shoot craps with cornfield niggers—frequently informs the Populists that they “have wheels in their heads” and know absolutely nothing of the science of government. Just what Jones knows about it and who told him is a riddle yet to be unraveled. Of late this intellectual pismire has aligned the batteries of his billingsgate on those who favor the free coinage of silver—is employing the pulpit to belittle and belie those who decline to bow their necks to the yoke of the plutocrat. I care not how much Sam rails against Populism and free silver. In matters political he is, as an American citizen, privileged to make an indecent exposure of his ignorance; but the pulpit is not the proper place for exhibitions of political ineptitude. The churches are set aside as sacred to the worship of the Deity—are exempted from taxation by the entire people regardless of political predilection. That preacher who from the pulpit denounces as fools or knaves those who disagree with him in politics is guilty of a gross breach of hospitality—signs a certificate that he is both a boor and a blackguard. When churches are employed for secular purposes—when they are used to promote the material interests of a political party—they should be taxed like all other property. Of course Jones knows absolutely nothing of finance. It is doubtful if he ever heard of Mills or Montesquieu. He

is simply a back-woods ignoramus whose unparalleled impudence has pushed him to the front. He is neither learned, eloquent nor logical. He never advanced a new idea, never added an iota to the stock of the world's wisdom. He cannot read the Hebrew Bible nor the Greek Testament, consequently must take those books on trust. He is not familiar with the history of that religious cult of which he poses as an apostle. He is simply Sam Jones. There's no other like him, and a curious world flocks to see him, much as it would an English-speaking monkey or a winged mule. He captivates the ignorant because he occupies their level—because "like takes to like." No man or woman of superior intelligence and good breeding ever listened to him ten minutes without becoming disgusted, and reading his so-called sermons were like breathing mephitic air or drinking the scum from a frog-pond. Sam probably does not care a copper of what our money is made or which political party attains to power. He depends for his notoriety on the coöperation of the "great dailies," which are always seeking something "sensational," something bizarre, something bordering on black-guardism, and has observed that a majority of those journals are championing the cause of the plutocracy and seize with avidity upon everything which insults the common people. It makes to his pecuniary interest to abuse the Pops and sail into the free-silverites with his oratorical stinkpots, and Slangy Sam sported too long to overlook a bet.

* * *

SALMAGUNDI.

Now that the "Little Giant" has interviewed himself on the Fort Worth free-silver convention, the public breathes easier. It felt that the affliction was coming, and is so

thankful to have it over with that it can almost forgive him for mistaking Artemus Ward's "friend" for the great wax wurx man's monkey. When Judge Clark dabbles in politics he makes a *faux pas*; but when he tackles literature he not only spills the soup on his shirt-front, but he puts his foot in the plate.

Cleveland intimates that he would not have a third term even though it were tendered him on a gold platter. But then he made just such a grandstand play anent a second term when in doubt of his ability to capture a first. Each time Cæsar puts back the crown he does so more gently than before.

Now that the *Houston Post* has informed its two thousand voting-contest readers that the editor of the *Iconoclast* "is an egotistical ass," the public is expecting the Apostle and the beautiful sway-back Rebecca Merlindy to raise a valuable crop of mules.

The would-be great dailies are vociferously declaring that "the free-silver craze is dead"; yet, with that chivalry peculiar to peons, they continue to kick the corpse. Perhaps they have a robust suspicion that it's playing 'possum.

If half the energy expended trying to prevent the Corbett-Fitzsimmons boxing bout had been employed to clothe the naked and feed the hungry there would have been more rejoicing in Heaven.

Saintly Waco fairly ruptures a blood vessel trying to hermetically seal the saloons on Sunday, yet permits the licensed houses of prostitution to do business seven nights

in the week. But then the law permits the necessities of life to be sold on Sunday, and in the eyes of the professional godly, drinking a glass of beer on the Lord's day were infinitely more wicked than dallying with a brace of bawds.

With a view to protecting the public from a deluge of insane drivel, the **ICONOCLAST** hereby offers to pay a premium of \$100 in gold to the first great plutocrat daily that manages to run a month without trying to be funny at the expense of the whiskers of Populism. The world loves wit, but is all awearry of those megalophonous burros who unbraid their ears and bray at men who are striving in all earnestness to solve the industrial problem. A beard is an evidence of virility, the badge of manhood and the envy of eunuchs. That man who cannot grow hair on his face should be disfranchised and compelled to sleep alone.

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THE MAN IN THE MOON.

CRITICISM BY OUR LUNAR CONTEMPORARY.

DOUBTLESS you have a distant acquaintance with the **Man in the Moon**. He never becomes unduly familiar, never borrows money of you or quarrels with you anent forms of baptism,—never bores you with his political views or takes a fiendish delight in telling you the unkind things which others say about you. When two is company he does not make a crowd. He is probably the oldest inhabitant, certainly the most prominent citizen of our little contemporary. Our ancestors saw him as an old man bearing a lantern and bundle of fagots—going about in the bright sunlight that illumines his home, much as did our own

foolish Diogenes ; but whether on the same errand, deponent saith not. What he purposed doing with his bundle of fagots—whether to build a fire to cook his breakfast, or broil a heretic—was never definitely determined. The modern almanac-makers see only the face of the old fellow—a mildly-beaming countenance, somewhat resembling that of Mr. Pickwick, when the moon is full, that of a disappointed and discouraged office-seeker when the bright disk has faded to a silver bow. For my part, I could always see in the moon many people besides an old man toiling along to a lunar nowhere with his bundle of fagots, or beaming down on me with smile both childlike and bland. When the moon is full—and quite regardless of my own condition—I can see therein a gallant soldier and his bonny bride, two charming ladies in confidential *tête-à-tête*, and the head and shoulders of a gigantic gladiator lying fast asleep unscreened by so much as a mosquito bar—the musical attendants of Morpheus evidently being undreamed of in his philosophy. And sometimes, again, when the moon chances to hang at a peculiar angle, this variegated population disappears and the great disk resembles a mighty medallion, with Goddess of Liberty clear-cut and distinct as on the silver dollar. The stars are there encircling her, but no *E Pluribus Unum*—not so much as mention of “the crime of ’73.” I’ve often thought that could the other side of the moon be seen a full-fledged American eagle would there be found, squinting one eye at the legend, In God We Trust—while keeping a close grip on his bundle of arrows. I am satisfied that could Mr. Cleveland see the moon as I sometimes do, and note its similitude to the silver dollar, he’d recommend its utter abolition by act of Congress or employ the bond-clippers to build a golden pyramid for it to rest upon, like a prize pumpkin poised on a knitting-needle—

But perchance the handsome lady is the lunar "New Woman,"—not yet provided with bike and bloomers—who has retired the old man to the nursery and herself assumed the scepter of the night.

I have tried to point out to various people the interesting family of the Man in the Moon; but they have usually insisted that he was doing the Robinson Crusoe act—sailing through space on his silver isle in utter solitude. Being a Jeffersonian Democrat, I yield to the verdict of the majority and surrender my private opinion, even discredit the evidence of my own eyes,—quite the proper thing from a partisan standpoint—and shall take it for granted that the lunar Goddess of Liberty, like our own star-crowned and mud-bedraggled deity, is a mythus, the creature of a morbid imagination, and devote my entire attention to the time-honored Man in the Moon.

He has evidently been there ever since the swift-rolling little planet assumed its present topography—perhaps millions of years ago. From a period so remote that the mind of man can scarce conceive thereof, he has looked benignly down upon this teeming earth, with its laughter and its tears, its triumphal arches and its bitter ashes—looked and held his peace. He is accounted everybody's friend, because he is no tale-bearer, tattler and two-faced talking machine; is "the same yesterday, to-day and forever"; a fact which many men—and perchance an occasional woman, likewise—might profitably reflect upon.

Nations rise and fall; religions are born and die; the Tower of Babel lifts its spiral curves to kiss the clouds, then crumbles into dust; Alexander conquers the world and Mark Antony casts it away as a worthless bauble to bask in the sensuous splendor of Cleopatra's eyes; Lisbon earthquakes engulf their thousands and the French Revolutions flame with nether fire—the Man in the Moon observes it

all and makes no sign. How different he from the Man—or even the Woman—in the Earth! Do but let a Cleveland babe be born, or the daughter of a prosperous map-peddler take a bankrupt dude with bogus title to raise, and there is aniversal cackle as of multitudinous flocks of geese gone mad. Let a brace of pugilists pound each other with pillows for a fat purse, or some poor preacher bite at the devil's hook, baited with an old sunbonnet, and what a commotion:—people priding themselves on the possession of a thinking faculty expecting the heavens to fall, or the civilization of six thousand years to slip its trolley-pole. Let political parties—with adjustable platforms and gutta-percha principles—indulge in a wrestling match with the public flesh-pots as prize, what screeching and scrannel-piping by perspiring orators and partisan editors—the confusion of Babel worse confounded!

Sitting silent there all these centuries and watching the goings and comings of the children of men—their megaphonous horn-tootings and turgid pufferies, their inane bickerings and infamous back-bitings—listening to their ape-chattering and eternal much ado about nothing—has it occurred to the Man in the Moon, think you, that what the human race most needs is a gold-cure for the gab habit? How thankful he must have been when the morning stars sang together that there were no featherless bipeds to drown, with their foolish bawling, the celestial melody!

We are supposing, of course, that the Man in the Moon is a living, sentient being; that the mild face so long turned upon this planet is that of one who sees, and seeing, understands. Does such a face look down upon us from anywhere in the great Immensity? The priests and prophets of all ages have assured us even so. They have given to this supernal being many names and attributes

and habitations, but have signally failed to fix his celestial latitude and longitude. Gods come and gods go, but the Man in the Moon remains. He saw—if aught inanimate e'er sees—the rise of Krishna and Kronus, of Odin and Osiris, of Jupiter and Jove; and in serene and silent majesty he looks down upon their ruined altars and deserted fanes. Cults and creeds have swayed the minds of untold millions—have enforced themselves with sword and fagot, with poison-cup and persecution cruel as Perdition's pains—only to be swept by the broom of Time into the world's great rubbish-heap as intellectual trash, and from these mounds of muck new dogmas have sprung like weeds, and flourished their little day, and died—layer upon layer, like cities rising and falling upon the ruins of other cities where men have lived and loved—passing, each in its turn, into the tomb of the world's history, its traditions, its utter forgetfulness—forever lost in the murky shadows of the centuries! When Jehovah has resigned to other hands the scepter of the universe, and the Christian cultus taken its place beside the Babylonian creeds; when antiquarians trace with infinite toil on ruined monuments and fallen pillars the history of this proud Republic, as they trace that of many a bygone nation which imagined itself one of the few, the immortal things that were not born to die; when Macaulay's New Zealander muses on a broken arch of London Bridge and watches the solitary herdsman tend his sheep on the site of the world's metropolis, as he does to-day where Babylonian gardens once did hang and the lords and ladies of Nineveh rolled in gilded chariots over cloth of gold—where Carthagenia's voluptuous queen wept for unrequited love and Priam's intrepid sons begirt the altars of Ilium with burnished steel—the Man in the Moon will look down with the same imperturbable countenance that he turned upon the Buddha sitting solitary beneath

the Bodhi tree, upon Hagar as she wandered forth from the tent of Abraham into the wilderness. Not a line has changed since he beamed on Pyramus and Thisbe stealing forth to their trysting-place near old Ninus' tomb—not a wrinkle has been added since Joshua spiked the lunar coat-tail fast in the valley of Ajalon while he slaughtered the Amorites, despoiled their vineyards and enslaved their virgins.

If the Man in the Moon would only speak, how many things he might tell us! How the world's history would be revised and our pantheon of heroes and galaxy of saints transformed! During the dark of the moon does he hold converse with that lunar Goddess of Liberty, or New Woman we have observed there,—her gaze turned intently hitherward, as though watching the progress of female suffrage or studying our Parisian fashion plates? Does he, in post-prandial sociability over his wine and walnuts, chatter unrestrained with that great gladiator—who may be Hercules resting from his labors, or even the sun-god visiting his fair Selene and fallen fast asleep while waiting for her to do up her back hair or put a little celestial powder on her pale cheeks? And if so, what does he say? Can you imagine—he having so carefully watched the *genus homo* ever since his advent upon the earth—familiar with every detail of his origin and development? Is it possible that he observes us simply for his amusement; or, at most, studies us much as a naturalist might the frantic industry of a tribe of ants? When the lunar blinds are close-drawn and the stars given leave to flaunt their glories in the face of night, does he make merry at our expense? Can you imagine him saying:

“Those little bipeds, straddling painfully over the surface of our sister planet, amuse me very much. Do you know sun, moon and stars were made for their especial

benefit—that these planetary microbes actually imagine the world, just as the fleas on a monster dog suppose the canine was created solely for their comfort—that the animal's frantic efforts to get rid of them are 'special providences' having some mysterious tendency to promote their 'ultimate good'? They really imagine themselves the only important things in this great universe of ours—that the rest is but leather and prunella.

"Poor ephemera, living their little day, then sinking back into the soil, their bodies fertilizing weeds and fattening worms! Do but observe them burrowing like moles in their mother's bosom; trying to count her ribs or determine if she have a heart of fire—to read her history in the freckles of her face. Miserable redbugs on the thick cuticle of the mighty planet! Note them sweeping the milky-way with petty tubes called telescopes, or pondering with magnifying glass over a drop of water—the world of other animalculæ only somewhat smaller than themselves—then founding pretentious schools wherein they impart, with birch rod and other educational appliances, the secrets of the universe! Science born of supposition, philosophies founded upon fooleries, stuffed with infinite labor into the fat heads of half-fledged ephemera and miscalled education! And the wisest in the great owlerie cannot comprehend the fundamental principle of nature's first and simplest law, that of gravitation; cannot tell whence he came or whither he goes—uncertain whether his ancestors were angels or apes! And yet I have seen them fall upon their fellows and do them to the death for declaring that certain frog-eyed and ass-eared animalculæ were incompetent to read every riddle in the great apocalypse of nature—were not familiar with the very family affairs of the Creator of the Cosmos!"

And so might the Man in the Moon go on maundering

and mumbling century after century, rehearsing our faults, laughing at our presumption—even advising Boötes that when weary of the chase and seeking *dolce far niente*, he would find us a curious if somewhat profitless study in bacteriology.

Of course it were unkind of the Man in the Moon to make such remarks about us; still, if we could but hear, it might do us good like a medicine—enable us to better understand our small importance in the economy of the universe; to get our heads out of the clouds and cling somewhat closer to the grass. Did you ever reflect that to the archangels—if such there be—we are even as the Lilliputians of Gulliver to the Brobdignagians—mere trifling curiosities to be kept in a case—what the doodlebugs or itch bacilli are to us?

Suppose that while idly lounging on Heaven's imperial battlements, Ithuriel, star-eyed sentinel of the great court of God, should discover Brother Cranfill, the abominous apostle of prohibition, assiduously saving the country by spying about clubroom keyholes, stirring up strife between neighbors,—an abnormal nuisance, a pestiferous blue-bottle buzzing about a putrid body politic: what think you? Would the entire celestial population crowd the jasper walls, like boys at a ball game, to observe our poor crack-brained brother? Would they dispute anent his proper entomological classification, come insisting that he was a scarabæus, or terrestrial tumble-bug, who had misplaced his little bale of compost and was running frantically hither and thither in search thereof? Would they send a committee to the Almighty to humbly ask why this amorphous curiosity was created?

A thousand years are to the Lord as but one day; and, by laborious inquiry and shrewd guesswork, we can trace the human race back almost a week! Another seven days

on the great horologe of God and the *genus homo* may be gone utterly; but the planets will continue to circle round the sun, Orion and Arcturus to pour their mighty streams of sidereal glory into the great realm of darkness, the Pleiades to "twinkle like a swarm of fire-flies tangled in a silver braid." The existence of the human race is but an unimportant incident in the history of the universe—in-fusoria born of heat and moisture, perishing when the moisture is eliminated or the heat becomes greater or less. Had man not appeared, the mountains would have reared their rugged crests to meet the glory of the unrisen sun, the purple mists have hovered in the valleys, the rivers rolled onward to the sea and the tides ebbed and flowed—not a star would have fallen from the o'erhanging firmament, not a planet hesitated in its eternal course; there would have been never a drop of water nor a grain of sand more or less.

"Lords of Creation," forsooth! We are the idle sport of Time and Space. Yesterday is forgotten and to-morrow is unknown. We toil and strive here on our miserable ant-hill, transforming some particles of matter—mere planetary fungi—into various shapes; but can create nothing, destroy nothing. Yet we assume that Almighty God, who hung the midnight heavens with patines of pure gold and painted the rings of Saturn—that even he, Architect of the Universe—left his eternal throne, star-gemmed, canopied with clouds of incense upon which ever falls the bright effulgence of solar systems, through which rolls the eternal melody of the spheres, came down to earth and of the cold dead clay made a miserable biped and called it his masterpiece; that he is now following it about with notebook, jotting down the inconsequential doings of this miserable microbe—observing with jealous solicitude how it is baptized, what the "articles" of its religion, whether

it worship as Buddhist or Baptist, Methodist or Mormon! Some of us so believe, thereby flattering our vanity and finding comfort. Others declare there is no God, because they cannot understand him—cannot conceive of a being without a beginning; attribute everything that is to the operation of blind force, as though force itself did not have an unknown and inconceivable genesis; as though force without matter were comprehensible to the human mind—could precede matter, and, operating on nothing, produce something!

What know the infusoria in a drop of water of Cæsar and Socrates? And what know Cæsar and Socrates—hanging, microscopic in body, infinitesimal in mind, to their little globule of a world—of this great Universe of God and the laws which govern it? The most industrious digging will not disclose the foundations of the earth; the most persistent star-gazing reveals to us only a few phosphorescent bubbles on the bosom of Infinity's shoreless sea. And yet we dogmatize about the Deity; build elaborate theories anent the abodes of the blessed; write sacred books and establish religious rites which we ask the world to accept as the embodiment of supernatural wisdom. We have conferences and convocations, synods and ecumenical councils; we have turgid Talmages, slingers of sanctified slang, malevolent Haydens, and Cranfills puffed up like the frog in the fable with mephitic air,—all pointing the way to some impossible Celestial City where the "pore mizzable worm of the dust" will become an imperishable butterfly and flit from flower to flower, doing absolutely nothing of any importance through all eternity—not even marrying or giving in marriage, a mocking-bird without a mate! And not even Cranfill, puffing out his "fair round belly with good capon lined"—while Gabriel and Michael stand agaze—can locate that interesting ultimate to which

they would lead us; can only vaguely assure us that it is "over there," or "up yonder"—up and down being relative terms by which we describe flagstaffs, sub-cellars and such like protuberances and depressions on the earth's surface. Celestial City, "up yonder"—whether at noon or midnight; haven of eternal dilettanteism and yaller dog *dolce far niente* "over there"—and thousands of sleek sky-pilots with Haydenic heads, with Cranfillian stomachs nicely padded with fat poultry and surreptitious booze at the expense of the stupid ignorance and ingrained prejudice, leading us thither by devious routes, with toll-gate and oratorical affliction every seven days' journey—Colombos exploring the inane for supposititious Cathays and impossible spice islands; blind leading the blind and both falling into the foul ditch of blasphemous dogmatism and wallowing contented there, imagining meanwhile that they are making progress!

And all this time a behoofed and behorned devil with leathery wings, fiery nostrils and prehensile tail with javelin point—a kind of unholy cross between a Pasiphaean minotaur and Cleveland mugwump—resembling nothing in the heavens or earth or the waters under the earth, unless it be the Chicago platform—is going to and fro in the land, seeking new Jobs to afflict with festering sores and fool friends; snatching up handfuls of human souls and flying screeching with them down to Perdition—for what purpose only he and Heaven knows. Curious creature this orthodox devil who affrights the fearful soul of the evangelist—voluntarily spending most of his time in Hell when he could just as well spend it all in Texas. It seems that the upper and nether powers are using this earth as recruiting ground for their armies, Lucifer obtaining the bulk of the able-bodied volunteers, the Lord having to content himself with the organization of amazonian guards. What

effect the advent of the muscular "New Woman" will have upon the strife between the hosts of Heaven and Hell it were difficult to determine. She certainly does not aspire to be an angel here, and if she follows in the footsteps of her brother hereafter, Michael might as well close his recruiting offices and strike his colors.

I do not undervalue human life and effort and aspiration. I do not mock the blind struggles of mortal man to put on immortality, to master the elements and extend the domain of his knowledge; but I do insist that those who assume that Almighty God made the solar system for our sweet sakes should be tapped for the simples. Surely the stupendous labors of the Creator were undertaken with grander object, a nobler aim than the breeding on this comparatively unimportant planet of a few harpers for Heaven and a host of hoodlums for Hell. A few million square miles, flat as a floor, with a fence around it to prevent our falling off; a sun ten miles in diameter and a moon the bigness of an Iowa barn were sufficient plant for the manufacture of men. Then why this infinitude of suns blazing in stellar space—this exhibition of power?

Did the Creator of all this come down to earth and flicker in bushes as a fire, exhibit himself for the delectation of the elders of Israel and spend forty days chiseling laws on tables of stone, when he could have traced them in letters of flame across the firmament? Having "made the stars also"—thrown them in as lagniappe to a hard day's labor—did he send his Son, co-ruler of the universe, to be aggravated by human acts? Go to, thou wretched babbler, and put thy gall in pickle. Pour thy story into the dull ears of ancient dames, and with its marvels rob confiding childhood of its pence to line thy paunch; but tempt not the righteous indignation of reasoning men.

All messiahs, prophets and wonder-workers were even

as we: and they have passed, as we in turn shall pass, back into the broad bosom of their mother earth to await the pleasure of Him that once did call them forth; who can bid them live again—for an hour, for a year, for ages, during all eternity. Some were wiser, nobler than we, contained more of the element of Godhood, their lives a larger portion of that bright Essence Increate. Buddha the Pitiful, Moses the Leader, Mahomet the Reformer and Christ the Loving, were our teachers. They imparted to us, each in his way, all they knew of the Mystery of Life—all that, in the profound depths of their superior souls, they dreamed of man's origin, his duty and his destiny. Peace to their ashes. Though Time will sweep from the records of the world the story of their endeavor, and even their names sound no more in the ears of men, the good they wrought will still remain, the priceless heritage of the human race—furnishing forth the foundations for nobler cults, for purer ideals, for grander conceptions of the Most High God.

Whether man e'er do put on immortality, or his little life be rounded with ever dreamless sleep; whether he wander always in Elysian fields, or,

“Greater than kings, than gods more glad,
The aching craze to live ends, and life glides—
Lifeless—to nameless quiet, nameless joy,
Blessed Nirvana—sinless, stirless rest—
That change which never changes,”

'tis well to have lived and loved. Down upon thy knees, aspiring pigmy, and give thanks to God thou wast not born a beast—that the best of terrestrial life is thine, with the joys of infancy, the pride of manhood and the halo of age. Take the good the gods provide and hold thy peace. If it be Heaven's will that a happier world awaits thee be-

yond the tomb's pale portals, rejoice that thou art rewarded beyond thy deserts; if not, lie down like a tired child upon its mother's breast, and pass without a sigh into the eternal, the imperishable elements from which thou wert called—back into the great Life Ocean which is God.

“The dew is on the lotus; rise, Great Sun,
And lift my leaf and mix me with the wave.
Om Mani Padme Hum, the sunrise comes—
The dewdrop slips into the shining sea!”

* * *

THE NEW WOMAN.

BEAUTY AND BLOOMERS.

THE new woman is the target at which editors and artists are just now leveling a world of would-be wit and abortive ridicule. She is usually depicted in the periodicals as a biped of doubtful gender, who apes the customs and clothing of creation's lords and aspires to manage the political and social world to suit herself. She is supposed to be intensely “strong-minded” and devoid of sentiment as a bale of hay—quite the antithesis of the soft, clinging creature who once made glad the heart of man by hanging her second providence upon him and sitting contentedly down to the manipulation of buttons and the rearing of babes. According to the analytical editors, she cares never a copper for the command to be fruitful and multiply—is simply an educated iceberg who prefers billiards and biking to the triumphs of beauty, club life to domestic cares, and would, if opportunity offered, use Hymen's torch in a political parade and leave the later Adam without that “helpmeet” which the good God gave him on observing his utter inability to take care of himself.

The New Woman of the smart paragraph builders and box-wood butchers may be one differentiation of the genus; but fortunately this species is about as rare as white blackbirds—or editors with an idea above partisan politics. The New Woman is really a very charming creature, and there is little likelihood that she will become either too few or too numerous. She is simply a hard-sensed young lady who politely but pointedly declines to play second fiddle in the great diapason of humanity—to be bound by the foolish fashions and inept customs that have cursed her sex for sixty centuries. She does not object to matrimony, but declines to regard the capture of some sap-headed dude with a few dollars as the end and aim of her existence. Her ideals of wifehood and motherhood are too exalted to permit her sitting supinely down on the matrimonial block, like Patience on a monument, and waiting for some bumptious he-thing to straddle along who will consent to supply her with board and clothes—in consideration of the surrender of her freedom and the debauchment of her beauty. She prefers to gird up her patent health corset and go out into the world to hustle her own hash until, from the great Somewhere of her waking dreams, her ideal comes to make of her a loving companion instead of a legal concubine. Calphurnia will be Cæsar's wife, meriting his confidence and dividing his care, rioting in his love and rich in his respect or she'll be naught to him.

Such is the New Woman, who stands forth in her matchless beauty and modest pride, undaunted by the puny arrows of a tribe of journalistic pigmies. For ages woman was but man's plaything, her occupation the amusement of his idle hours—valuable chiefly for breeding purposes. The highest educational advantages were denied her, the professions closed against her as an incapable. Her talents

were supposed to be small, and little opportunity was offered for their enlargement. But as the world grew wiser it became more liberal. One by one the foolish barriers that circumscribed her usefulness have fallen, and she has pressed eagerly forward into the widening field. If she has not proved herself man's intellectual peer she has ceased to be a pensioner on his bounty,—has demonstrated her ability to earn her bread—and with independence have come grander ideals, loftier aims, nobler womanhood.

The real New Woman is self-reliant without being manish, modest without prudery and companionable while avoiding that familiarity which breeds contempt. But there is quite a different creature abroad, upon which the press delights to confer a title to which she can lay no claim—the fashionable butterfly and professional fad-chaser, whose newness consists chiefly in novelty of dress, the business of whose life is to make as liberal a display of her personal charms as may be consistent with a kind of india-rubber respectability. The first has demonstrated that woman may possess brains; the latter has made it manifest that she must have legs! The latter fact has long been suspected even by the exoteric school of bashful bachelors. It has been darkly hinted from time to time by divers scientific gentlemen that woman is a bipedal being who achieves locomotion by advancing one foot before the other, instead of gliding through the air like a gilded moth or sliding about the surface of the earth like a drop of quicksilver; but it remained for the fad-follower to put her physique in evidence and thereby dispel all doubt.

Now that feminine underpinning is an accepted fact,—a truth revealed—we may pause to consider whether we are the happier for our new got knowledge. Candor compels the confession that we are not particularly grateful

to the fad-follower for her startling exhibitions of locomotive loveliness—that there may be too much even of a good thing. The poet assures us that,

“Spring would be but gloomy weather
If there was nothing else but Spring.”

And he might have told us, with equal truth, that an endless procession of perambulating living pictures would pall on the ocular appetite and produce that tired feeling. The female limb is unquestionably a thing of beauty and a joy forever; but we would have been far happier had the dizzy *fin de siècle* devotee of fashion not called the world's attention to it. Had she kept it hidden we might, in the fulness of time, have found it out ourselves and enjoyed the felicity of a glad surprise. Her gratuitous anatomical exhibit argues a lack of enterprise on the part of creation's lords that is quite exasperating.

I have no desire to interfere with the sartorial liberty of the ladies; I would simply call their attention to the fact that a costume which half reveals, half conceals the female form divine, is far more fetching than one which supplants theories with conditions and deprives Fancy of her occupation. The twinkle of a pretty foot peeping coyly forth beneath a dainty petticoat; the fleeting glimpse of a well-turned ankle in a billowy sea of lace were enough to make a stoic grab a goose-quill and reel off erotic poetry by the ream—to transform the veriest Reuben into a soulful Anacreon; but what minstrel, filled to overflowing with the divine afflatus, could tune his lyre or build an Ella Wheeler ode in honor of a pair of bloomers? Why, at sight of such an apparition immortal Pegasus would balk and buck like Mark Twain's Mexican plug! Had Petrarch's Laura worn pants the dago nightingale would have come off his perch; had Héloïse donned the divided

skirt no heart-sore pilgrim would pour his scalding tears into her storied urn; had Helen of Troy paddled about the Isles of Greece in *fin de siècle* bathing-suit the Bard of Chios had not tuned his immortal harp nor Priam's hoary head have sunk beneath the sword. Think of burning Sappho in tan-colored leggins taking the Lover's Leap; of Bonnie Annie Laurie in bloomers—of Juliet with a sea-green patch on the rear elevation of her scorched banana biking suit! Had such monstrosities appeared on Parnassus, the muses would have been stricken dumb—perhaps have drowned themselves in the Pierian Spring.

If the fashionable young female—who is no more the New Woman than she is the Old Adam—is dressing to please herself, we have nothing to say; but if she is decking out to gladden the hearts of the sterner sex we hereby advise her in strict confidence that, as the rival of the ballet-girls and vaudeville beer-slingers, she is a glittering failure. Whether biking or surf-bathing, clucking at a political hen convention or dress reform congress, she is an inartistic hermaphroditical hoo-doo that, while causing the unskillful to laugh, must make the judicious grieve. In matters sartorial progress and improvement are not always synonyms. The abbreviated skirt may be more healthful than the pyramidal petticoat; but it makes a woman an offensive freak, an eyesore to the artist, an uncanny nightmare to all men with a correct conception of the eternal fitness of things. The reckless display of personal charms by the woman of fashion—her *double-entendre décolleté*—is not calculated to promote elevation of thought or purity of action—could occur only in a society already corrupt.

It may be urged in extenuation of the offense against the canons of good taste that modesty in costume is a mere matter of custom; that had the ladies for a century or so worn bloomers—or even breeches—the world would

consider it quite the proper thing because accustomed to it; that had they suddenly exchanged such garb for the modern ball-room gown, all the prudes in bloomers—or breeches—would have tearfully protested, and the female pharisees with leathery arms and busts built like a jaundiced clapboard—thanked God they were not as other people. This may be true, for

“That monster custom, of habits devil,”

can inure us to almost anything, however outré or in-artistic. A man who had never seen a rose might regard a red hollyhock as the acme of floral perfection; having never seen a female figure tastefully draped, he might contemplate even bloomers with satisfaction; but I doubt if he could regard the wearer with that chivalric adoration which has placed woman but little lower than the angels. He would doubtless consider her “a jolly good fellow,” and enjoy her society to a certain extent; but that courteous deference which distinguishes him could scarce develop—he would make few sacrifices for her sake. Had such been the fashion, love would have remained but lust and marriage simply a civil contract. Had Queen Elizabeth worn bloomers, Sir Walter Raleigh might have bridged a mudpuddle for her with his costly cloak; but more likely he would have told her to climb upon his back. Leander might have swam the tempestuous Hellespont to bask in the smiles of a beauty clad only in breeches; but I think he would have waited for the boat.

OVERDOING REFORMATION.

You can confine the rum traffic, gaming, the social evil, etc., within certain reasonable limits, but cannot root them out altogether so long as man craves stimulants, is pruriently eager for gain, or the fires of passion blaze in the blood. And if you could, what? Would man not turn to opium and other drugs more harmful than the blood of the grape? forms of speculation more demoralizing than the card table? to practices more detrimental to the race than association with wantons? It is possible to overdo even reformation. Really the best repressive of bad habits is not sumptuary legislation,—not a foul rape of liberty in the name of God and morality—but enlightened public opinion. The experiment of driving men in flocks to the Throne of Grace has been repeatedly tried, but has ever resulted in miserable failure,—will always so result. Good wine, even good whisky, *per se*, is a blessing, not a curse. That it so often becomes the latter is more the result of mistaken and meddlesome laws than of man's natural inclination to make a beast of himself.

If the rivers ran liquor instead of water there would not be one-half so much intemperance in the world. To drink too much would then be no more reprehensible than to eat too much or over-exercise. Too careful parents could not then keep liquor from their sons until they reached the proper age for going to the devil. They would grow up cognizant of its use and the danger of its abuse, much as they did in olden times when nearly every family kept pure liquor in the house and the Prohibition crank was still happily hidden in the womb of time. Very noticeable is the temperance of the great wine-growing districts of the world; very remarkable by contrast are the excesses

of people in those countries where liquor can only be come at with difficulty; where it is placed under repressive laws and so burdened with taxes that it is all adulterated, the drinker paying these impositions, not so much in the price of his dram as in the inferior quality of the liquor with which he is served by stealth, and which he imbibes, not because he relishes it, but rather as a defiance to those who presume to meddle with his rights, to arbitrarily curtail his liberties. Man is nothing if not contrary. Put on the street a barrel of the best bourbon that ever passed a still and invite the public to help itself, and many a man would pass it by untouched who would make a sneak up a filthy alley, climb three pair of stairs and get "bilin'" drunk on a concoction of bilge-water and fiery chemicals at fifteen cents a drink if the law said to him he should not put into his stomach whatever he chose.

While good liquor temperately used may be reckoned a blessing, the stuff sold under our present "repressive" system is a thing to be dreaded and shunned by all men. It is a veritable Hell-broth, filled, not with health and good cheer, but with disease and death. One drink of it is enough to fit even an honest man for treasons, stratagems and spoils, and an overdose is almost as deadly as so much strychnine. The Prohibition crank has not crushed the "Rum Demon"; but he has succeeded in driving that potentate to use weapons that "kill at forty rods." Thanks to the assiduous Prohibitionist, the land is becoming dotted ever thicker with drunkard's graves; the social revel has been transformed into a veritable dance of death. The cup that once cheered; which poets sang and Christ blessed, has been, by the premium which a meddling zeal has put upon adulteration, metamorphosed into a flaming brand, scattering death and destruction far and wide,—filling the asylums with mental and the peniten-

tiaries with moral wrecks, lighting thousands to the desolate regions of the damned.

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A PARVENU IN "PAREE."

THE swell dinner given in Paris by the hopeful son of our own and only John Wanamaker, is the talk of two continents. By herculean effort the dizzy young dude managed to squander \$20,000 on one meal for a score of people—while within gunshot of the banquet-board families were existing on a franc a day, and starving children exploiting garbage barrels for the bones. He is cousin-german to that other dampfool, whose prurient itch for notoriety led him to fire the Ephesian Dome. He is giving an excellent imitation of a parvenu who is conscious that neither his birth nor his brains will enable him to reach society's *sanctum sanctorum*, and is determined to break in with a golden crowbar. Old John should take the ambitious youngster out behind the donjon keep of his Quaker City castle and swat him a few across the Boston cracker bust of his Parisian pajamas with the business end of a board. That \$20,000 gastronomic miracle naturally leads people to inquire how the Wanamakers got their wealth. It calls public attention to the fact that papa is a pleb, who once engineered a cheap pantaloony and dined on sow-belly and sauer kraut. The lowly origin of the Wanamakers is no disgrace; but the man who succeeds in riding a tailor's goose into the Field of the Cloth of Gold should bear his honors with becoming modesty instead of doing the Midas act and fanning himself with his ears, or disgusting the spectators with the Charley-horse play of Coal Oil Johnnie. Even those who tried to put under their

belts a thousand dollars' worth each of Wanamaker's wine and *pâté de foie gras*, doubtless nudged each other and whispered that the young buck at the head of the board was a vulgar parvenu intent on a Taborian "splurge." In the semi-savage days of Vitellius, Lucullus and the rest of that erstwhile lot, it was considered quite the proper thing for rich patricians to entertain their friends with feeds of fabulous cost; but in this age the man who spends \$1,000 a plate on a gastronomical debauch is regarded as a rank Reuben who mistakes ostentation for luxury and measures culture by cost. Before young Wanamaker blows himself again he should take a turn about the sweatshops of Philadelphia and New York and become acquainted with the history of the articles which adorn papa's bargain counter,—learn something of the misery upon which the Wanamaker fortune is founded. Let him go among the gaunt women who toil from daybreak until dark for a few pence that our ex-postmaster-general may advertise "great bargains in underwear," and there boast that he expended \$20,000 to give a job-lot of foreign dudes a dinner. Let him tell it to America's great army of industrial slaves, so late trembling on the very verge of anarchy. Perhaps it will make them more content with their lot and insure the safety of his patrimony.

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CLEVELAND AS CATO.

IN 1886 Cleveland warned federal officials not to attempt the "control of political movements in their localities," indulge in "pernicious activity" or display "offensive partisanship." Several were suspended and some removed for dabbling in politics while drawing salaries as servants

of Uncle Sam. Cato the Censor was not a marker to Cleveland the Mugwump when it came to unadulterated patriotism and political integrity. Cleveland wanted no prætorian guard to overawe the people, no place-warmers who considered partisan advantage as paramount to the public good. We were to have a reign of virtue that would shame even the palmy days of the Roman Republic. How is it now? Cabinet officers are encouraged—if not requested—to whoop it up for the behoof of the party in every possible way, while the more “pernicious activity” the small place-holder displays in matters political, the more offensive his partisanship, the stronger his “pull” with the President. Perchance Mr. Cleveland has pawned his jewel of consistency to bolster up the blessed gold reserve.

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A BAPTIST BOYCOTT.

MY good friend and fellow-laborer in the Lord's vineyard, Dr. Jeremiah Boanerges Cranfill, is now giving prominence in his pink lemonade paper to a series of truly remarkable articles, any one of which is worth double the yearly subscription price. I refer, of course, to those urging the good Baptist brethren to boycott all business men who do not belong to that interesting denomination. The *raison d'être* urged for such iridescent asininity is that the religious disciples of old Roger Williams “are the only people on earth who hold and preach the truth in its purity”; that “all other denominations . . . promulgate grave errors and all the money we turn over to them aids them that much in the dissemination of those errors.” Without pausing to comment on the monumental egotism of that irremediable ass who takes it for granted that his little two-by-four sect

has got all the goodness and wisdom of the world grabbed,—that only its preachers carry the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven concealed in their pants—let us suppose that all other religious denominations proceed on the same theory: what a spectacle for gods and men! Of course the boycott would have to be carried into every field of human endeavor to make it effective. In fact, the articles propose that it begin with mechanics. The Baptist dry-goods dealer could not buy cloth from a Methodist mill, nor the Presbyterian green-grocer get his supplies from an Episcopalian gardener, for in so doing he would “aid in the dissemination of error” and run great risk of being eternally damned. Imagine the signs on Austin Street: “Campbellite Codfish”; “Baptist Butter”; “Methodist Corn-meal”; “Episcopalian Prunes”; “Presbyterian Potatoes”! We would need daily newspapers for each denomination, saloons for every sect, and perhaps it would come to such a pass that the Reservation resorts would have their confession of faith blown in their brilliant transoms—for the guidance of those who have no night-key to educational kitchens. And to think that the Baptist brethren would be deprived of the pleasure of buying the **ICONOCLAST**—would have to sneak around to their misguided neighbors and borrow it! It does seem to me that there are more kinds of driveling idiots and hopeless damphools now at large in the land than ever before in human history. For more than thirty centuries publicists and political economists have been explaining the benefits of commerce—that both parties to a fair trade, whether individuals or nations, become richer in this world’s goods. They have persistently pointed out that commerce is the mighty evangel, the universal civilizer, the enemy of war, the friend of peace, the nurse of arts. The school children are familiar with this fact, the very niggers under-

stand it and the jackasses seem to have some faint idea thereof; yet here is a paper published in a community of alleged intelligence, and posing as a public educator, that cannot comprehend it,—assumes that when two men, for their mutual convenience, exchange a portion of the product of their labor, one reaps all the profits, and that it is necessary for the honor of a God who made all men, to keep this pitiful gain within a certain religious guild. I wouldn't trust a man addicted to such jejune gabble and economic idiocy to administer religious consolation to a moribund monkey or play *valet-de-chambre* to a pet poodle. Think of a man with a soul so shriveled that he would bankrupt business men who decline to bow the neck to his theological goose-yoke; who would deny employment to mechanics who presume to worship God according to the dictates of their own conscience! Imagine such a creature expatiating on the charity of Christ—preaching the universal fatherhood of God and brotherhood of Man! Is it any wonder that Atheism is on the increase—that men decline to believe that a God who commands the thunderbolts would permit such intolerant pismires and vindictive ignorami to misrepresent him for a single moment?

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BICYCLING AND BAWDRY.

SOME time ago the St. Louis *Mirror*, a journal of marked ability, and whose editor is evidently a careful student of physiology, advanced the startling theory that bicycle-riding develops in women an abnormal sexual appetite, and is, therefore, inimical to social purity. Of course this remarkable thesis provoked a storm of protests, and it looked for a time as though the New Woman would wade about in her golf stockings in "Uncle Fuller's" gore; but

a number of physicians organized themselves into a prætorian guard for the protection of his person by boldly declaring the bike a recruiting agent for the bagnio. Some of them even asserted that horseback riding has a tendency to produce the same dangerous conditions, and advised the nymphs of Dian to indulge in less exhilarating exercise. The "Apostle" is a doctor of divinity instead of medicine, hence his opinion anent the merits of this interesting controversy cannot be considered that of an expert. It is well known, however, that doctors are somewhat addicted to riding hobbies to death. There is doubtless such a disease as nymphomania, as there is a mania for murder. Excessive biking may have a tendency to produce it, just as the eating of grapes may cause appendicitis; but it by no means follows from this premise that every female "bike fiend" acquires the prurient desires of a bawd. Concupiscence is not the corollary of laborious exercise. An athletic people is ever a continent people, while idle luxury and lawless lust go hand in hand. Students grown anæmic in the glare of the midnight lamp, or women long confined to sedentary labor and burdened with anxiety, may find any athletic exercise provocative of passion in so far as it restores them to the normal—as it makes their blood to beat with the sensuous rhythm of perfect animal existence; but those addicted to luxurious idleness will find therein a quite opposite effect. With due respect to the doctors, I confess my inability to see why treading a bicycle should be more destructive of morals than treading a sewing machine; why jogging along on a roadster should transform Dians into Aphrodites more readily than rushing through space in a palace car. Bicycling is a new fad with the ladies, and we cannot certainly predict its effect; but the habit of horseback riding, which seems to be second nature to Kentucky maids has

certainly not corrupted their morals. I opine that the ladies might find more becoming exercise than bestriding a bike,—that whatever requires immodesty of costume must be demoralizing; but this is a question for the psychologist rather than the physiologist—is beyond the jurisdiction of the doctor of medicine.

* * *

AT THE EXPO.

THE Atlanta Exposition is now in full swing, and I presume is an affair of which the South can afford to be proud. The presumption is only tentative, however, for I have not seen it, and experience has taught me that Expositions are usually colossal frauds, where the chief “industrial exhibit” is the persistent “working” of the crowd for cash. The average patron endures the dire discomforts of an excursion train, and the sloppy service of a high-priced but overcrowded hotel, where only the blatant kicker secures the crudest creature comforts, then pays an admission fee to see what the so-called exhibitors have to sell. He is jostled about by a perspiring crowd that tries with cheap perfumes to disguise its crying need of a bath, catches an occasional strain of music as it mounts above the sea of gabble to struggle with the bawling of an army of hucksters, gawks into the transplanted show-windows of a number of ambitious merchants, gets rid of his last copper and goes home to nurse his trampled corns and assure his neighbors that it was simply great. You go to an Exposition to “round out your education” and leave it to preserve your life. I sincerely trust that the Atlanta variety will prove an exception to the rule.

FINANCIAL PANIC PROMOTERS.

THERE should be some method devised for bottling up the inane gabble of those intellectual geese who protest that the gold reserve is the "bulwark of our currency," and that if it should collapse Uncle Sam would come down to a "fifty-cent silver basis" with a dull, sodden plunk that would smash the periphery of every wheel of commerce and leave the pick of the laborer suspended in midair like the coffin of Mahomet. So persistently have the people been misled by the wild yodel of these financial yaps that an unnatural condition has been created,—a theory transformed into a condition, a foolish phantasmagoria into a fact. The sudden exhaustion of the gold reserve at this time would create as much consternation as an eclipse of the sun some centuries ago—would operate on the public mind like the cry of fire in a crowded theater by some megalophonous fool. But for the idiotic prattle indulged in by these steerers for Wall Street, the reserve might be exhausted to-morrow without creating more than a ripple on the great monetary sea. It might be abolished altogether without doing serious damage. Granting that a gold basis is an indispensable prerequisite to the credit of our paper and silver currency, what would be the effect, under normal conditions, of the exhaustion of the reserve? If there chanced to be a heavy demand for gold and some trouble about getting it, that metal would go to a slight premium and remain there until the demand abated or the treasury was able to promptly meet it. The general business of the country would not feel it—labor would not know of it except by an occasional and indifferent glance at the financial columns of the city newspapers. The idea that the wealthiest nation in all the world, enjoy-

ing an era of profound peace, and upon whose commercial escutcheon there has fallen never a shadow, would be discredited throughout Christendom and her sacred obligations discounted 50 per cent. because, forsooth, in the ebb and flow of the great sea of gold she found her coffers drained for a day, a month or a year, is an idea that could only originate in the brain of a crazy cuckoo. Suppose the yellow metal goes to 101, 102-110? D—n it, are we going to die? Didn't the nation come out of the great Civil War richer than when it went in, despite the terrific saltations of gold and the unprecedented waste of blood and treasure? And shall we contract the financial buck-ague now because a lot of Lagado scientists have failed in their fool attempt to take a summer breeze to bed and keep their running water on a shelf?

* * *

BAYLOR'S REJOINDER.

TO THE ICONOCLAST'S CRITICISMS.

THE ICONOCLAST must beg the forbearance of its readers for again referring to the pitiful case of Antonia Tiexiera, the duly ordained "ward of the Baptist Church," who, while being educated at Baylor University for missionary work in Brazil, became the mother of an illegitimate babe. She was not the first young girl to get at Baylor more "education" than she could comfortably carry; but, owing to careful concealment "for the sake of Christ," hers is the only mishap that became a *cause célèbre*, and therefore legitimately within the pale of journalistic criticism.

The ICONOCLAST did not find fault with Baylor for the child's misfortune, fully realizing that accidents will oc-

casionally occur even in the best regulated sectarian seminaries; but it did criticize Dr. Burleson for trying to shield that institution by branding as a willful bawd the fatherless little foreigner committed to its care. It called attention to the fact that, instead of striving to bring to justice the lecherous scoundrel who dared invade the sacred precincts of Baylor and debauch a child, Dr. Burleson employed all his energy and influence to protect the man accused of the crime—to so prejudice the public mind that an impartial trial of the case would be impossible. It pointed out, with all the courtesy at its command, that a kitchen was hardly the proper place in which to educate “the ward of the Baptist church” and fit her for the conversion of her Catholic countrymen. It insisted that a child of fourteen, far removed from a mother’s kindly care, a stranger in a strange land—and duly dedicated to the cause of Christ—should be tenderly guarded by those who have willingly assumed the duty of teachers and the responsibilities of parents; that if, despite those safeguards which humanity suggests, she is despoiled, with or without her consent, Heaven and earth should be moved to land the godless libertine within the clutches of the law. It argued that had Antonia been really so bad as Dr. Burleson painted her, it was his duty as a Christian gentleman to shield her, so far as possible, from public shame, and attempt by every legitimate means to effect her reformation, instead of denouncing her in public and turning her adrift to go headlong to the devil. Mary Magdalen was a professional prostitute, an experienced woman of the world; yet the Son of God freely forgave her—never once thought of cataloguing her crimes in the public prints. Cannot his professed disciples do as much for an ignorant child in short dresses?

Baylor has made no reply to the criticisms of the

ICONOCLAST; but it has tried to. After mature deliberation by its factotums and friends, it was decided to call the turn on the editor of the *ICONOCLAST*—to make him crawl into some obscure cavity or get off the earth. Rev. S. L. Morris, Dr. Burleson's pious son-in-law, was deputed to enact the rôle of Nemesis and make the presumptuous critic hard to catch. And all this time the poor miserable worm of the dust wotted not that he was marked for destruction—had no idea that an avenging angel was camping on his trail with the stylus of Cato in one hand and the faber of Junius in the other—that the polemical Popocatapetl of the Rev. S. L. Morris was about to erupt!

How did the intellectual Hercules proceed to the extermination of the iconoclastic Hydra? What was his defense of Dr. Burleson? What his reply to the alleged calumnious utterances of the *ICONOCLAST*? Did he attempt a logical defense of the brutal treatment by Baylor of the little stranger who was debauched within its gates? Did he explain why, to shield his brother, he, in the plenitude of his Christian charity, attempted to bulldoze Antonia into a confession that a coon was the father of her unborn babe? Did he give good and sufficient reasons why the unfortunate girl was driven from Baylor's inhospitable doors—to die on a dunghill if none proved more compassionate than himself and Dr. Burleson, both of whom wear the livery of a Lord who was the incarnation of Charity, the avatar of Love? Did he explain why an attempt was made to "fix" the local papers and thereby prevent the shameful affair reaching the general public?—why the authorities of Baylor did not report the case to the police and assist them to capture and convict the criminal? Did he state how it happened that "the ward of the Baptist church" was slinging hash as an under-servant in Dr. Burleson's kitchen, instead of

acquiring that education promised when she was torn from her mother's bosom in far-away Brazil by officious Baptists?

Not exactly. The Rev. S. L. Morris knew a trick worth two of that. Being a consistent Christian, he scorned to waste his controversial powers in the barren field of logic and the realm of commonplace fact. He has his own peculiar method of confuting criticism—a method which stamps him as the Napoleon of polemics. He fished about in that foul literary cess-pool yclept the *San Antonio Light*, and there found an article reflecting on the character of the editor of the *ICONOCLAST*. It was the same which ex-Priest Slattery—another “Baptist minister in good standing”—attempted to exploit at a stag-party of pietists who had put up 50 cents each to hear that the Roman Catholic sisterhood is composed chiefly of courtesans. This article the Rev. S. L. Morris requested the *Waco News* to reproduce—as Baylor's reply to Brann! He was told that if the article appeared he would have to father it; but this the careful Christian declined to do. He desired to strike in the dark, to stab the critic of Baylor in the back; and not being permitted to do so, this literary warrior bold declined the controversy and “Baylor stood on its dignity!” This “dignity” would have appeared to better advantage had not the president of Baylor and a number of his coadjutors tried, by threats of prosecution, to prevent newsboys selling the *ICONOCLAST*—while Dr. Burleson's son, a prominent merchant, was passing the paper over his counters and raking in the cash!

Just what the opinions anent the “Apostle” held by an obscure newspaper—published for a clientèle of coons—may have had to do with the brutal debauchment of Antonia Tiexiera at Baylor University, I am unable to

understand; still I regret that the *News* declined to republish the article in question, and at the same time relieve the Rev. S. L. Morris of all responsibility. It would have afforded several pious souls considerable satisfaction and been an excellent advertisement for the *ICONOCLAST*. The enmity of a coon-courting sheet should be a powerful recommendation to every white man in America. Furthermore, it would have saved Bro. Morris the trouble of carrying Baylor's crushing "answer" about in his pocket and surreptitiously showing it to those kind Christian people who dote on calumny. It would have enabled him to devote more time to prayer—and leg-pulling.

The attempted defense of Baylor by Burleson's son-in-law is eminently worthy that institution, and tracks the line mapped out by it in its dealings with Antonia Tiexiera. The offense and defense preserve the unities—fit each other like the upper and lower jaws of a wild beast. With the first as premise the last is the logical sequence, for brutality and cowardice are correlatives—crime and calumny are boon companions. If, at the age of fourteen, the Portuguese girl was fond of young gentlemen, it follows, as a matter of course—according to the logic of this great institution of learning—that she was a child of the devil and devoted to destruction. That she cared for the society of the opposite sex proved hers an aggravated case of total depravity hitherto unheard of in the annals of young womanhood, and relieved Baylor of responsibility. If in all the great universe of God, there can be found some Jim Crow newspaper to speak ill of the editor of the *ICONOCLAST*, his right to plead the cause of injured innocence is thereby revoked. If he once got the worst of it in a personal difficulty with a man double his weight, that fact amply demonstrates that

Baylor did its entire duty by Antonia Tiexiera and is a proper guardian for innocent girls.

Now a word anent the story behind which this great educational institute has taken refuge from candid criticism. I have not hitherto dignified it by a line of type, simply because I cared absolutely nothing about it, and had no inclination to turn the iconoclastic batteries loose on a bad smell. I am ever ready to break a lance with the lords of literature, but studiously avoid controversies with intellectual lice. Samson might bestride a lion, but he would steer clear of a skunk. But since the article in question has become the Achillean shield of that professional apostate, ex-Priest Slattery, and Baylor's excuse for the debauchment of babes, it is my duty to demolish it. My private character, *per se*, is of no consequence to the public. I have no objection to poisonous little spiders toiling early and late to weave for me a robe of infamy; but when professional humbugs and brutal hypocrites begin to build their nest in the tail of the garment, it has got to go.

While I was editor of the San Antonio *Express* a resident of that city publicly denounced one trusted employee of the paper as a falsifier, another as a liar, ingrate and ex-convict. Believing that a paper that will not stand by the men who make it is a disgrace to journalism, I proceeded to "roast" the complainant. I expected trouble, for he was a powerful (though one-armed) Hercules who had beaten up several larger men than himself on less provocation. Instead of coming to me, however, he went to the proprietor of the paper, who proceeded to print an abject apology, not as coming from himself, but from the "editor." Perhaps he had no intention of doing me an injustice—was simply so badly scared that he didn't know who the editor was. I promptly resigned and

as he refused to publish a card to the effect that I was no longer editor of the *Express* and not responsible for the apology, I carried it to the *Light*. I was there suddenly assaulted by the man whom I had criticized and got the worst of the fisticuff. While I was *hors de combat* he took an oath that if I did not print a retraction of the article next morning he would blow my brains out. Instead of printing a retraction I slipped a six-shooter into the bust of my trousers and waited the obsequies. Friends of my assailant came to me and represented that he desired no further trouble and withdrew his threat. I had begun to suspect that I had criticized him for telling him the even and exact truth—that I could scarce afford a shooting-match on behalf of grown men who remained in the employ of a paper that had apologized for resenting the charge that they were a couple of lying curs. So the matter was settled. My article stood unretracted, his blow went unavenged. I had used the *Light* for my sport—much as a mischievous monkey might a Mexican toad. I had invaded its sanctum but a few days before with the avowed intention of trimming the ears of its editor, but found him conveniently absent. He had been soundly kicked by one employee of the *Express* (Dickinson) and the city editor chased down Commerce Street and cuffed by another (Hollub). Naturally the *Light* was filled to the bursting point with bile, and proceeded to “play for even” by printing the article which Baylor now offers in extenuation for its cruel treatment of Antonia Tiexiera, and to send lying specials to other papers. I cared so little for what the *Light* might say that I did not read the article until it became the bulwark of Baylor more than a year afterwards, although I knew it was being carried about in the pockets of ministerial mountebanks like Sid Williams and Sam Small,—that it was the one

black crow, which in the mephitic imagination of men like Morris, had grown to three.

Such are the facts anent the great journalistic Waterloo, or Peterloo—a harmless fisticuff such as happens in Texas a hundred times a day without being considered a news item by any legitimate journal. Instead of being “driven out of San Antonio in disgrace,” as has been proclaimed by Ananias newspapers and whining preachers, I was on the streets of that city every day for three months after the difficulty. During that time the élite of San Antonio filled the opera house to hear me lecture, and the *Express* twice urged me to accept editorial employment on more favorable terms than formerly. All this must be as well known to the Revs. Slattery and Morris as to the citizens of San Antonio. This brace of ministerial blackguards exploit stale calumnies simply because they lack brains that can breed falsehoods to which they may play the father. Had God not ordained that they should be fools they would be very dangerous knaves.

But were I as cowardly as a fat-headed preacher who makes calumny and leg-pulling a profession, and guilty on every count in the great calendar of crime; had I been chased out of San Antonio by a cripple armed with a cornstalk, and dismissed in disgrace by a dozen reputable dailies; were every charge preferred against me by men who are safe in their utter insignificance founded on fact, and every exaggeration thereof by sanctified thieves of reputation as true as the Synoptical Gospels, would that justify Joe Slattery in defaming women who are at least as good as his wife, or Dr. Burleson in driving out into the world the pregnant “ward of the Baptist Church” and denouncing her as a chronic bawd? Is it any answer to the philippics of Demosthenes to point out that he threw away his shield and fled the foe, any answer to Tom Paine’s

terrible arraignment of the Christian cult to say that he died a miserable drunkard? Any answer to the "Apostle's" plea for a stranger child to urge that he is no angel with peacock plumes for pinions? Truth is truth, though told by the devil. The character of the "Apostle" is not the bone of contention. He hasn't been raped. Let us stick to the text—to poor little Antonio Tiexiera and her Baptist bastard.

* * *

FATHER DAMIEN'S SUCCESSOR.

WRITES THE ICONOCLAST.

THE following excerpts from a letter received from Father Conrardy, the successor of the lamented Father Damien, will be read with interest, not by Catholics alone, but by every man who admires personal heroism and devotion to duty:

Kalawao, Moloka, Hawaiian Islands,
July 18, 1895.

MR. W. C. BRANN,
Waco, Texas.

Dear Sir—Upon reading your scathing article anent the ex-priest, Joseph Slaterry, contained in June number of the *ICONOCLAST*,* I conceived the idea of writing you a personal letter on the subject, which is penned from Moloka, known throughout the world as the leper settlement.

While reading your justly caustic criticism of Slaterry and the "A. P. A.," I came to the touching tribute which you pay to the worth and character of our venerated Brother Damien, whom I came to assist in his life's work,

* See Brann vs. Slaterry in Vol. XII.

and after reading same made my way to his last earthly resting-place, the tomb, which is enclosed within my garden, and culled from his grave a few blossoms, which I enclose to you as a token of gratitude for the feeling tribute paid my deceased friend and co-laborer, while at the same time I must say you exalt him too much.

In 1875 I was a missionary priest among the Indians in Oregon, and, having heard of Father Damien among the lepers, I tendered my services to aid him in the work. But owing to the fact that I could not secure a substitute to take my place among the Indians, and Father Damien then being strong and well, with less than six hundred of his leper charges to care for, I delayed my journey to the leper colony until Father Damien was himself stricken with the fell disease, when I renewed my offer to come and assist him, in reply to which the Reverend Father wrote as follows: "If you are willing to come, come at once to my assistance, as my hands will soon refuse their use in celebrating mass, hence I have to cry from the bottom of my heart, come to my aid, at once, to help me—to replace."

As soon I was given my freedom by my bishop, I proceeded at once to Moloka. I found Father Damien a prey to the fell destroyer, leprosy, which at that time only extended to his hands, neck and face. I stopped with him at his own house and was with him constantly. The last year of his life he worked almost unceasingly, building a large stone kitchen and dining-room for the members of his colony.

He also erected two large dormitories and a church edifice, built of wood and stone, finally concluding with a house for myself. In all of this he had only the members of the leper colony to aid him, many of whom were in far advanced stages of the disease.

Scarce two months had elapsed after the completion of

this work before the "master workman" (Damien) was carried to his last home, having fallen a victim to the fearful plague before attaining his fiftieth year.

Leprosy, however, is not always so bad as painted. Very few of the afflicted lose all of their fingers or toes. It is true that the disease is not now so bad as it once was. Indeed Father Damien's cup was not nearly so bad as many fancied it to be. An evidence may be found in his own words, contained in a letter written by him to me, in which he said: "I am the spoiled child of Providence; I have always been happy."

Although a victim to the plague, Father Damien lost none of the members of his body therefrom. While his face, neck and hands were badly swollen and his fingers very sore at the joints, he retained the use of all.

Even were things so bad as they were represented, that would not have kept either Father Damien or myself from being happy in our work; for were my fingers to drop off and the flesh fall from my bones, I should be only that much lighter and the worms would be cheated of so much in the end.

While among the Indians I gained the soubriquet of "the Fearless," because of my indifference to personal danger or suffering in the pursuit of my calling, and in imitation of our Divine Master.

True it is among men that some really suffer much more than others, or else feel their suffering more acutely. As, for instance, a mother over the loss of her babe, a husband over the loss of life's companion. In fact the white race is more susceptible to suffering than the colored. Death and its agonies are felt far less by the Chinese, Japanese, Indians, etc., than by the Caucasian race, especially those who are educated and refined.

Incidentally I would suggest that Joseph Slattery be

advised to come out here and take up his abode among our leper colonists, where men live and die for their neighbors without expecting much appreciation for their labors or gratitude for self-sacrifice made in their behalf, for there is but little gratitude even in the breast of a Hawaiian leper. Indeed, as a rule, he thinks very lightly of his disease, and so does not have a very exalted opinion of those who fight against its ravages, even though they do all in their power to alleviate the condition of its victims.

The Hawaiian cares very little about leprosy provided he has plenty to eat and nothing to do. It matters little to him whether he dies to-day or next year.

In conclusion I desire to congratulate you upon the work you are doing and your bold and fearless stand against fraud and hypocrisy. I like and respect men of your kind, who dare to tell the truth without fear or favor. Many, many people fear the truth, but all respect it.

Continue, my dear brother in Christ, your good work, and fail not to send me the **ICONOCLAST** that I may read and keep posted on the noble efforts you are making, and shake hands with you, in imagination at least, in congratulation thereon.

Yours devotedly,

L. L. CONEARDY, M. P.

* * *

THE CORBETT-FITZSIMMONS FIGHT.

HIPPODROME OF THE PIOUS HOOPOOS.

THE proposed glove contest between the world's great heavyweights has been the all-absorbing theme for the past thirty days. It has completely overshadowed free silver and caused the blessed gold reserve to be forgotten.

That distinguished political trimmer, Roger Q. Mills, did the Benedict Arnold act for the third or fourth time without evoking the slightest interest. The daily papers have ceased expatiating on the pattern of Baby Cleveland's diapers, and even the sneak being made on the third term by that precocious kid's papa is permitted to pass without comment. People have actually forgotten to keep tab on the monetary saltations of Waco's Warwick, and Rebecca Merlindy Johnson poses in vain for a public that turns its back on the good and beautiful to contemplate a brace of prognathous pugs. The great chasm in the public face is full of jabs and jawbreakers, stingers and statutes. Y. M. C. A.-ites, Epworth Leaguers and Christian Endeavorers have worn their lungs to a frazzle and their tongues as thin as a political platform whereasing and resoluting, as though the day of judgment were about to come in the middle of the night and catch the world in its pajamas. The press has devoted millions of columns of the question pro and con, and every sensation-mongering minister launched his little anathema maranatha, not with any expectation of preventing the mill, but in the humble hope of attracting public attention to himself, and getting his name in print. It is an aggravated case of much ado about nothing—illustrates how hard a lot of pestiferous hypocrites can strain at an animalcule after having swallowed a bull elephant.

It is really of no earthly consequence to any but those immediately interested whether the contest occurs or not. Two brawny giants, whom the kick of a jackass would scarce incommode, propose to box with soft gloves until one is declared the master and awarded a pot of money, and some thousands of American citizens who have not allowed their religion to invade their livers, or unsexed themselves by secret vices, are willing to pay a good round

price to see the sport. There is not the slightest probability that either of the athletes will be seriously injured, and if they are, what matter? If they should kill each other, have the super-sanctified got any kick coming? Have they not frequently expressed an audible wish that the professional pugilists would exterminate each other? And how are they to do it if Gov. Culberson throws the militia between them with Cranfillian mouths for drum corps? If Gentleman Jim and Lanky Bob pound each other until, like the belligerent bucks, there's nothing left of 'em but a splotch of blood, the earth would probably continue its revolutions around the sun, bringing the seed time and the harvest.

A hundred prize fights more brutal than this promises to be have taken place in Texas during the past two years and provoked scarce a protest. But Corbett and Fitzsimmons are no common pugilists, and are to contest for no common prize. Their prominence in the world of pugilism cuts no ice so far as the principle of prize fighting is concerned; but it does give those who get a living by professional godliness an opportunity to make a grandstand play. And they are making it world without end. In the first place, they howled with their mouths ajar for the "enforcement of the law prohibiting prize fights"; as it has been officially decided that no such law exists, they demand the governor make one—that he proclaim himself dictator by assuming the functions of the three coördinate branches of government. When a test case was submitted to Judge Hurt no one suggested that his decision would not be binding on executive officers until a new law was enacted by the legislature. The State tacitly conceded as much by appearing in the case by its attorney-general. Had Judge Hurt's decision been the reverse of what it was, the men who treat it with contempt would have declared it

infallible, and demanded that the militia be called out to enforce it. Those daring to question it would have been declared anarchists, and had the managers of the pending mill disregarded it, they would have been slaughtered, if need be, as public enemies. No man with an ounce of intellect will question the correctness of this assertion. Having branded the promoters of the contest as law-breakers, these pious Miss Nancys insist on destroying the American system of government by trampling upon our courts. They have offered to organize a mob to enable Gov. Culberson to successfully assume the rôle of imperator and shoot down hundreds of their fellow-citizens to prevent a brace of imported pugs pounding each other with pillows! People afflicted with that kind of Christianity ought to take something for it.

The worst of it all is that Gov. Culberson, ever on the lookout for political capital, has mistaken the bawling of a few pious busybodies for public sentiment and is pandering to it. He first announced that Judge Hurt's decision would not be respected but the fight stopped "if men enough could be found to do it"; but at this writing (Sept. 25) his mouth has become somewhat quiescent. Just what programme he will pursue has not been officially announced. It is barely possible that "our heroic young Christian governor," as he is called, has been too busy betraying his party and trying to win back his diamond stud at the poker table, to formulate a coherent plan for the protection of Texas from the "damning disgrace" of a manly boxing bout. The probabilities are, however, that he will stew and fume for the edification of the sanctificationists; then quietly come off his perch, discount his treasury warrants and place the proceeds on Gentleman Jim. He is evidently cast for the rôle enacted by Gov. Mitchell with great *éclat* on a similar occasion. It can be

considered as morally certain that the contest will come off. The militia may be called out to make a bluff, but there'll be no "smoke of battle." The governor's war-map of Dallas should be paid for out of his private purse as a piece of dampoolery. The militia officers will not run their necks into a noose by disregarding Judge Hurt's decision. In fact, they will not be permitted to march their troops into Dallas, but will, if they attempt it, be met in the suburbs by an armed delegation bent on business. The ministers and good young men now so eager to shoulder a musket and butcher somebody for Jesus' sake, will be conspicuous by their absence. Corbett's bottleholder could crawl on top the Auditorium à la Achilles on the Grecian ramparts, let off one yoop and scare the whole caboodle out of the county. They couldn't be dragged with a ship's cable within range of a toy pistol, but will do all their fighting with their lungs at long-range. Men who travel a thousand miles to see the fight will be in no humor to be monkeyed with by a lot of milk-sops. They will see the fight, and Culberson and his coterie had best remember not to forget it.

And the crowd assembled to witness the greatest fistic carnival of modern times, instead of being "a motley aggregation of toughs," as has been industriously proclaimed, will represent more wealth, culture and genuine American manhood than ever assembled under a gospel tent to corral a case of the "jerks." Representative business men will be there from every State in the Union—the men upon whom the schools and churches chiefly depend for support. Professional men of international reputation; inventors and manufacturers who have done more for mankind than have all the ministers living or dead, and journalists in the wake of whose fearless pens rolls the mighty flood of human thought, will be present to cheer on their favorites and go

mad with joy as they watch the Titans struggle for supremacy. They are men, they are masculine—legitimate sons of Old Adam—and they dearly love a struggle, whether in the forum or the field, in the realm of science or commerce. Those gum-chewing, lisping lah-de-dahs in breeches who regard a little hot slugging with the same horror that a dude does an unfashionable dickey, will be under no obligations to attend. They can put in their time peddling stale lies about men who protest that children should not be raped in sectarian colleges and turned adrift to die, or spying about keyholes on Sunday afternoons to see if anybody is endangering the great universe of God by drinking a glass of beer. Or they can take a day's respite from managing the business of their neighbors and organizing religious boycotts, and thank Heaven that they will only have to answer for their own sins—that they have not been divinely commissioned to interfere with the freedom of their fellows. They can reflect—if their reflecters have not been totally deranged by the “lost manhood restorers” so extensively advertised in religious papers—that the acts of others are absolutely none of their business so long as their own liberties are left intact.

And when the mill is over Dallas will be a million dollars ahead and nobody hurt. True, the small boys of Texas may take on a trifle too much “physical culture” for a time; but there will be no revival-made religious enthusiasts to fill out lunatic asylums—no regiment of impressionable young Reubens mistaking a summons to the cotton-patch for a call to preach.

Since the above was put in type, the governor has issued a call for a special session of the legislature “to denounce prize fighting and prohibit the same by appropriate pains and penalties.” If Culberson is so opposed to prize fight-

ing why did he not, during his two terms as attorney-general, make a reasonable effort to enforce the then operative law prohibiting it? Why, as governor, has he permitted a score of slugging matches, duly advertised in the daily press? If he could not, as attorney-general or governor, enforce a law, the validity of which was never questioned, why does he convene the legislature in special session at heavy expense to the taxpayers, to reenact a worse than worthless statute? Of course the answer to these queries will occur to every man gifted with an atom of common sense. Culberson is making a grandstand play at public expense for political purposes. But will it pan out? At the regular session "the young man downstairs" talked to the legislature as though it were composed of lousy peons—assumed the dictatorial and insolent tone which characterize the orders of Epictetus Paregoric Hill to "my man Johnson." Such treatment would cause the blood of any white man to boil, his heart to rebel. The young man is now in a hole. He has learned that he will not be permitted to override the courts—has recognized the validity of Judge Hurt's decision by convening the legislature to enact a new law "prohibiting prize fighting"—has signed a certificate of his own hopeless asininity. Will the legislature which he so brutally insulted hasten to obey his behests, or will it tell him to go to Halifax? Will it enact the rôle of the whipped spaniel, or will it advise him to call a special session of himself to correct his own errors, emasculate his impudence and improve his manners? We shall see what we shall see.

SALMAGUNDI.

THE use made of its victory at Omaha by the "American Protective Association" indicates that the "Ape" is out for the official cocoanuts only.

The law compelling every saloon in a city to close, when an alderman is to be elected in an outlying ward, indicates that Texas is sending men to the legislature whom the Lord intended for the lunatic asylum.

Gov. Culberson is giving an excellent imitation of a man who didn't know it was loaded.

If Cæsar Cleveland is so "dreadfully vexed by this third term talk," as Washington correspondents would have us believe, why doesn't he shut it off by an official declaration that, under no circumstances, will he accept a renomination? Oh, why?

Now that the doctors have decided that horseback riding produces nymphomania, the world is wondering whether the beauteous Rebecca Merlindy Johnson will resign from the governor's gilded staff or, like another Jeanne d'Arc, sacrifice herself to save her country.

One more big bond issue will suffice to put the Democratic party in the soup for another quarter of a century.

America expends \$150,000,000 annually on an idiotic public school system that inspires her children with contempt for honest labor and unfits them for earning a living

—which spoils millions of prosperous farmers and expert mechanics to make putty-headed and worse than worthless professional men. It were much better to teach the average boy how to build a house or construct a boat, dress a beef or rebottom a pair of breeches, than to read Euripides in the original or construe a Latin sentence. Better teach him to be useful and independent than fill his fat head with false ambitions, than see him hang, as a genteel pauper, on the bedraggled skirts of a servile “respectability.”

A Washington correspondent assures us that “Senator Mills is a man of earnest convictions.” The W. C. might have added that, with the possible exception of the “Little Giant,” Roger possesses the only complete set of earnest convictions anent matters monetary to be found in this country. Before he dies he should carefully catalogue them and bequeath them to a political dime museum.

The churches are not willing that Dallas’ business men should profit by the “physical culture” contest; but after it is over will make the regulation begging rounds, and the preachers will not stop to inquire how the dollars they pocket were brought to the burg.

It is noticeable that since Huntington intimated to Epictetus Paregoric Hill that the S. P. could get along without the latter’s services, the views of the *Houston Post* anent corporations have undergone a radical change. It must make an obscure attorney a trifle sore to have a succulent corporation udder pulled out of him by main strength and awkwardness.

"Cash" and "Coin," who recently undertook to demolish each other, appear to have made a mutual failure in the rôle of fool-killer.

A super-pious sectarian paper declares that Texas will be forever disgraced if a license is issued for the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight. Yet Waco, a veritable hotbed of sanctification,—and which considers beer-drinking on Sunday a crime,—licenses houses of prostitution—has formally entered into a "physical culture" copartnership with demimondaines! In the classic vernacular of Kalamity Bonner, *O tempora, O mores, O hell!*

Judge Hurt seems to have sawed Texas' great sandhill crane off at the knee, thereby transforming him into a goose.

That distinguished demirep and dramatic dilettante known as the "Jersey Lily," is suing for a divorce on the ground of non-support and abandonment. It will doubtless be given her by default. Her husband is a gentleman who is not proud of his horns. He will hardly rush into court to protest that he has kept a "cistern for foul toads to knot and gender in."

The goldbug papers continue to cry out that "the free silver craze is dead." Having formally buried it, why the devil don't they devote their energies to live issues? Truth to tell, it is the gold craze that is dead, and that uncanny yodel which stuns the air is a wild wailing of monocular political mercenaries about a corpse "groaning for burial."

If half the energy expended by the pot-house politicians airing their ignorance anent the monetary problem had been devoted to planting hogs, the hard times would disappear with the abruptness of a ten-dollar bill at a gambling bazaar conducted in the name of Christ.

. . .

The **ICONOCLAST** returns thanks to the press of the United States and Canada for thousands of kindly notices, and to its many friends in every English-speaking country who have taken an active interest in promoting its fortunes. It also bows its acknowledgment to those who, by means of vindictive vituperation, have multiplied its readers and enhanced its usefulness.

. . .

The Corbett-Fitzsimmons-Culberson-Hurt contest has served to demonstrate that we have about fifteen million lawyers in Texas, and that every mother's son of 'em is loaded to the muzzle with an "opinion" which he is willing to give to the press. The "enterprising" dailies have interviewed the entire "Bench and Bar," including the chicken-court attorney with contingent fee. These "opinions" by 2x4 attorneys are becoming even a greater affliction than the destructive tide of dialectical dish-water anent the monetary problem. Oh, that some new Messiah would still the tumultuous sea of legal garrulity and anserine gab!

. . .

Ex-Congressman Charles Stewart, of Houston, long prominent in Texas politics, died the other day, and the *Dallas News* recorded that fact in an editorial squib of nine words—and gave nine columns in the same issue to the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight. In the opinion of our "public educators" a live pug is of infinitely more im-

portance than a dead statesman. **Moral:** Cultivate your biceps and never mind your brains.

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An A. P. A. paper, after giving *The Iconoclast* four columns of valuable advertising, under the impression that it was accomplishing utter annihilation, strikes an Ajax attitude and asks: "What about the female Pope who was delivered of an illegitimate child in the streets of Rome?" What about it, indeed? The kid didn't belong to me; I can prove an alibi. What about Ananias and Sapphira? "Pope Joan" is not mentioned by any reputable historian except to brand the story of her existence a fable born in the realm of fraud. The man who attempts by means of that oft-exploded fake to discredit the Church of Rome, signs a certificate in the presence of all the world, and calls the immortal gods to witness, that he's either a small-bore knave or a 44-caliber ass.

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Ex-Judge Gustav Cook, taking his cue from Galveston's distinguished Dr. Carper, has undertaken to play Aaron to Gov. Culberson's Moses and "uphold his hands" while he prays for the triumph of the armies of Israel over the prognathic Philistine pugs. Gustav assumes that as the law prohibits assault and battery, the proposed glove contest must be illegal. It does not appear to have dawned on the monumental mind of the San Marcos sage that the legislature, in enacting a law legalizing boxing matches conceded that such contests are not "fights" or "affrays" within the meaning of the criminal code—that those gathered to witness them do not constitute "unlawful assemblies." Gustav doubtless means well, but he is afflicted with a chronic linguistic lientery, and whenever he opens his pneumatic exhaust pipe the upward current of air

causes his ears to revolve like the sails of some monstrous windmill.

Rev. C. L. Seasholes lifts up his voice in dolorous lament because there are "800 prostitutes in Dallas." If Brother Seasholes will but bear himself aright the *nymphs du pave* will not insist on playing Mrs. Potiphar to his Joseph. Still, if he objects to their presence in the North Texas metropolis, he might take a whole trainload of 'em with him to Canada each summer. Even Brother Seasholes can scarce expect to drain the ocean a drop at a time.

Hon. Jonathan Lane has at last succeeded in running himself down and securing an expression of his opinions anent the monetary problems for the press. It required herculean effort for Jonathan to get the auger into himself, and the quotient was only a bale of musty monetary straw and a few polemical prunes.

Elder Anderson recently declared in a sermon preached at Dallas, that the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight is "simply a colossal gambling scheme." That should recommend it to Gov. Culberson, who prides himself on being "a dead game sport"—even going to the length of putting up his diamond stud when the cards run against him in a poker game.

Christ and Shakespeare were the two greatest men the world ever produced. One made wine, the other beer, and both shunned the companionship of the professionally pious to associate with publicans and sinners.

Bob Ingersoll assures us that "not even death can conquer a woman's love." Correct. Before the late lamented

has got comfortably settled in his coffin she is casting about for a second husband. Woman's love is not only "unconquerable" but is flexible as a political platform. Female friendship is but a fad,—has no basis in fact. There will never be a she-Damon and Pythias. Woman will go to the death for the idol of her affections, but these were not stamped by her Creator, "non-transferable."

* * *

MARLBOROUGH-VANDERBILT MARRIAGE.

THE approaching marriage of Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt to the Duke of Marlborough is agitating the social world from center to circumference. New York's Four Hundred and the fashionables of London are standing on their hind legs and wildly waving their ears. The alliance is pronounced not only "the social event of the season," but of all seasons, so far as Columbia is concerned. The capture by Miss Gould of a French count was not a circumstance to it. The Frenchman was only a count by courtesy, while the "Jook" is still doing business at Sara Jennings' old stand. The press gave us only a few columns daily anent the Gould-Castellane barter and sale, but it shoots the Vanderbilt-Marlborough affair into us by the page. The press can always be depended upon to rise equal to the occasion, and this is too evidently the supreme crisis of the universe. Millions of columns have been written anent the matter, and the deluge of intellectual bilge-water has just begun. If Heaven and Earth should again embrace to beget a second Saturnus the pencil-pushers could not be more profoundly impressed.

And who the devil are the Duke of Marlborough and Miss Vanderbilt, that the world should hold its breath while they make elaborate preparations to contribute, each

to the misery of the other—to share the same bed and board? The Duke is the lineal descendant of old John Churchill and Sara Jennings, two of the most disreputable ducks that ever disgraced the earth. John utilized the virtue of his sister to break into the British “nobility,” fawned at the feet of her princely paramour so long as he had power to promote his fortune, then turned traitor and sold his services to William III, by whom he was ever regarded with suspicion and treated with contempt. Like Sextus Tarquinius and Benedict Arnold, he was a soldier of some ability; but he was more shameless than the one and more corrupt than the other. Arnold would not have profited by a sister’s prostitution, nor Sextus have soiled his hand with the small wage of the common soldier. John Churchill, founder of the House of Marlborough, was the Boss Tweed of his time, the prize pimp of his day and generation. As a traitor he was the peer of Judas Iscariot, and he has been equaled in shameless dishonesty only by his lineal descendants. The only assurance we have that the latter were not bastards is to be found in the fact that they were one and all stamped from head to heel with the Marlborough meanness. It is another case of the evil men do living after them, while the good is interred with their bones. Sara Jennings, his wife, was eminently worthy so mean a mate. She was a kind of unholy cross between Xanthippe and Sycorax, the best hated old heifer in all England. Too cold-blooded to play the prostitute herself, she was content to tend door and share in the profit of her sister-in-law’s shame. The fiancé of Miss Vanderbilt is descended from this impure source through a long line of titled cuckolds and shameless pimps, and now stands on the ragged edge of poverty, bartering to parvenues for bread an empty dukedom bought with a female relative’s dishonor. The late Lord Randolph Churchill, uncle of the

present duke, was unquestionably the best of the lot; but he demonstrated of what material he was made when he failed to rip the white liver out of Prince Collars and Cuffs when he caught that royal popinjay *flagrante delicto* with "Lady" Churchill, at Windsor Castle—when he accepted the foul bawd warm from the embraces of that titled nin-compoop and permitted her to continue to bear his name. The father of the present duke, and his predecessor in the title, was universally conceded to be the most contemptible cur in all Christendom. He had more than the vices of the original Churchill and none of his supposed virtues. He succeeded in wedding a respectable woman, but she was compelled to leave him because of his general cussedness. He then sold his title to a dizzy New York music teacher who had managed to catch a sucker and bump his head for several millions. He ran through with Lil Hammersly's boodle, was carried to the grave with the syphilis and left a beggarly title to his particularly stupid son, who is now bartering it to the Vanderbilts.

Such, in brief, is the origin and history of "the great House of Marlborough"—a plebeian family raised to the peerage by prostitution and enriched by rascality that embraced every crime in the calendar, from petty thievery to base ingratitude, from arrant hypocrisy to high treason, to be in turn pauperized by pimps, beggared by bawds. There is not a drop of pure blood in the entire family.

There has never been one of the name entitled to be called a gentleman. The record of the house is black with more than Armenian meanness, across its escutcheon falls the bar-sinister of a woman's shame. The present duke is said to be somewhat better than his degraded progenitors. Poverty makes even dukes humble. When a "nobleman" is unable to buy so much as a yellow pot to put in his boudoir he is apt to strike a moderate gait; but he is a

Churchill, and "an evil tree cannot bring forth good fruit." In appearance he is a tough of the toughs. He has a head like a Bowery bouncer and the mug of an ape who has met with an accident. When he gets his grip on the Vanderbilt gold it is dollars to doughnuts he will use it as did his unlamented father the millions of the gay Lil Hammersly, who paid for the privilege of being kicked and cuffed by a genuine British "nobleman" in Blenheim Palace.

And the Vanderbilts? Two hundred years ago an ignorant Hollander squatted on a patch of land at Flat Bush, L. I., and engaged in the laudable enterprise of raising cabbages, while his better half added an occasional florin to the family hoard by peddling fish. At that time the name was taken on the installment plan, being written Van Der Bilt. Old Bilt begat a son named Jacob, who followed in the footsteps of his father, and was poor without being proud. He was also a grower of cabbages, and his gude wife not above peddling sprats from door to door and filing the proceeds away in her ample yarn sock. In the course of four generations the Van Der Bilts had accumulated sufficient boodle to buy a small ferryboat, and began at once to float on to fortune. The name was coupled up to save stationery in writing it, for none realized better than they that economy is the road to wealth. By working like the Old Harry and spending never a cent, and by the rise in land values in and around New York, the Vanderbilts became wealthy enough to exchange barter in shrimps and sprats for deals in railway stocks—to purchase a coronet to offset that "very ancient and fish-like smell" which has so long clung to the descendants of old Aris. Miss Consuelo is the daughter of Wm. K. Vanderbilt, a lively old bird who was recently divorced from his wife for reasons that have been kept a family secret. It is the general impression, however,

that it was a case of mutual fornication; that while "Willie" was going a rapid gait in dizzy "Paree," Alva was holding up her end of the line in London. Such is the lineage of the young lady who is about to purchase a descendant of old Judas Iscariot Churchill and Sara Jennings. She is a long, gaunt, skinny young female whose face would frighten any animal but a pauper duke out for the "dough." Her muscular arms, stub-nose and big feet proclaim her plebeian origin, while if the countenance be a true index to the intellect, she is the mental equal of a half-baked Chinese idol. If she had not been born with a silver spoon in her mouth it is doubtful if she could secure a position in the second row of the ballet on her shape, or a place in a steam laundry by her intelligence. But Miss Consuelo is an American. Were she the descendant of a Bowery tough, as homely as a hedgehog and as stupid as a Cleveland Democrat she would be infinitely too good for the best man that ever bore the title of Duke of Marlborough. We are sorry for the young lady, just as we are sorry for any calf that is being led to the shambles. She will doubtless wish a thousand times that instead of wedding the "Jook" she followed the example of her female ancestors—married some sturdy young Dutch farmer and peddled fish. After the glamour and glitter have worn away she will wonder if the game was worth the candle. She will look at the scorbutic subject of an old woman and compare him with the sovereigns of her native land and wish to God that she could lose him.

"What fools these mortals be"—especially where a petty title and a little money are concerned! Most of the "great American dailies" have printed pictures of the young pair who are making such elaborate preparations to occupy the same sheets; but the *New York World* out-toadies all Toadydom. It informs an alleged intelligent

world just how tall Miss Vanderbilt is, the length of her foot and such other information as might be valuable were she a Pauguan slave being bartered for breeding purposes. It also devotes considerable space to a description of the lingerie in which she will encase her "lithe limbs" during the honeymoon. The style is only hinted at, but we may presume that the chemise will be provided with handles and the under-garment patterned after Biela's comet or the Democratic party. The fit will doubtless be *au fait*. The sartorial artist will doubtless be able to properly attire any portion of her anatomy by employing the *World's* measurements. We regret that our great contemporary has neglected to tell us anything about the lingerie of the bridegroom-elect. But perhaps he doesn't wear any at present. He is probably waiting for the Vanderbilt "settlement" to provide his noble anatomy with undershirts.

I wish the young turtle-doves well, but can scarce pray that their tribe may increase. I trust that having secured sufficient of the ducats hoarded up by certain Dutch fish wives to enable him to live in comfort, the duke will give us an imitation of a nobleman who is trying to be decent; that having purchased one of the two-and-twenty dukedoms of the United Kingdom, the young woman will not pattern after her giddy aunt and hang on princes' favors to the dishonor of her husband.

The papers state that the capture of the Duke by the Vanderbiltian millions will result in bringing the bride's parents together again—that they will re-marry. It is a consummation devoutly to be wished. They seem to have been made for each other—to harmonize in tastes and habits almost as well as did old John Churchill and Sara Jennings. In view of the aphorism that "like takes to like," I cannot imagine how they came to drift apart. If Mrs. Vanderbilt is looking for a rake, Willie should please

her to perfection. If he admires dizzy females, she's the girl for his gold. If Willie loves the rapid in crinoline he should fairly worship his *ci-devant* wife. Let them forgive and forget and enjoy to the utmost the beatitude of having a sure-enough Duke for a son-in-law—or referring to their daughter in the presence of those stuck up Goulds as “the Duchess.” Willie and Alva should spend a few months of each year at Blenheim Palace—a place so noted in the annals of prostitution. Viva la Van Der Bilt! Viva la Marlborough! The representative family of American parvenues and that of European pimps in holy alliance were a combination at which the majestic world may well stand agaze.

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'A NATIONAL POEM.

THE Authors' Publishing Company is the name of a New York concern that is preparing to play Mæcenas to merit and endow men of genius with what John J. Ingalls would call “wealth beyond the dreams of avarice.” It is sending broadcast over the country what purports to be a nameless “national poem,” and chained to this acephalous literary *morceau* is a proposition to pay \$100 in currency of the realm to the party suggesting the most appropriate title. This “poem” purports to be the work of one Ardenas Foster, who promises to supply the public with 180 pages of his poetic yearnings before the robins nest again. We do not know who Ardenas may be; but suspect he is none other than our old friend Orië Bower, the erstwhile “Poet on the Rockies,” who has disguised himself with a clean shave, a paper dickey and a new pseudonym. He writes like Orië. His muse has the same happy-go-

lucky gait,—a confusing compromise between the long swinging trot of a hungry coyote and the “London lope,” now so fashionable with New York’s Anglomaniacal Four Hundred. His lines have the same sensuous lilt, his song the identical dreamy cadence that caused the Greasers to swim the Rio Grande, the jackass rabbits to waltz on their hind-legs and Major Fuel to climb Mt. Franklin’s rugged steepes and reflect on his latter end when Orie tuned his lyre and poured out his æsthetic soul in song as poet-laureate of El Paso’s McGinty club. Ardenas must be Orie in disguise—or Amelie Rives Chanler seeking an antidote for her early aphrodisiacs. We have room for but one verse; but it’s a cracker-jack, the gem of the collection and illustrates how Ardenas can soar when he spreads his pinions and takes a header into the poetic empyrean. Those who desire to follow Ardenas in his flight can secure telescopes at this office without extra charge.

“Columbia! recurrent pregnant maid,
And bosom throbbing with ripe harvest-heat,
Till multitudes from thy fresh garners feed,
And on thy shores Creation’s races meet.”

We fear that the Authors’ Publishing Company is not doing the proper thing. We submit that any man who can put an appropriate head on such a priceless literary torso deserves more than a hundred dollars. Ardenas is nothing if not original. A “recurring pregnant maid” is an idea with which even the immortal Bard of Avon was unacquainted. Dante never dreamed of such a thing. Milton knew naught of “recurrent pregnant maids.” And we confess, with a feeling akin to shame, that we had not thought of the fair sex in that light ourselves—and we have associated with Rebecca Merlindy Johnson a good deal.

Ardenas is the avatar of originality. He is metaphor personified. He is poetic license with the bridle off. He explores new paths of poesy with the reckless abandon of a troubadour. He opens new vistas in literature with a simple, *presto*, change! But he hurries us along too fast. He doesn't allow us time to become well acquainted with the oft-times pregnant maid before asking us to contemplate creation's races meeting on her "shores." But we suppose it is all right. Certainly nothing can be impossible to a pregnant maid. She may have not only shores, but seas and a north and south pole, for aught we know. If Ardenas says so, we'll believe it. We should trust our men of genius and follow unquestioningly whithersoever they lead. We shall wait for the remainder of Ardenas Foster's book with impatience. We are anxious to see what may be the peculiarities of the rest of his maids. But we trust that he will not permit creation's races to feed on them or trample their "shores" with hobnailed shoes. At least not while the maids are pregnant. We trust that in sending out autograph copies to the press Ardenas will not overlook the *ICONOCLAST*. If the book contains his portrait as frontispiece we will be only the better pleased. There's a goat in this town we've got it in for.

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THE REPUBLIC'S TEXAS ITINERARY.

Perhaps the most shameless fake ever perpetrated on intelligent people was the Texas itinerary of the *St. Louis Republic's* police court reporters and special edition grafters. This delectable mob of free-lunch fiends, hackwriters and journalistic Charley-horses were sent scurrying over Texas, in a special car, to "write up the State" for a fake edition that no mortal son of Adam's misery will ever

read; to impress the people with the transcendent greatness of the *Republic*, and assure them that it loves the Southwest with an aching tenderness and yearning affection surpassing the fondness of women, or that of Æneas for his faithful Achates. They were also expected, while executing this roving commission for the profit of a Jim Crow journal, to appropriate everything not securely anchored to the center of gravity, sponge their fodder and turn up their patrician proboscides at the *Globe-Democrat* on every occasion. And they did. Everywhere the civic authorities and leading citizens hastened to do them honor. They were wine and dined, toasted and toadied to as though they were superior beings, instead of a tribe of journalistic mountebanks that a ten-cent circus would indignantly disown. In return for courtesies received they proceeded to "pull the leg" of their hosts. Where not voluntarily given free board and beer they asked that collections be taken to supply them with these necessities of life. Then they telegraphed to their paper a half-column of self-laudation in pidgin English and charged for "advertising the town." All the Jenkinses and Rigginses, Jays and Reubens were worked for pay write-ups. Every possible scheme was employed to capture the nimble nickel. And all this time the *Republic* was pounding the tomtom and bidding the world acknowledge it the avatar of journalistic enterprise, the bell-wether of progress. Some three years ago the *Globe-Democrat* also "did" Texas, but in a different way. Congress was not in session and the *G.-D.'s* Washington correspondent had little to do. Col. McCullagh called him into his private office. "Go to Texas," said he, "and see what you can find in that great State of interest to the general public. Pay particular attention to its resources, its industries, actual and potential. Take the best artist on the paper with you, and spare no expense."

They came—the prince of Washington correspondents and a competent sketch artist. They traversed the State from boundary to boundary and filled page after page of the *G.-D.* with articles pertaining to Texas—matter that could not have been purchased at a dollar a line. They tooted no trumpets, they sapped no suckers, they asked no man for a nickel, but paid their own bills. There was no brass-band or special edition about it; it was legitimate journalism. When the nigger Smith ravished and murdered a white babe at Paris, and the people arose in their righteous wrath and roasted the hell-hound, the *G.-D.* gave a conservative account of the affair, but refrained from editorial comment. The *Republic* “spread” itself on a sensational report, and then, to curry favor with the Tourgees of the North, poured all the vials of its editorial wrath on the Texas people. Of all the comments by the Northern press on the burning of the black beast, who acknowledged cohabitation with a dead babe, those of the *Republic* were the most vindictive and brutal. And that is the paper whose advertising grafters and ten-dollar-a-week adventurers the Texas people have been slobbering over. The *Republic* is the asthenic hold-up of such newspaper plugs as the *Post-Dispatch* don’t want and the *Globe-Democrat* won’t have. It is the great repository of grape-vine telegraph, the house-of-refuge of Mss. rejected by other journals. In its own city it is outranked in public esteem by the one-cent *Chronicle*. St. Louisans pay absolutely no attention to what it says. Like Frank Hatton’s neighbors, when he was appointed postmaster-general, they “just laugh.”

THE DEFENDER-VALKYRIE FIASCO.

WHILE on the subject of slop-shop journalism it may be well to put a few crimps in the tail of the *Dallas News*, the only genuinely British paper Texas can boast. Considered simply as a newspaper it is unexceptionable; but its policy has ever been puerile and unpatriotic, a standing insult to every right-minded American sovereign. Its treatment of the Defender-Valkyrie episode may be cited as an example. Its sympathies throughout have been with the defeated Lord Dunraven. Now its Washington correspondent is writing two-column screeds, protesting that his titled nibs was most disgracefully treated and deprived of his well-earned trophy through force and fraud by the blawsted American mob. It's a lie! The Valkyrie was out-sailed by the Defender as fairly and squarely as Mitchell's goose was cooked by Corbett. Furthermore, Mr. Iselin offered to sail the entire race over again if Lord Dunraven was not satisfied that he had been accorded a fair deal. The *News*' staff correspondent declares that the American "rooters" on their excursion boats crowded the Valkyrie and handicapped her. The excursion boats interfered with the Defender no less than with her opponent. It was simply the result of a natural inclination to secure the best point of view possible. Furthermore, it has been amply proven that the Valkyrie had half a mile of clear water when Dunraven withdrew. The *News* correspondent admits that he "did not see the race, but gathered the facts from the papers." What papers—the English? No American paper intimated that "rooters" for the Defender robbed Dunraven of the race, or insulted his nibs with ribald remarks. Certainly it was a dreadful thing if some of the small boys on the excursion boats guyed the titled gilly; but we note that the *News* had no

word of condemnation for the "Cornell, Oh hell," that greeted the American crew in the recent Thames regatta. The *News* sneers at the "sportsmanlike qualities" of Americans because they rejoiced to see Columbia win the race—shrieked with joy when Old Glory floated in the van, proclaiming that Yankee shipwrights and Yankee tars are lords of the winds and the waves. Perhaps the *News* would have had them hiss the Defender when she showed the Briton her heels? Had the captain of the Yankee craft known how badly the *News* would feel, doubtless he would have dragged his anchor or slit his sails that the British tub might carry off the cup! The *News* can see nothing good in the people of this bloomin' country, nothing bad in those of Great Britain. In every controversy it is bottle-holder for John Bull. It disapproves the Monroe doctrine because he dislikes it; it howls against silver because the gold standard makes to his advantage, and whenever he looks askance at our protective tariff, it girds up its health-corset and begins to pull bricks off the "Chinese wall." If it can find a word common in England but caviare to American readers, it rolls it as a sweet morsel under its tongue. Its editorials have all the ponderosity of a cockney essayist trying to put a large overcoat on a small idea, are skewered with the sesquipedalianisms that make the London *Times* a tetanic terror. The *News* is troubled with an aggravated case of Anglo-mania and should take something for it. What's the matter with a couple o' ounces o' croton-oil?

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THE DESTRUCTIVE RUM DEMON.

THE Prohibs have so long preached that liquor drinking is inimical to health and happiness and destructive of human life, that they actually believe this self-evident ab-

surdity. According to their tearful jeremiads, John Barleycorn will yet depopulate the earth unless the long-haired he-virgins can head him off. Every time the dreadful "Rum Demon" sneezes myriads of unfortunate mortals are supposed to be hurled headlong into hell. The saloonist is supposed to be the emissary of the party on the pale horse—anthropophagous Polyphemus who chews up the guileless pilgrim without mercy and swallows him without remorse. His backyard is supposed to be full of the bones of habitual drunkards, his attic packed with little shoes torn from baby feet and pawned for "pizen." When the Prohibs find that a man frequents the saloon they begin to talk of the cold and silent tomb—sit around, like a flock of buzzards, waiting for another frightful example of the destructive power of booze. They have figured up how many die of drink every year, month, day and minute,—and multiplied it by millions. And still the stock of the coffin trust continues to tumble! It is unquestionably true that a man can drink enough liquor to kill him, just as he can founder himself on pink lemonade and Prohibition literature; but I have ever held to the opinion that a moderate use of stimulants is necessary to the physical well-being of the average man. The result of a careful investigation recently made by the British Medical Association seems to confirm this view. It was found that the average duration of life of the moderate drinker is 63, while that of the total abstainer is but 51 years. A vast majority of the men who, in modern times, reach the century mark, use liquor in moderation. In fact, the total abstainer who reaches a very advanced age is such a rarity that the Prohibs always put him on dress parade. The report made by the most distinguished body of medical men extant is important in that it explodes a blatant fallacy, but the association should have gone deeper into the subject and informed us regarding the effect of alcohol on mind as well

as mattter,—how the moderate drinkers compare mentally with the cold-water crew. Careful investigation would have enabled it to certify the fact that not five per cent. of the world's intellectual Titans were total abstainers—that the Prohibs of to-day are below the average in brains. Having determined this fact, they should have considered its cause. They should have ascertained why Prohibitionists and geese run so little to gray matter and so much to gab—why they have never produced a Socrates or a Shakespeare, a Washington or a Wellington, a King Solomon or a Christ, but multiply chronic meddlers as a dead dog does maggots.

* * *

SPEAKING OF PEDIGREES.

THE *Baptist Standard*, Waco's great repository of intellectual tommy-rot, claims to have received a letter from a subscriber at Marble Falls, asking "who Col. Dan Stuart is." As the press has only devoted some millions of columns to Col. Dan, the query is a perfectly natural one to come from a patron of the *Standard*. Men who will pay for the privilege of poring over such a mental miscarriage could scarcely be expected to know much. Perhaps the Marble Falls man who has gone on a still hunt for information had some curiosity to know who Corbett is, and where he is "at," but feared to bite off more intellectual aliment than he could comfortably absorb. If he succeeds in mastering the slug of information shot into him by the *Standard*, and keeps passing his plate for more, he may yet learn that Cleveland is president, and that it was drinking wine with publicans and sinners that brought Christ to the cross. Dr. Cranfill proceeds to furnish the mythical Marble Falls man with Col. Dan Stuart's

"pedigree" by stating that "he drifted to Texas via Florida"; that "he is an all-round tough with no respect for law, and puts in his spare time debauching the people by selling mean whisky." There is Christian charity and brotherly kindness for you laid down in gobs! I had not hitherto heard that Dan Stuart "drifted to Texas via Florida," or that he was ever engaged in the liquor traffic. I never sized him up for an angel, but a prominent banker once told me that he "would pay out \$10,000 on Dan Stuart's simple word of honor quicker than he would pay out \$1,000 on the note of hand of any preacher in Dallas." He doubtless had his faults; but after all, "An honest man is the noblest work of God." Alexander Pope said so—and he was the author of "The Universal Prayer." There is not a bank in that city but will honor Dan Stuart's check for any amount, whether he has money on deposit or not. There is not a man familiar with his record who would hesitate to trust his entire fortune to his keeping without taking a receipt for it. Of what Baptist minister can as much be said? In the Corbett-Fitzsimmons affair Dan Stuart showed a greater readiness to submit to the law than did Jehovah Boanerges Cranfill. Suppose that he should insist on comparing "pedigrees" with an abominous doctor of divinity? Suppose he should point out that his bumptious critic was "an all-around tough" whose reformation—so-called—was brought about by the refusal of the bartenders to longer extend him credit for booze? Suppose, my dear doctor, that he should make it plain—even to the supposititious muttonhead at Marble Falls—that you changed the policy of your paper for spite, while suffering an acute attack of katzenjammer, and finding piety a paying investment, began to preach; that the more money you made the harder you loved Jesus and the greater the unction you

threw into your prohibition exordiums? Suppose that in tracing your "pedigree" he should look through the court records of Coryell County: were it not better, think you, to have put a checkrein on your impudence? Is not a trite proverb to the effect that people inhabiting glass houses should not deal extensively in dornicks? Does not good policy suggest that a native of "Cranfill's Gap" say as little about "pedigrees" as possible? The "Apostle" makes these suggestions, my dear doctor, in all kindness, in his duty, as the heaven-ordained mentor of the Texas ministers, to hold them down when they get too gay. Sometimes the duty is disagreeable, for not every "reformed" hobo who saith Lord, Lord, is addicted to clean lingerie; still we can scarce expect to be

"Carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fight to win the prize"
And are troubled with Cranfillian fleas.

* * *

FATHER BRANNAN'S NEW DEPARTURE.

THERE'S a fellow over at Cleburne named Brown who fails to harmonize with his patronymic. Brown as a color is subdued and modest, but the Cleburne Brown is a blazer for your white-horse beard. He looms up like a two-dollar skyrocket on a dark night, or a red vest on a cornfield coon. Just now he is publishing an A. P. A. paper that makes life an insupportable burden to the Pope and chases the entire Church of Rome into the chaparral fifty-two times a year. When Brown begins to erupt the walls of the Vatican sway and totter like those of a Mexican jacal during an earthquake. When he thunders the College of

Cardinals retire to the bomb-proofs and engage in silent prayer. When he rises up William Riley and uncorks the seven vials of his Protestant Apocalypse every Catholic priest in Christendom takes to the tall timber. Brown resembles the Lord in that he is no respecter of persons. There may be other points of resemblance, but we cannot think of them just now. He will tackle anything, from a Kansas cyclone to an inoffensive Carmelite nun; but it is when he grabs the English language by the butt-end and begins to swish it about the shrinking shoulders of the "Scarlet Woman" that Brown shows at his best. When his Christian charity gets hot in the collar and begins to spill caloric, vitriol and other things quite unknown to his loving Lord and Master, it is necessary to call out the volunteer fire department to prevent him setting his own shirt tail on fire. His "holy zeal" registers about 1,600 in the shade winter and summer. Cleburne Brown has somehow absorbed the idea that the Pope of Rome is trying to enslave him, and he is shrieking for liberty or death in a manner to make the erstwhile P. Henry ashamed of himself. Just what Brown thinks the Holy Father wants with him we cannot imagine. Perhaps he suspects that the Pope desires to add him to the Vatican's collection of entomological curios. Brown goes at his work in a manner that leads us to suspect that he served his literary apprenticeship either as a blacksmith printer or an itinerant Baptist preacher. When a country typo gets out of a job, or a corn-fed preacher fails to make a living, by gnashing his teeth and taking up nickel collections, he usually gets trusted for a job-lot of second-hand type and "fills a long felt want." He transforms a Washington handpress into an Archimedean lever and proceeds to move the world out of its natural orbit and reform everything in sight. That's what Brown is doing, and he is doing it well. He

appears to be the lineal descendant of Don Quixote and Mrs. Malaprop. He has all the misguided enthusiasm of the one and more than the transcendental ignorance of the other. With such qualifications he should make an iridescent success of a paper published for the delectation of the Aggregation of Pusillanimous Asses. We trust that Brown will persevere. Such literary curios are all too scarce since the demise of Baron Munchausen. We fear that Cleburne doesn't appreciate Brother Brown—that it has not yet awakened to the full realization of the fact that it has a literary *rara avis*—in its midst, a veritable journalistic hollyhock. If the cord-wood subscription should fall short, and the farmers decline to “lay fresh eggs on the editorial table,” Brother Brown is hereby authorized to draw on the **ICONOCLAST** for the price of a square meal. The laborer is worthy of his hire, if he be but a court fool. If those who dance must pay the piper, those who laugh must pay the jester, and, as Rosalind would say, “I had rather have a fool to make me merry, than experience to make me sad.” But the most remarkable thing about Brown is his evident belief that the **ICONOCLAST** is edited by that learned Catholic priest, Father Pat Brannan of Weatherford. The idea of a Catholic priest editing a journal with such a title! That puts the butter-milk on Father Brannan. He will please forward it in a gallon jug, expressage prepaid.

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POSTAL INEPTITUDE.

UNDER our blessed democratic “reform” administration Uncle Sam's postal service is the most utterly unreliable and shamefully inefficient to be found on the face of the earth. None realize this fact so fully as publishers of

periodicals. During the past nine months more than 1,500 copies of the *ICONOCLAST*, carefully addressed, have miscarried. Ten-pound packages go astray as readily as the single wrapper. The trouble appears to be that in selecting employees for positions of trust, cheapness is the primary and competency the secondary consideration. When a man lacks sufficient judgment to manage a mule, and cannot be trusted in a cotton patch without a keeper, he secures a situation in the postal service. Doubtless many postal employees are competent men; but I have seen those handling important mail who would lose their shadow in the face of an arc light and never be able to find it. Some care is taken with the letter service and it is usually commendable; but any careless porter who can pitch a package into the wrong pouch is considered competent to handle papers. When once committed to Uncle Sam's care, the ways of a paper mail might well puzzle Solomon, being more incomprehensible than the way of a ship in the midst of the sea, or that of a man with a maid. A paper is not considered of the slightest importance by the postal department. If, by some accident, it reaches the party to whom it is addressed, well and good; if not, why, let it go Gallagher! There appears to be absolutely no help for these unhappy conditions so long as we have a fat-headed administration preaching "reform" and practicing folly—assiduously saving at the spigot to waste at the bung. If Uncle Sam should assume control of the railways and manage them as he does the paper mail, the trains would wander off into the woods, and it would be necessary to send out tracers to discover the whereabouts of lost depots.

SCHOOLS OF JOURNALISM.

EVERY little while the newspapers engage in a windy discussion of the value of "schools of journalism." They appear to be pretty well agreed that such institutions are superfluous, and for once they are right. Journalism is no esoteric science; it is "easy as lying." Really it were as fatuous to establish schools of journalism as to found professorships for instruction in the art of making chile-concarne or bad smells. Anyone can learn it without a preceptor. Here is the recipe for making a "great daily"; let those who have stomachs for such work apply themselves.

A scandal-in-high-life, first page, double-leaded, screamer-head; two or three columns of rocking-chair speculation on matters political, Washington date line; a few bogus or garbled interviews with prominent politicians; a suicide; a scandal-in-low-life; a thrilling account of an impossible accident in Timbuctoo; report that a billion Chinese have been drowned by an overflow of the Hwang-Ho; full and circumstantial report of a sensational divorce trial—not intended for Sunday-school reading; two column account of a prize fight; a hanging, with all the ghastly details "worked up"; two columns of esoteric baseball lingo in which the doughty deeds of "Fatty," "Shorty," "Squatty," "Bow-legged Bill" and "Short-stop Sam" are painted in wonderful chiaro-oscuro; account of the elopement of a society belle with a negro coachman; heavy editorial on the "Power of the Press"; more editorial inanity and offensive self-glorification; a pimping "personal" column; two columns of murdered men and English language; more toothsome scandal; market reports to mislead the country merchant; budget of foreign news—manufactured in New York; interesting

case of ministerial crim. con.; advertisements of quack doctors, lost manhood restorers, syphilitic nostrums, preventative pills and other things calculated to set the cheek of modesty aflame; local miscellany; police court reports and taffy in solid slugs. Jam to a mux and serve hot. Price, 5 cents: now is the time to subscribe: the press is the public educator, the Archimedean lever that moves the world—to retch itself into spasms.

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THE LADY AS LORD.

COUNT NICOLAS NOTOVITCH is the alliterative cognomen of an ethnological Columbus whose recent discoveries are even more important than those of his great prototype. He has found a new world, ruled entirely by women—discovered the progressive female in all her glory. According to this veracious traveler there is, in Middle Thibet, a tribe called the Ladakhs, entirely subservient to the gentler sex, and leading an idealistic Arcadian life. The Ladakh ladies make the laws, appoint the priests, do the courting and marry as many husbands as they please, but have not yet acquired the bad habit of wearing bloomers and riding a bike. But they may have passed this imitative stage some centuries ago and now scorn the foibles and fashions of their husbands, whom they regard as so many slaves. The Count says the women are ravishingly pretty, good-natured, intelligent and bewildering dressers, while the men are slab-sided, shuffling, hump-backed boobies, so devoid of reason that it is necessary to ring a bell to call them in out of the rain. In short, it appears to be the one spot on earth “where every prospect pleases and only man is vile.” The Count’s story is significant—if true. The very name of the tribe should give us pause. May not the

present title of "Lady" be derived from Ladakh and signify ruler of the roost, instead of from the Anglo-Saxon *hlæfdige*, as hitherto supposed, meaning a builder of bread? Can it be that the Ladakh customs are but a survival of original conditions elsewhere overthrown by the flood, which failed to reach the great tablelands of Middle Thibet—that what in Europe and America we have taken for a fad is but the faint mutterings of a revolution which will return woman to the wardship of the world? Even here in this new Republic of the West the women are growing taller, stronger, acquiring more breadth of mind; while there is a well-defined tendency on the part of the men to dilettanteism and dudism—to physical decadence and mental decay. If this goes on gentle woman will yet grasp the reins of government; nay, like her athletic Ladakh sisters, find it a physical necessity to practice polyandry—to acquire husbands in blocks of five and let the interesting collection pass for a man, as did nine tailors in Queen Elizabeth's time. Think of the "Apostle" and Epictetus Paregoric Hill dividing the household duties, or luxuriously lolling in a he-harem, while Rebecca Merlindy Johnson blithely drives the team afield, or comes jocund home from a political caucus at 2 a.m.!

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CONCERNING HELL.

'A CORRESPONDENT wants to know if I "believe in a Hell of fire." What matter whether I do or not? My belief will not light the sulphur flames, nor my disbelief extinguish them. I have believed many things with all my soul only to find them false—have believed some things that have

proven true as pledge of God. But what a ninny were I to believe the Omniscient incapable of devising worse tortures than a Hell of fire for those who fall beneath the ban of his dire displeasure—that swingeing a sinner as though he were a thieving cat marks the limit of his power to punish! Why, any fool who can possess himself of a bundle of fagots and a match may make you such a Hell—while you wait! If it were certain that the Hell of the hereafter were no more than a sound roast I fancy some of us would not be loath to leap from the frying pan of the present into the fire of the future. Physical is the worst of punishments only to the dull, dumb beasts. Even our mundane law-makers have progressed beyond it; dost think God incapable of keeping pace with the procession? It may be that some sinners will be sentenced to receive physical punishment to purge away their grossness. The mills of God are said to grind exceeding fine, yet I much doubt if even they could mangle the microscopic souls of some men. Failing that, they must perforce act on their bodies. If the heart is not large enough to entertain an ache, what better could the Almighty do than locate it in the stomach? If the soul cannot feel the scorpion whips of Fate perhaps she will try a branding iron upon the body. I love to see a fellow-sinner speculating about the Hell of the next world; it shows that he is not getting his proper share in this—and that he fully appreciates that fact. There are some, however, who have no fear of the future. They have already suffered all the soul can suffer; a greater burden would be a lighter load—would blunt the poignancy of pain. I have a theory—for which I am seeking no converts—that God elects to punish some here and others hereafter. Lightly fall the dread bolts of destiny upon those whose time hath not yet come. The crimes of yesterday are unremembered to-day, the sunlight breaks

ever through the storm, the tear is but a prelude to the smile, friends are forgotten ere their graves are green and the funeral bells break into merry wedding peals. For others Life has no Lethe and every pleasure but accentuates a pain. Their every crime is recommitted day by day and with each repetition grows more ghastly; the agony of a lifetime is crowded into each hour; every moment the loved and lost must receive upon their cold lips the parting kiss and be anew committed to the bosom of Mother Earth; old wounds will not heal, but fester and bleed afresh—faces that will not be forgot come stealing back from Beulahland, and trooping round each figure are words and deeds that sting like adders, or turn to harpies and assail the heart with poisoned fangs and beat upon the bosom with leathern wings until, from the profoundest depths of the stricken soul a prayer goes up to God for death—even with a Hell of fire!

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THE “APOSTLE” A POLYGAMIST.

A CORRESPONDENT takes me to task for “defending polygamy.” Heaven preserve us! When did it happen? Produce the evidence and I will jump into the river. So far am I from being an apologist for polygamy that I look with distrust even upon second marriages,—cannot understand how the affections can be transferred from the dead to the living in the space of one brief lifetime, much less in a few years or months, as frequently appears to be the case. Marriage without love is the most reprehensible form of debauchery, and I cannot understand how a second love is possible. Is it false the poet sings, that “Brief is life, but Love is long?” Is it true that the human heart is but a cold, dull, soulless thing that may be transferred

from hand to hand, each possessor content with a life tenure? I do not know—do not care. I shall not quarrel with a world I do not understand. If the world has the happy faculty of forgetting perhaps it is to be congratulated. Why should we remember husband, wife or mistress after they have crossed the threshold of the tomb? Why should we ever linger heartbroken beside the unresponsive mound or the cold brazen urn when warm lips tempt us to new delights? Life is so short; why should we waste it in vain regrets? Why should we blend our souls with other souls for all eternity? Marriage is a “civil contract”—good only until death! So often as husband or wife fall beneath the darts of the Grim Destroyer, so often are we free to choose other mates—and swear by God’s own splendor that we do love them! Love? Is there not a Pandemian as well as an Uranian Venus? Oh, why should we strive to be immortal gods when it is so much easier, so much pleasanter to play the brute!

* * *

HANG THE LIBELERS.

MALICIOUS libel is a crime equally as heinous as murder or rape. Then why not put it in the same category and make it punishable by death? That may appear to some a very severe penalty; but why should the man who in the heat of passion robs another of life be hanged, while the publisher who, for the sake of a few pence, which a sensation or a scandal will insure in additional sales, robs a fellow mortal of reputation, brands him before all the world as a villain, a thing to be shunned and despised; who ruins his hopes, blights his future and makes life for him thenceforth a curse instead of a blessing, not swing between Heaven and earth? Why should the man who assaults the body be

punished more severely than he that assaults the soul,—the jewel of which the body is the poor, perishable casket? By all means hang the malicious libeler—hang him higher than Helicon; hang him until he is dead, dead, dead, and may the dear Lord do with his infamous soul as seemeth to Him best. Those who unwitting libel their fellows; those publishers who print falsehoods believing them to be facts, should, upon proper proof and recantation, be promptly acquitted. Should it appear that they did not take reasonable precaution to ascertain the facts, but erred through negligence, they should be accorded exactly the same treatment dealt out to men who wantonly fire their pistols in the street for the sake of the noise and maim or kill an innocent person. But in no case should aggrieved parties be allowed to sue for aught but actual damages. The payment of money should never be considered atonement for a crime. Furthermore, when “the jingle of the guinea heals the hurt that honor feels,” the “honor” is not susceptible of any severe hurt. A man who will accept money as an offset to a damaged reputation is cousin-german to the creature who sues a neighbor for debauching his wife. He does not possess that kind of character which it should be the object of libel laws to shield from sensation-mongers.

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ATKINSON'S FINANCIAL FOLLY.

EDWARD ATKINSON declares that the legal tender notes of 1862-63 “cost the people of this country during the four years of war and three years of reconstruction, not less than \$7,000,000,000 aside from the increased cost of the war from the rise in prices in the materials which were used for war purposes.” Perhaps so; but if the working

people, upon whom he declares the burden fell, did not complain, why should Eddie, old boy, sit up o' nights and fill the circumambient ether with dolorous moan? If the working people were robbed by this "cheap money" they were not aware of that fact, and Othello intimates that those who are despoiled and know it not are not robbed to hurt. However the professional economists may figure it, the working people of the North thought themselves especially prosperous during the war days. Perhaps they were mistaken; but if so, it was certainly a case of blissful ignorance. They paid more for what they bought, no doubt; but they got more for what they sold. There was a ready market for all commodities and labor was in such brisk demand that the writer of this feuilleton was paid \$2 a day at the age of ten years to work in the harvest field. He got five sticks of candy for a 5-cent "shinplaster" then, and he gets six for a gold basis nickel now,—and ten-year-old boys are glad of an opportunity to toil for \$2 a week. The conditions then and now suggest the old story of the Irishman who was asked fifty cents apiece for chickens in New York. "But," protested Pat, "Oi could get as good for a shilling in Oireland." "Then why the devil didn't you stay there?" "Faith," said Pat, as he caressed his well-filled wallet, "Oi didn't have the shilling."

That tells the whole story. When the volume of the currency was large, the people paid fancy prices; but they had the money wherewith to pay; now they can buy things dirt cheap,—but they haven't got the shilling!

The people can stand a good deal of "robbery" when they have something to lose; when they have nothing it is an easy matter for them to starve to death without being despoiled. Give us conditions under which there is a brisk demand for labor, and you need not worry about the working people, no matter what the exchange media. Give

us conditions under which there is dearth of employment, and no matter how "good" our money may be, labor will get precious few of the comforts of life.

* * *

THE PUBLIC SCHOOL FARCE.

THE public school system has so long been considered America's crowning glory that even the kindest criticism thereof is regarded as the ravings of a crazy revolutionist—an assault upon a divine institution by an emissary of the devil; and yet I firmly believe the future historian will declare it the greatest evil of the present age,—the assassin of genius, the mother of mediocrity. You can no more develop a Socrates by our public school system than you can hatch elephants in an incubator or breed a Bucephalus in a bird cage. Our public school system is simply a machine into which multifarious minds are thrown, as raw material, and transformed into so many mental shoe-pegs. No attempt is made to measure the capabilities of the pupil—to determine whether Almighty God intended him for a poet or a pot-walloper, a Massillon or a mule-driver. There is the curriculum—as unyielding as the bed of Procrustes; the youthful Edison and the ass colt, the budding Shakespeare and the thick-skulled Senegambian are fed on the same delightful fodder—their minds driven with a brutal maul into the same mold. No wonder that men of genius are becoming scarce as consistent Christians. In ancient times men of great erudition gathered a few students about them—became their guides, philosophers and friends. They carefully measured the mentality of every youth seeking their services, and the incapables were dismissed as unworthy their superior care, their intellectual

fatherland. When the bays fell upon the citizen's brow, the question sprang to every lip: "Whose pupil is he?" What masterhand brought this jewel from the mine and polished it until it hurled back the brilliance of the sun? In whose diadem? The glory of the pupil was the halo of the master, and to this good day we think not of the one without remembering the other. That was the era of great men—the age which furnished forth the models for all mankind. Who asks what master nurtured the mind of the distinguished modern? Our great men were "self-made"—those whom some blessing in disguise kept out of the clutches of the gerund-grinders; or who were strong enough to burst through the terrapin crust of dead formalities mis-called education. Lincoln is the only really great man America has yet produced—the only one who will be considered worth a hundred lines in the world's history a thousand years hence—and Lincoln was his own alma mater. Had Lincoln been "blessed with educational advantages," as the term is now understood, he would never have towered like Saul above his brethren. He would have been taught to consider manner rather than matter—been trimmed down by the educational scythe to the level of a pettifogging lawyer.

Generally speaking, our public school system is little more than a political machine, in which spoils cut an important figure. No matter how efficient an instructor may be, he will secure no important position unless he have a political "pull." I have seen men at the head of public instruction in great States who spelled water with two t's, and superintendents of city schools who could not explain the difference between an excise and an import tax, between a bill of attainder and a distress warrant. Promotion of teachers, like kissing, goes by favor, and men officiate as members of school-boards who cannot name the

States of the American Union. Text-books are frequently changed, oftentimes for the worse, entailing heavy losses on parents while filling the purses of officials in high places who "stand in" with snide publishing concerns.

Unquestionably we have many teachers of ability in the public service; but they are so handicapped by an iron-clad system that their work is rendered well-nigh worthless. A considerable proportion of the teachers, however, would prove incapables under any conditions, for it is impossible for one to impart to others what he does not himself possess. And yet many of them have the audacity to complain that they are overworked and underpaid. A man may master a trade in five years that will yield him \$50 to \$100 a month, laboring ten hours a day. In the same time he may secure an "education" that will enable him to obtain an equal sum by teaching six hours a day, five days in the week. While learning his trade he receives no assistance from the State, but while acquiring an education it provides for him every advantage. Yet while the teacher complains that his labor is too hard and his salary too small, the mechanic, who toils with both hand and brain, is well content. It is not too much to say that the teachers of Texas, taken in the aggregate, receive a larger remuneration than they could possibly obtain in any other calling. That they so believe is demonstrated by the tenacity with which they cling to the public teat. We are making too many teachers of second-growth timber. When a girl "graduates" she thinks herself above "household drudgery." When a boy acquires a smattering of "book learning" he declines to ditch and delve. They soon find that they are fitted for no vocation but that of "teaching"—that they are the veriest abecedarians in all gain-getting vocations beyond the routine of the class-room; so they secure certificates to teach by means of their ability to

parrot the contents of text-books, and proceed to spoil others for any useful purpose whatsoever, as they have themselves been spoiled.

It is eminently proper that we should teach at public expense the children of the poor to read and write—afford them an opportunity to acquire without cost the rudiments of an English education; but there is no more reason why Tom should be taxed to transform Dick's boy into a lawyer or doctor or Harry's girl into a teacher than that he should be mulct to make of one a machinist and the other a milliner. It can be set down as certain that if a boy is really deserving of a superior education he will find a way to get it; that if not deserving it it were as useless to waste time upon him as to lead a thirstless horse to water. Poverty is no bar to the Pierian Spring. Books may be had almost for the asking. Men have become learned while laboring at the forge—others have worshiped at Minerva's shrine by the fitful light of a log fire. And it is such men that have left the broadest and deepest marks upon the history of mankind. There is no more reason why the State should confer a profession upon a young man than that it should provide him with forty acres and a mule. Let it teach him to *read*; he then holds the key to all knowledge,—let him do with it whatsoever he will.

If the so-called education conferred upon children at public cost were really beneficial—if it enhanced their enjoyment of life or their usefulness—it were not so bad; but three-fourths of the knowledge drilled into them with such labor is worse than worthless, mere intellectual sawdust with which their heads are stuffed. What is not happily forgotten as fast as learned remains in the mind like so much useless plunder in a musty attic or a pound of putty in the stomach of a dyspeptic. I recently discovered a pupil in the public schools of Texas—an excep-

tionally bright girl who is soon to graduate—who thought the Federal Constitution a piece of furniture, somewhat resembling the Trojan Palladium or Jewish Ark of the Covenant! Yet she was studying algebra and geometry, Latin and elocution—expects to be a teacher! The useful is habitually neglected for the useless. Why teach a dead language in our public schools? Every Latin and Greek book worth reading has been rendered into excellent English. There was a time when the learning of the world was locked up in Greek and Latin—when some knowledge of those languages was a necessity; but it is no longer so. Language is only the vehicle of thought; and upon the broad and ever broadening tide of English ride the intellectual argosies of the world. A vast majority of American children get but a few years' schooling—must take up Life's battles while still in their 'teens; hence the man who puts them to conning languages long dead and now useless in a world where there is so much of actual importance to learn, commits a crime against those intrusted to his care. It is a brutal waste of time—and “not even the gods can recall the past.” Let the little ones first master our language—a task that precious few Texas pedagogues have proven equal to. During twelve years of experience in Texas journalism scores of manuscripts from pedagogues high in authority have passed under my blue pencil, and I have yet to find a professional teacher who is a master of English composition. The English of our schools is no more the English of Macaulay and Johnson than dog-Latin is the language of Cicero and Livy. Public school elocution is no more the rhetoric of successful orators and actors than a mouth-organ is a melodeon. The first thing a young man must do upon engaging in active journalism is to unlearn the cumbersome syntax of the schools, and many a dramatic instructor will not accept as a pupil one

who has been "taught elocution" by the public pedagogues.

If our public educators would devote more time to teaching children the laws of health, inculcating the beauties of citizenship, instructing them in the principles of morality and imparting general information which is useful in every walk of life, and less to cramming them with the dry husks of stupid text-books, they would come nearer earning their salaries and might make our educational system a potential blessing instead of an actual curse.

* * *

A WAYSIDE SERMON.

I WAS standing in front of a bookstore the other day, risking one eye on the counterfeit presentment of various society ladies who were dallying with the waves and the dukes at the seaside resorts, and wondering in a vague, tired way why a woman will parade the sands before a mixed audience in costume that would make a ballet-dancer blush, play mermaid with Tom, Dick and Harry and really enjoy the admiring stare of masculinity, then go home and rail all winter at actresses who travel on their shape. I wondered why a woman will disport herself in a modern bathing suit where all the world may see, then go into hysterics if, by some mischance, a gentleman catches a glimpse of her garters in her own parlor. I had not found a satisfactory answer to these conundrums when a pompous middle-aged party, evidently a professional man, sauntered along in search of something to read which would cause two ideas to bud and burgeon where one languished before. The dealer handed him one of the many books anent the currency question lately turned loose upon the land, and suggested that he might like it.

"Naw," said the prospective patron, elevating his patrician gold-cure nose at an angle of forty-five degrees; "I don't read that stuff. I'm on the other side of the question."

The visitor mistook me for a minister—but I reflected that it was my misfortune and not his fault—so forgave him—and we were soon chatting pleasantly. He requested me to suggest something which he might peruse with profit, and I proceeded to map out a line of reading for him that made his eyes resemble two china saucers set in a prize pumpkin.

"But I don't agree with any of those authors," he gasped.

"That," I replied, "is just why I suggest that you read them. You cannot learn a solitary new truth from an author who agrees with you in everything. He simply rehearses what you already know, or think you know. Being Americans, with the welfare of our country at heart, we should look at all sides of every possible question so as to be able to vote intelligently, instead of trailing blindly in the wake of some partisan band-wagon like a yellow dog tied to the feed-box of a freight-cart."

"But you advise me to read atheistical books?"

"Certainly. Being a Christian, you should read everything that can be said on the other side. Being a Protestant, you should read Catholic books. Being a gold-bug, you should give the free-silver advocates a patient hearing. When you get an idea don't run off into the woods with it lest somebody take it away from you. Put it on the anvil and bid the world hit it with the heaviest sledge. Give all dissenters an opportunity to try it with fire. It is the truth we want, and truth is indestructible. It is only the false that fades in the crucible of controversy, and the false, under whatever guise it comes, is worthy no man's

reverence. St. Paul commands us to 'prove all things; hold fast that which is good.' Are you not treating the great apostle with contempt; are you not disregarding what you consider a command of the Almighty God when you decline to put your faith to the proof?"

"But some of these books you recommend are blasphemous and ought to be suppressed?"

"How do you know? You have not read them."

"But, er—I—that is—I have heard so."

"Do you believe everything you hear? You have heard that the Christian religion is immoral. Do you believe that? You have heard that the earth is hollow, with a vast opening at the north pole. Do you believe that?"

"Of course not."

"Because you do not want to believe it. But you have heard that these books are blasphemous, and you believe it because it suits your purpose so to do. You decline to read them because of your inability to confute them. You would destroy them unread lest they knock the sawdust out of some ridiculous little idea that you have inherited. But suppose these books are blasphemous. Don't allow that to worry you—you didn't write 'em, and the Lord has not detailed you to protect Him from the puny attacks of mortal men. What harm do you imagine Ingersoll and Voltaire can inflict on Almighty God? Some of these days a marauding jaybird may run off with the sun, or a torpedo stop the ocean's tides, but the agnostics are not likely to dethrone the Monarch of this Majestic Universe; so you might just as well let them amuse themselves. We little creatures, crawling over the surface of the earth, like microbes over a mammoth cheese, agonizing lest the Creator of the Cosmos be injured by our fellows, must be highly amusing to Michael. While the Lord sends the fructifying rains alike upon the just and the unjust—and

sometimes demolishes a fashionable church with his forked lightnings while passing a beer-joint by—we may take it for granted that he is not yet ready to call the wicked to account, and refrain from tormenting them before their time. With the Lord on our side, we should be able to meet them in argument and overcome them, instead of avoiding the conflict and prattling of the advisability of suppressing them by secular statutes. The world understands that, and when we decline to read books because we are “on the other side of the question,” the unregenerate give us the laugh, and even hint that we are a job-lot of sanctified hypocrites who do not believe what we preach.”

“Well, brother, I hadn’t thought of that. Perhaps you’re right. What church are you pastor of?”

“Hem—er—that is—just at present I have no regular pastorate. Dr. Cranfill and I are supernumeraries, so to speak. You see we publish religious papers in the same shop, and while one of us is out preaching and picking up subscribers, the other edits both papers. It’s a very convenient arrangement, but I fear it cannot last. I have doubts anent Brother Cranfill’s orthodoxy since he has carried his religion into politics, and fear that he’ll yet be rendering unto Cæsar those things which properly belong to God.”

* * *

ADVERTISING ADVENTURES.

CITY MERCHANTS SYSTEMATICALLY DESPOILED.

IF there is any class of men who, more than all others, imagine that they “know a thing or two,” and are “up to snuff,” it is the city merchants; yet it is a cold hard fact that none are more systematically humbugged and hoo-

'dooed, buncoed and beaten by the professional fakirs and Reuben rustlers than these same men. An accomplished swindler recently declared them "the easiest marks in America." They are despoiled of millions of dollars annually by publications that are as guiltless of readers as a rabbit,—that have no legitimate excuse for existing upon the earth. Men who examine a bolt of cloth with microscopic scrutiny before they buy, will place costly advertising contracts with publishers regarding whose circulation they know absolutely nothing. They will scarce purchase a paper of pins without verifying the count, yet will pay out thousands of dollars annually on the representations of publishers whose note for ten dollars they would decline to indorse. In this slipshod manner is nine-tenths of the world's advertising done; hence it is small wonder that to the publishing business is attracted an undue proportion of conscienceless scalawags and professional frauds.

It has passed into a proverb that a *passé* woman will lie about her age and a publisher about the number of his patrons. Four papers in five depend chiefly upon their advertising patronage and base their rates upon a supposititious circulation. So well do merchants understand this that they usually discount even the sworn statements of publishers 50 per cent., and when in doing so they err it is usually on the side of mercy. A publisher who is a pillar in the church—and dreadfully anxious anent "Sabbath desecration"—recently explained to me that "the only way to convey the truth to the prospective advertiser is to lie like a pirate" that "truth being the end, the means are justified!" Where publishers only double their figures and advertisers scale them 50 per cent., no injustice is done, but journalistic Munchausens are not always so modest. There are papers in Texas that have for years

enjoyed a lucrative advertising patronage on the supposition that their circulation was large, that never had three hundred readers—and such journals are not confined to country towns. Papers have existed in Texas and prospered that never had a single paid subscriber.

But the fake publisher is progressive. He no longer prints in one shop a dozen alleged newspapers for as many different towns, simply changing the heads and shifting the type—then mails a copy to each advertiser with bill; he has learned a trick worth two of that. He now gets up some Industrial Thingambob that is expected to bring men and money into the State by the trainload, make two blades of grass to grow where one grew before, and cause the “unearned increment” to move up like the mercury in a Dallas thermometer on a July day. He prints ’steen thousand at a whack on cheap paper, gets a sworn statement from a pressman who wouldn’t perjure himself for four dollars,—but might for five—ships them to the four corners of the earth to be used for wrapping paper and other purposes less polite, and the journalistic spider is ready for the advertising fly. Of course nobody reads the Industrial Thingambob—nobody is expected to; but the “enormous circulation”—duly certified to before a notary public—profoundly impresses the merchant, who is too busy to draw fine distinctions between a handbill and a paid circulation.

It can be taken for granted that when a man thinks enough of a journal to pay for it he will read it and pass it around among his friends; that when he will not pay for it he will not waste time upon it. Some periodicals will average a dozen readers per copy. The volume is bound and preserved at the end of the year—the ad. is “alive” so long as the paper upon which it is printed lasts, until it is worn out by constant thumbing. Others do not average one

reader per hundred copies—the ad. is as dead as the traditional door-nail before the ink is dry.

The way to test the value of an advertising medium is to place it on the newsstands and see if it will *sell*. If it will not sell, advertising space in it is not worth a dollar an acre annually, even though a million copies be printed each month. This is a pointer which, if heeded, will save American merchants millions of dollars—and the *ICONOCLAST* gives it to them gratis.

Another advertising humbug that seldom fails to reap a rich harvest is the “special edition” of the daily or weekly newspaper. Hard-up publishers sometimes play this card as a kind of forlorn hope, but the special edition is usually the work of peripatetic fakirs, who “write up” a town or country in a high-falutin fashion that would give a literary man the lockjaw, supply each victim a certain number to be distributed among those who can be prevailed to carry them away, “touch” him heavily and seek green fields and pastures new. The only people who ever read these ridiculous “write-ups” are those who pay for them—whose vanity has got the better of their judgment.

The *ICONOCLAST* favors the enactment of a law compelling all publishers of periodicals that accept advertising to prove up to the state comptroller their *paid* circulation once a quarter and to publish it in every issue of their papers. Their books should be subject to inspection at any time by a state officer, and any perversion of facts adjudged a felony and punished by a term in the penitentiary. Such a law would eliminate the fakes now fattening on the commercial class and enable the legitimate journals to get the advertising patronage which is justly their due, and that without beating the Father of Lies at his own game. In most cities weights and measures are closely looked after, and there are food inspectors for the pro-

tection of the public, but the advertiser is absolutely at the mercy of journalistic mountebanks—has no means of knowing what he gets for his money. All honest publishers will favor the enactment of the law above outlined, for by it they have all to gain and nothing to lose. In order to ascertain how many such are doing business in Texas, the **ICONOCLAST** calls upon all publishers who are willing to abide by such a law to send in the names of their periodicals for publication in its December number.

I sincerely trust that the *Baptist Standard*—which is hurling its “25,000 circulation” against “whosoever loveth or maketh a lie”—will head the list; that in the publishers’ roll of honor the euphonious cognomen of Dr. J. B. Cranfill, like that of Abou Ben Adhem, will lead all the rest. But, being a trifle cautious and eminently conservative, I hesitate to give odds thereon. The good doctor is so busy saving the country from the Rum Demon, protesting against Sabbath desecration and bearing aloft the banner of Jesus, that he may neglect to indorse the proposition of the **ICONOCLAST**. In order to encourage this devout Christian to set his brother publishers a good example I have decided to devote to Baylor University \$5 for each thousand *paid subscribers* the *Baptist Standard* can prove up in excess of 5,000. Now, if it really has the circulation claimed, it can, as easily as turning a hen over, secure \$100 for the support of the great Baptist educational institute—a sum that would go far toward paying the board and tuition of some female child educated there for missionary labor, and who might otherwise have to work her passage to the New Jerusalem—via the Reservation—in Dr. Burleson’s kitchen. Of course I do not doubt the claims of my brother in Christ. I simply want to demonstrate to such miserable pagans as Bob Ingersoll that Baptist editors who preach and pray—who

despise the rewards of this world, and lay up their "treasures in Heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through and steal"—could not possibly be guilty of buncoing advertisers with a bogus circulation, which goes chiefly to people who do not esteem it sufficiently to pay for it, and, therefore, do not read it. Of course David declared that "all men are liars"; but the misanthropic king of Israel was gathered to his fathers before Brother Cranfill started to peddle piety at \$2 per annum and sell advertising acreage to all comers, regardless of whether they are legitimate merchants or adventurous knaves who hope to pick up a dirty penny by the exploitation of "lost manhood" panaceas. Brother Cranfill, the readers of the *ICONOCLAST* will wait to see you swoop blithely down on the \$100 and carry it in triumph to your beloved (?) Baylor; but O lack-a-day! they are doomed to disappointment. The great Baptist educational institute hasn't lost any \$100. And if it had, how could you be expected to sound a truce with the Rum Demon and look for it? "The Lord will provide." Really, you cannot afford to bother with such trifles. And, as Sancho Panza would observe, "The least said the soonest mended."

A party at Georgetown, who neglects to sign his name, sends the *ICONOCLAST* the following newspaper clipping, said to have been the utterance of Abraham Lincoln: "The Pope and the Jesuits are the only organized power in the world which have recourse to the dagger of the assassin to murder those whom they cannot convince by argument or conquer with the sword." The Georgetown unknown asks: "What does the Pope-worshipping *ICONOCLAST* think of that?" To be candid, it thinks it a d—d lie. Lincoln, the just and loving, never made a brutal and unprovoked

assault upon any religious sect, nor displayed such egregious ignorance of the English language. It thinks further, that the "Ape" is apologizing for its unnecessary existence by a futile attempt to fasten upon the honored dead a shameless falsehood. It thinks that a man who will write an insulting anonymous letter is a creature so craven that it were a libel on every canine in Christendom to insinuate that he was begotten in a backyard and born in a kennel.

* * *

SALMAGUNDI.

REV. SID WILLIAMS declares that "if he ever has a jackass in his family he'll name it Brann." That is very kind; but suppose Sid should chance to beget a mule?

. . .

Now that the Corbett-Fitzsimmons affair is comfortably settled, perhaps the *Gal-Dal* will send up a rocket to indicate which side of the fence it has been on all these moons.

. . .

When Cleveland was reported assassinated the people naturally supposed he had been struck with an idea.

. . .

The A.P.A. idiocy appears to be epidemic. Here is a golden opportunity for some patent medicine man. It is said that the doctor who discovered a cure for the seven-year itch amassed a competence.

. . .

The Bible says that all the people of the earth shall be afraid of those that are called by the name of the Lord. It is pretty nearly that way now.

. . .

Henry Watterson continues to lecture on "Money and Morals." Henry has precious little of the one and none of the other.

A correspondent wants to know if the **ICONOCLAST** is a Populist paper. The official organ of the Texas ministers has not planted its Trilbys on the Omaha platform. Still, we are free to confess that were Thomas Jefferson and Jesus Christ on earth to-day, they would be populists. Pontius Pilate would be seeking office under the Republican administration, and Cagliostro running for governor of Texas on the Democratic ticket.

When Byron discoursed of the "gilded halo hovering round decay," he had not so much as heard of the Rev. Zachariah Taylor's attempt to whitewash Baylor University.

The editor of the Kaufman County Something-or-Other has braided his ears in black and put his bray in mourning because the legislature in called session didn't do something to "Idiot Brann." A fellow-feeling probably made the solons wondrous kind to idiots. They are the fellows who allowed \$5 per diem to a calendar clerk, who was accustomed to pick up dropped type in a "rat" office at \$4 a week.

Is it possible that Luther, the Father of the Reformation, was thinking of the Hon. Bill Homan of Dallas when he declared that,

"Who loves not wine, women and song
Will live a fool his whole life long?"

The New York *World* traces the term "kicker," as commonly applied, to a mediæval author. We fear that Col. Pulitzer is not a careful student of Holy Writ. Deut. xxxiii, 15 says: "Jeshurun waxed fat and kicked." Same with Doc. Cranfill.

One of the leading Christian preachers of Ohio has admitted that he sought a \$1,500-bribe for his vote as a member of the legislature. Open confession may be "good for the soul," but it is noticeable that this distinguished divine didn't 'fess up until he had to.

A Corpus Christi correspondent says that half the people of that town are blessing the ICONOCLAST, and the rest are cursing it. That is eminently proper. The Good Book says: Some shall stand on Mount Gerizim to bless, and some on Mount Ebal to curse." Choose your Mount, gentlemen, and—let 'er go Gallagher.

Eli Perkins has begun writing a description of his personal appearance for the press. As it has been several years since anybody attended one of his lectures, Eli is able to work pen-pictures of his personal pulchritude off on the press as genuine news items.

After months of puffing and blowing in the press, the Texas Immigration and Industrial Convention mustered about two dozen shame-faced delegates. It was a clear case of too much Riggins. You cannot whereas and resolute Texas into the middle of the road. The way to make the Lone Star loom up like a barn on fire is to get out and plant hogs.

Houston is to be afflicted with another two weeks' séance of Sam Jones. When the distinguished slang-slinger last tackled Houston, an attempt was made to rotten-egg him, but it wouldn't work. The decayed hen-fruit was so clearly outclassed by Sam's open-sewer sermons that not an egg would go near him.

A Mexican editor advises Spain to give Uncle Sam a dressing down after she conquers the Cubans. He says the Americans "are contemptible blustering dwarfs." Perhaps so; but a few regiments went through the terrible Titans of Mexico in the glad erstwhile like a dose of salts through a tin horn. If the niggers and mongrels of Cuba don't kick the sawdust out of Spain, that old prostitute of the nations and mother of cowards and cut-throats will be entitled to congratulations.

The *éclat* with which the bogus Liberty Bell was received at Atlanta indicates that the soul of Phineas T. Barnum still goes marching on.

The county of Greer is to be disposed of without the slightest regard to the wishes of its 20,000 inhabitants. Texas and the United States have fought over that strip of land like European governments over a conquered province. It is of precious little consequence to the citizens of Texas, and none whatever to Americans at large, whether Greer County remains in Texas or is annexed to Oklahoma; but the controversy has enabled various jack-leg attorneys to exploit their corn-fed eloquence before the supreme court at the expense of the public, and that was its *raison d'être*. The destiny of Greer County should have been left to a vote of its own inhabitants.

Don M. Dickinson declares that Lord Sackville "is an infernal ass." What have the patient burros ever done to Don that he should place them on a parity with the belly-aching Britisher?

The St. Louis *Grocer* has long been paying the Iconoclast the high compliment of reproducing its articles as original editorials. Help yourselves, gentlemen; they are not copyrighted.

It costs a barber \$21 to shave a man on Sunday in the goodly town of Waco; but he may "blow himself" in the licensed Reservation seven days in the week with none to molest him or make him afraid.

"Trilby" has been dramatized, and now all the "real nice" people are crowding the theater to see a ham-fat actress give an imitation of a grisette who breaks the seventh commandment, not for love or passion or gain, but simply to keep the gang in a good humor.

A Washington correspondent for a Texas paper says George Clark "has the supreme court judges hanging over the railings" listening to his speech in the Greer County case. We don't doubt it. It was probably the first time that a Fourth of July oration has been fired off before the supreme court, and the justices were determined not to miss a single thing in this country circus suddenly transplanted to Washington. Even the supreme bench is not altogether destitute of humor.

The *Blue Grass Blade* is the name of a small weekly paper published somewhere in Kentucky—most likely at

the lunatic asylum. The *Blade*—which was evidently whittled out of pine bark—denies the existence of a Deity, but champions Prohibition. That were a union of doubt and dogmatism seldom equaled and never excelled. The existence of the Deity cannot be disproved, but the futility of Prohibition has been amply demonstrated. The editor of the *Blade* is a compromise between a Doubting Thomas and a little terra-cotta statue of Faith. An autopsy would probably demonstrate that he has paranoia in one half of his head and a resounding vacuum in the other.

The train newsboys now call it the *Santone Excuse*. And even with this flattering recommendation it is slow sale.

Some ungodly sinner clipped from the daily press accounts of fifteen horrible crimes committed by ministers, pasted them on a sheet of paper, headed the grewsome catalogue, "Opposed to Prize Fights," and sent it to the *ICONOCLAST*. He should have had it carefully framed and presented it to a theological college.

The Christian Scientists claim that they can raise the dead if there be left but a bundle of bones. Now we know how Waco came by her hack-horses.

Dr. Burleson writes that he "can now afford to visit Dallas on Prohibition day and bring the army of students from Baylor University, since the fisticuff has been crushed out." The eight hundred *filles du pave* whom Brother Seasholes declares to be at large in Dallas do not alarm Dr. Burleson even a little bit; but it were simply dreadful to permit the Baylorian babes to visit a town that had

been polluted by a prize fight. Brother Morris will take the tuning-fork and lead while all sing,

“Here I raise my Ebenezer.”

Garfield wooed the Goddess of Public Opinion so ardently and eloquently for Sherman that the old girl threw her arms about the neck of the agent and forgot the principal. That is why John has it in for Jim—considers him the heavy villain of his political drama. Moral: Do your courting in person instead of by proxy.

* * *

THE TIEXEIRA-MORRIS CASE.

THE grand jury of this county recently returned a true bill against Steen Morris, charged with outraging Antonia Tiexeira at Baylor University, and the case will probably be called for trial in a few days. I know not whether the defendant be guilty or innocent. I would not prejudge the case; but, all things considered, it seems well-nigh impossible that the young girl should be either wilfully lying or honestly mistaken. The case resolves itself into a simple question of veracity between a man and a young woman who was once a mother, but never a wife. It is one of those unfortunate affairs that must be disposed of, for better or worse, without the aid of disinterested witnesses. Rape fiends do not go about their nefarious business accompanied by a notary public. Men do not seek the adventitious aid of a flambeau club and a brass band when they set about the seduction of an innocent maid. They love darkness rather than light because their deeds are evil. It is preëminently one of those cases in which “two’s company and three’s a crowd.” A vast majority of men would

rather perjure themselves than accept a term in the penitentiary. There is not an instance on record of a sane man confessing a criminal assault except on compulsion.

That the little Portuguese girl became enceinte while an inmate of Baylor University is freely conceded. Her consent may have been obtained to her degradation for aught I know; but the man who will cohabit with an ignorant child on any terms deserves to be hanged or castrated, that the foul breed of feculent vermin may perish from the earth. Unfortunately the Texas law raising the age of consent from 12 to 15 years was not in effect when this foul crime against childhood was committed; hence, if consent is proven, the case becomes, in so far as its legal aspect is concerned, one of simple seduction and bastardy, while retaining all its brutal horror as an offense against morals and humanity.

Antonio declares that Steen Morris is the author of her infamy. She preferred the charge with evident reluctance only on being sharply questioned by the court. If he is innocent somebody else is guilty. Why did she accuse him instead of the real culprit? She had nothing to gain and all to lose by uttering a lie. The defendant is a moneyless married man who can accord her no kind of restitution. There is nothing to indicate that she held a grudge against him. She did not even know that in this so-called Christian land the despoilment of a maid is an infraction of the law. She charged him with a capital crime much as she might have complained that he had stolen a kiss. When Antonia stated that Steen Morris was the father of her unborn babe an attempt was made by the president of Baylor and by the brother of the defendant to bluff her into a recantation, but she stuck valiantly to her story. Old and experienced criminals find it difficult to adhere to the most carefully concocted falsehood in the face of so rigid an ex-

amination, to withstand such badgering and brow-beating without breaking down; but truth, though from the lips of a child, will survive even the fine scorn of such sainted creatures as Dr. Burleson's sanctified son-in-law.

The ICONOCLAST is accused of being responsible for the defendant's indictment after he had been kangarooed out of court on habeas corpus. Be that as it may, it insists that he be given a patient hearing, an impartial trial; that if a reasonable doubt regarding his guilt then exists in the mind of the jury, he be allowed his liberty. Too many men have been sacrificed to popular clamor since the days of Christ; circumstantial evidence has been permitted to play too important a part in our jurisprudence. I do not know the defendant. He may be both a Morris and a gentleman, for the same soil will produce a stinkweed as well as the Rose of Sharon. I do know, however, that some bipedal brute has been guilty of cohabiting with an ignorant child at Baylor, and I want to see the courts pursue this matter until the ill-begotten cur, whoever he be, is made to suffer for his sin.

It is a case in which the Texas people have taken an uncommon interest. They have watched it narrowly from its very inception, and now eagerly await the result. An extraordinary responsibility is thus placed upon the courts, for if they acknowledge their inability to protect maidenhood they fall into contempt and add fresh incentive to the all too powerful inclination of the people to administer justice by the most primitive methods.

The story of Antonia Tiexeira is as sad and strange as ever flowed from the pen of a Dickens or a Dumas. In her case the plot has "thickened," and trials have multiplied as they never did in a novel. Horrors have galled the kibe of horrors so fast they followed. The adverse Fates have piled Pelion upon Ossa. Her cup of bitterness has

been filled to overflowing. It is fortunate, indeed, that she is but a child, for the tender sprig bends beneath the blast while the oak is broken. It is fortunate that she is young that she may forgive and forget; more fortunate still that she is grossly ignorant—that her education is bounded by Baylor University. She cannot comprehend the cumulative weight of her woe, the deep damnation of her disgrace.

Her father died before she left Brazil. Were he alive to-day he might prove a second Albea, run amuck at Baylor, as did that good man, and wale the immaculate sawdust out of the sanctified thieves who have stolen the reputation of his young daughter. She was torn from her widowed mother's bosom and brought to Texas on a false pretext that she was to be educated for a Baptist missionary—commissioned to uphold the cause of Christ. She was entrapped into Baylor by a worthy Baptist brother, much as country maids are inveigled into the disreputable concert halls of the great cities, and with the same result. Instead of being carefully educated she was relegated to the position of scullion, left to the wolfish mercy of brutal libertines who would rob the cradle and desecrate the grave to feed their lust. When despoiled she was driven forth to die of honest want or live by deeper infamy. The aged president of Baylor rushed into print to brand her as a bawd. His wall-eyed son-in-law added insult to injury. A court dependent upon Baptist suffrages rendered a "Scotch verdict." Then came the news that her old mother was dead—that she was indeed an orphan. Her babe, brought into the world under so baleful a star, sickened and died. And while she was laying it in the grave, Dr. Burleson was lecturing his class in moral philosophy at Baylor and telling it that Antonia Tiexeira was simply "a little animal with no conception of morality." While

she was holding her dead babe to her half-developed breast and drenching its poor pinched face with her tears, Rev. Zachariah C. Taylor—another “Baptist minister in good standing”—was trying to break into the daily press with a screed denouncing her as a chronic prostitute from the cradle, branding her father as a cuckold and her dead mother as a courtesan! My God! Has a Baptist minister no bowels of compassion? Is the sect utterly destitute of shame? Is Baylor dominated by a beast? In that supreme hour of agony, when the poor unfortunate first realized that she was fatherless, motherless, childless, penniless, a stranger in a strange land, could not the professed followers of the loving and long-suffering Christ forego their persecution? Could they not subject their “religion” to humanity long enough to let the poor child cry her cry out in peace? O Shame, where is thy blush! Had she been Sycorax herself; had she been Catherine of Russia; had she been “Lady” Randolph Churchill; had she been Lucretia Borgia, the devil and all his imps would have stood mute—would have sheathed their empoisoned talons while she bade an eternal farewell to the babe she had cradled on her breast. But Burleson and Taylor and Morris—triumphant transcendent of everlasting infamy—poured a tide of foul calumny across her mother’s bier, shrieked and gibbered like Gulliver’s unclean Yahoos about the little grave!

I presume that the “statement” of Rev. Zachariah C. Taylor, who brought Antonia to Texas, will be a feature of Steen Morris’ defense. So far as I know it has not yet appeared in print, although it was written for that express purpose. He undertakes to show that Antonia is more than eighteen years of age, but, lacking continuity of thought, proves himself a vicious and untruthful ass. He states that he took her into his family to be the constant companion of his wife, knowing her to be a chronic bawd.

I have no earthly objection to that, for every man is master of his own household and should be permitted to choose his associates and those of his wife and children; but when he declares himself responsible for the introduction of the shameless prostitute among the young ladies of Baylor, I submit that he stands self-accused of a crime ten thousandfold more damnable than even Rev. S. L. Morris ever laid at the door of Antonia Tiexeira. One wanton can do more damage among a bevy of innocent maids than can a dozen Don Juans, and the man who will introduce such a creature among the fair daughters of the first families of Texas deserves feathers and tar.

But I cannot believe that the reverend gentleman is giving a correct account of himself. I cannot imagine a fiend fresh from the profoundest depths of Perdition committing such an unnatural crime. I am generous enough to believe that the Rev. Zachariah C. Taylor has a legitimate action against his own mouth for criminal libel. As an impartial judge seeking only even and exact justice, I decline to convict Taylor on the testimony of a witness I have once caught in a flagrant falsehood. I insist on giving him the benefit of the doubt, because that is in accordance with law—on conceding that when he asserts that he turned a Portuguese prostitute loose among the young ladies of Baylor, he was simply talking through his hat to help a Baptist college out of a hole.

Baylor should humbly pray to be saved from its fool friends. Their every "defense" but adds to its disgrace. All the light they have yet shed upon it but enables the world to better observe its infamy. One girl might be seduced—even raped—at that institution without creating general distrust; but what can careful parents think of it after being solemnly assured by its professed apologist that it has been transformed into a retreat for Portu-

guese prostitutes, a house of refuge for unrepentant Mary Magdalens?

I trust that Dr. Taylor will revise his "statement" before submitting it to the court. I am rejoiced that no newspaper has consented to print it in its original form. Did it reach the public in the shape it once went to the printer's case, it would make of Baylor a byword and a reproach so long as the English language endures. Baylor has, in days ago, done much good; it may do more if it can be purged, by penance and prayer, of its awful iniquity. There may be balm in Gilead for it yet if the pen of Z. C. Taylor be peremptorily suppressed and the mouth of S. L. Morris promptly padlocked. Even the Church of Rome once became shamefully corrupt—sold indulgences to commit petty deviltry, and resorted to the rack to convert contumacious non-conformists; but it purified itself by penitential tears and came forth from the cloud more useful than ever before.

"While the lamp holds out to burn
The vilest sinner may return."

When the Rev. Zachariah C. Taylor makes a landing the Recording Angel will blow out the lamp. Suppose that Antonia Tiexeira was born out of wedlock? Crowned monarchs have so entered the world, and bishops and archbishops have blessed them. It is even said that Lincoln, the grandest man that ever graced the mighty tide of Time, was a natural child. Suppose that Antonia was wayward: was the Rev. Zachariah sent to call the righteous or sinners to repentance? Where, in all the history of paganism, do we find its priests banded together to crush a child? When did a pagan heap obloquy upon the grave of a poor ignorant who had gone to lay her guilty love before her God? When did an Atheist stand by the bier of

a dead babe and brand its child-mother as a bawd? O
Chrst, where are thy pitying tears! O God, why sleep thy
thunderbolts!

* * *

A PANTHERVILLE PATRIOT.

VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE A.P.A.

THE ICONOCLAST has just discovered J. H. Jackson of Fort Worth, Texas, perhaps the greatest man of his time. Jackson is just about to save the world,—to inaugurate the Golden Age, to pull the Millennium in by the ears. He has already begun to commence, and the verve he brings to his labor of love will lead on to victory. Jackson is not only another “Stonewall,” but he has broken bottles and spikes on his apex. Texas is a very large State,—one in which genius is as plentiful as jack-rabbits or partisan editors—where patriots abound whose self-sacrifice would put Arnold Winkelried to shame. That accounts for our not discovering Jackson sooner. We have just learned that he’s living, and have lifted out a whole page of live “ads.” that we may impart to the public that important information. That while sweeping the Panhandle and its purlieus with our long-range telescope, we have hitherto overlooked Jackson where he stands, fronting destiny like a muley-calf facing a runaway freight train, is our misfortune not his fault. He has been there all the time, not only willing but eager to be observed. Jackson is not a star of the first magnitude in the political firmament, but his precession is something appalling. He is making the rounds of all the constellations to see which he likes best. At the gait he is now going it will not take him ten years to make the entire circuit of the political zodiac. When

first observed he was a Democrat with a well-defined itch for office. Failing to find a panacea for his pain, he turned Populist and tried to break into the legislature by means of the Omaha platform, but was again hoist with his own petard. All Jackson's petards seem to go off prematurely and leave him outside the walls, where there's weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth, but "divil a taste av poi." But like Blackmore's John Ridd, the Pantherville Jackson is tough and cannot see when he has got a bellyful. His motto has ever been, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again." After failing to reach the legislature by bawling for Populism with his mouth open, he turned up as a wheel-horse in the A.P.A., and, by close attention to other people's business, has attained to the national vice-presidency of the Aggregation of Political Asses—has been made one of the official keepers of the "Ape." After all these years of bitter disappointment he has succeeded in scuring an office—is "great in that strang spell, a name." After playing tail to two political lions he finds himself almost the head of a louse.

Unquestionably Jackson has become a great man, but a trifle too much inclined to spill his superlativeness through his teeth, to work out the salvation of his long-suffering country by the magic power of wind. He has St. Vitus' dance of the jawbone—has contracted the bad habit of interviewing himself when he has nothing to say. Jackson fairly oozes patriotism. He leaks information with the facility of Mrs. Malaprop or Baron Munchausen. He rushes into print with the fervid enthusiasm of a young reporter taking his first fall out of the fire-fiend. His holy zeal registers two hundred in the shade when there is frost on the grass. He is a knight-errant of A.P.Aism. He has straddled his Rosinante and sallied forth to rescue maids forlorn from the multifarious ills of convent life—to snatch

cities, states and nations from the deep-dyed villainy of the Vatican. He is wielding his snickersnee with all the vigbr of the Maid of Saragossa, is loading and firing his old smooth-bore with the impetuosity of a Molly Pitcher. Already he has the Papal hide across a barbed-wire fence and is going for it like the devil beating tanbark. And Jackson does not even suspect that he is a large roan ass whom unkind fate has given a touch of "high life." He is evidently as much in earnest as was King Canute when he gave his orders to the ocean.

The last time Jackson succeeded in running himself down and securing his tardy consent to talk for publication, he informed the 5,823 readers of the *Dallas News* that "a Catholic in politics cannot be a true American, because he votes the way his church wants him to." We can only wonder where Jackson stumbled on this important bit of information—and when he is going to prove it. The *ICONOCLAST* is a pretty good harmonizer, but it cannot reconcile the Jacksonian theory with existing conditions. It finds Catholics prominent in the councils of all the great political parties—persistently working and voting against each other, and frequently electing Protestants and infidels in preference to men of their own religious faith. If the Vatican is intent on the capture and control of the American Government, why does it set its political mercenaries to fighting among themselves? We much fear that the national vice-president of the Aggregation of Political Asses is making an indecent exposure of his ignorance. He should hasten to hang something heavy on the narrative of his nether garment to prevent it swirling in the cyclone raised by his own lungs.

A little consideration will convince any fair-minded man that the Catholics are not nearly so clannish politically as are the Protestants; that the preachers take far more dish

in practical politics than do the priests. Catholic communities frequently elect Protestants to the highest offices within their gift, but this courtesy is seldom returned. Just imagine a Roman Catholic being elected judge of this good old Baptist county of McLennan! What is true of America is true of Ireland. The present Irish Parliamentary party contains a number of Protestant members, all chosen by Roman Catholic constituencies; yet those communities where the Protestants have a majority have never elevated a Catholic above the dignity of a dog-catcher. Every important city in Ireland has more than once elected Protestant mayors, but what Orange city has ever elected a Catholic chief magistrate? Not one! Prior to the advent of the A.P.A. there was not a Catholic community in all America where a Protestant would hesitate on account of religious prejudice to become a candidate for political preferment; yet it were as easy to elect a corn-field coon president of these United States as to elevate the most learned and patriotic Catholic to that high office. A Catholic would vote for Talmage or Ingersoll as readily as for a man of his own political faith; but let Pagan Bob or Archbishop Ireland offer for an important office in a Protestant district and see how he will be slaughtered! A gentleman was once admiring a handsomely bound copy of Ingersoll's works, and asked the author:

"What did this cost you?"

"The governorship of Illinois," was the reply.

Imagine J. D. Shaw offering for a small office! And yet an abler man never graced the Texas governorship.

Jackson prattles much of "keeping the church out of politics." If that be indeed the object of his exertions he had best align his guns in the opposite direction. The Catholic Church has never meddled in American politics—the priest who presumed to do so would be rebuked by his

own parishioners, and could consider himself indeed fortunate if he were not unfrocked; but a large proportion of the Protestant preachers proclaim their pet political dogmas from the pulpit. Talmage's sermons are oftentimes no more than political harangues, while Sam Jones can scarce open his empty head without airing his opinions anent public questions that have naught to do with either religion or morals.

The A.P.A. is a politico-religious organization which is warring upon the theology of the Church of Rome as well as upon the civic rights of its communicants. The Protestant Church has ever been in politics, and the A.P.A. is simply a formal declaration that its pernicious activity in this respect will henceforth be more pronounced. It is an attempt to disfranchise a large class of Americans, not because they have proven bad citizens, but because they persist in worshiping God in accord with the dictates of their own conscience. There is not a man in the world with the gumption of a goose who believes the Vatican has any desire to dominate this government. There is not the slightest evidence upon which to base such an assumption; but there is evidence in abundance that the Protestants are becoming fanatically intolerant and would, if they possessed the power, debar from the rights of citizenship by means of a test act those who dare to differ with them anent religious dogmas; that they desire to inaugurate the same kind of "religious liberty" for which the Pilgrim Fathers fought and prayed—liberty to worship God as *they* pleased, while preventing others exercising the same prerogative.

But it were as useless to argue with the A.P.A. as to talk metaphysics to an ass. It is composed of two classes, knaves and fools, and it were difficult to determine which hath a majority. The first are "in it for the stuff" and

carry both their politics and religion in their pockets; the latter are so narrow between the eyes that they could look through a keyhole with both at once. To which wing of the party Jackson belongs I will not presume to say. It must be remembered that I have but just discovered him. He exhibits both the zeal of the fanatic and the audacity of the demagogue. He knows almost too much to be honest in his infamous attempt to precipitate a religious war, and too little to successfully deceive. He appears to hover indefinite and indeterminate on the border between political rascality and religious hysteria.

It is a comfort to reflect that crazes which enable men like Jackson to line their paunches without honest labor seldom last long. A.P.Aism, like Knownothingism, will soon hit the ceiling and pop like a painted bladder, and when the un-American and un-Christian monstrosity is dead and damned the demagogues will devise some new fake, the fanatics embrace some new folly.

When the obsequies are over it were well for the Catholics to remember that the great liberal element of this land saved them from civil annihilation. By the term "liberal element" I do not mean Atheists and agnostics, but rather those who believe in a Divine Being, yet wear the uniform of no religious organization. This element is not heard of much, but when it comes to a "show-down" is really the dominating factor in American politics, the tribune which keeps our overzealous Christian brethren from cutting each other's throats. Theologically this element leans to Protestantism rather more than to Catholicism, and a gracious, conciliatory policy would make a majority of its members church communicants, but its sectarian tendencies are not sufficiently strong to subvert its reason and prevent it seeing that the danger of a dogmatic, intolerant theocracy comes from the camp-meeting rather than from

the College of Cardinals. So long as American Catholics succeed in keeping their politics and religion so well apart as at present they stand in no danger of disfranchisement. If the A.P.A. becomes too aggressive, the great liberal element in America, which puts Old Glory above all religious dogmas, will simply expectorate on the pestiferous organization and drown it.

* * *

PURELY POLITICAL.

JOHN SHERMAN has written a book. That is now considered the proper thing for a politician to do when

“The day of his destiny’s over
And the star of his life hath declined.”

It is really a happy custom. We like to read history as delineated by men who have helped to make it. They understand better than others the efficient causes of important political phenomena,—are familiar with the ropes and pulleys, the flashlights and tawdry tinsel of the public stage. Sherman’s book is not only interesting; it is sensational. Although diathermic himself, he has succeeded in making any number of other people hot. The feature of the work that has attracted most attention is his declaration that he was betrayed by Garfield in the National Republican Convention of 1880. The inference to be drawn from the Shermanian is that Garfield was a political Benedict Arnold who pulled the pinnacle of old John’s ambition from under him just as he was about to bestride its apex and issue a Monte Cristo edict regarding the proprietorship of the earth. Perhaps so; but we fear that the author of “the crime of ’73” has drawn on the Public Bank of Sympathy for a million when he hasn’t a

mite on deposit. If he was trying to create a sensation he has succeeded; but ere the nine days' wonder has waned he will find the old couplet true,

“Laugh and the world laughs with you,
Weep and you weep alone.”

John might as well cork up his tear glands; so old a politician should not have suffered himself to be out-generated by a youngster like Garfield. American politics have ever been conducted on the Machiavellian plan. It is a game in which every man considers his own best interests. It is preëminently diplomatic. Had the position of the two politicians been reversed, who can doubt that Sherman would have hesitated to slaughter Garfield to win the presidency? Garfield was a man of some ability, but could scarcely be considered great. He came up by ceaseless industry from the tow-path, and his persistency and private virtues endeared him to the common people. His untimely taking off was due to the bitter warfare waged upon him by disappointed politicians. The act of Guiteau was but an incarnation of the animosity of men like Sherman, Platt and Conkling. This was understood by the people, who resented it by apotheosizing their dead president—by eulogizing him far beyond his deserts. The jeremiad which John Sherman pours forth over the grave of his political hopes will soon be forgotten. When a politician of his stripe has troubles he should “tell them to a policeman.” If he had carefully studied Bismarck, the greatest of modern statesmen, he would have learned that “politics and sentiment do not go together.”

That old time nuisance, known as the “Monroe Doctrine,” has again bobbed serenely up and bids fair to mix John Bull and Brother Jonathan in a beastly row without

an adequate *casus belli*. That the former needs a trouncing,—that he is fairly stinking for it—and that Brother Jonathan is the proper party to put the bud to the arrogant old brute, there can be no doubt; but we cannot afford to sacrifice a million men upon the altar of that political miscarriage bequeathed to us by President Monroe. There is not a “Latin republic” on the map of the world. From the Rio Grande to Magellan Strait the governments are mere oligarchies, in which equity is a myth and liberty a lie. Great Britain comes much nearer the ideal of “a government of the people, for the people and by the people” than do any of the so-called republics to the south. The idea that Uncle Sam serves the cause of human liberty by guaranteeing the autonomy of “our sister republics” could only be entertained by an ignoramus. The South Americans are, for the most part, semi-savages—an admixture of Spanish swashbucklers and Portuguese adventurers with lazy Aborigines—their chief industries begging and bawdry, the cultivation of vermin and general cussedness. They are dominated by cabals and dictators simply because they are utterly incapable of self-government. About the first thing a Latin republic, so-called, does after getting on its legs, is to insult Old Glory and mistreat American citizens; yet the moment their inherent meanness gets them into trouble with a European power they turn to us for protection. Uncle Sam should either govern the western hemisphere or he should give someone else a chance to do so. The existence of a dozen or so political plague-spots to the south of us is a disgrace to western civilization. Instead of striving to perpetuate them, Uncle Sam should be in hearty accord with every movement looking to their abolition. It would really be to our advantage if John Bull would grab the entire South American continent and thereby become responsible for the

behavior of its inhabitants. The idea that such a consummation would prove in any way inimical to this government is a self-evident absurdity. Such colonies do not strengthen, but weaken a power. Canada itself is a flaw in the sword of Britain, a Carnegie "blow-hole" in her coat of mail. Nor would such conditions militate against our trade. Commerce is but an exchange of commodities, and men do not decline to swap horses because they belong to different churches or are citizens of different governments. If England will take charge of the entire country to the south of us, bring order out of chaos and thereby promote its development, she will do more to foster human liberty and extend American trade than the ridiculous "Monroe Doctrine" ever did.

The *Globe-Democrat*, the greatest newspaper in the known world, and the ablest editorially, explains the elevation of muttonheads to political power by saying that "the brilliant men are admired, but at the same time they are feared. There is always the chance that they may go beyond the limits of prudence, and that is sufficient to subordinate them to men of much smaller capacity in every other respect but that of never saying anything to invite criticism or cause antagonism." The correctness of the *Globe-Democrat's* position has been amply demonstrated in history. With the possible exception of Jefferson and Lincoln, no American president has ever reached the intellectual altitude of Webster or Clay, of Calhoun or Conkling, of Benton or Blaine. Sunset Cox was too brilliant to be useful, and Tom Reed will be debarred from the chief magistracy by his brains. There is not to-day a statesman of marked ability, an intellectual Titan to be found in the gubernatorial mansion of an American State. Muttonheads are called to the chief places of honor simply

because the masses can understand and appreciate mediocrity. Furthermore, a brilliant man is ever aggressive—his mentality compels him to action. While he grapples friends to him with hooks of steel, he also makes many enemies who camp on his trail like famished wolves the moment he enters the political field. Having *done* something, he ceases to be “available” as a candidate, and is quietly side-tracked in favor of some King Toomtabard or Hofrath Nose-of-Wax upon whom all factions of the party can unite. The very “availability” of a candidate is, generally speaking, a certificate that he is a political coward and intellectual nonentity.

Rev. D. C. Hardin, of Paris, recently stated in a sermon that he would rather have his wife and daughter associate with the bawds of Boardtown than with Sisters of Charity. There is humility surpassing even that of Uriah Heep. Most Baptist ministers are egotistical enough to assume that their wives and daughters are good enough to affiliate with the very elect of the Lord; but Dr. Hardin is not addicted to vainglory nor puffed up with false pride. He is evidently of the opinion that people compelled to consort with a Baptist preacher would be out of place in the company of the virgin brides of God, and is an earnest exponent of the eternal fitness of things. Dr. Hardin is meeker than Moses. He is humility personified. He is so humble that he tries to hide the brilliance of his intellectuality under a bushel. He protested against the newspapers calling public attention to the fact that he can be so many kinds of a damphool—that when his mouth is in motion he is the east end of a west-bound horse. That is why he got dressed down with a bumbershute. It should have been a dog-whip.

BEANS AND BLOOD.

THE SOUTH AGAIN IN THE SOUP.

MASSACHUSETTS has solemnly decided to hold Dixie up by the patent health-bustle, single-handed and alone, and shake her until her milk-white teeth rattle like a pair o' Portuguese castanets if she doesn't refrain from roasting nigger rape-fiends. When Massachusetts dons her war-paint and shrieks for slaughter she is too terribly awful to contemplate. Boston is already grinding the sword of Gideon and flourishing the jawbone of an ass over the shrinking head of the Southern Philistine. She has tucked her bloomers in her boots and bade the soul of Osawat-omie Brown resume its interesting itinerary. Again the beacon fires are brightly blazing, the clans are "gathering from the hillside, gathering from the plain," while the ear-piercing fife and thrilling trumpety-trump of the snareskin fiddle proclaim to the wondering universe that Yankee-doodle is still something of a dandy.

Faneuil Hall has spoken, and that with no uncertain sound. On November 11 was gathered in that historic pile the chivalry of the city of salt cod,—the proud patricians of trade who trace their lineage in an unbroken line back to the witch-burners. The buck niggers who have drifted to Boston in their tireless search for social equality, were likewise present, in brotherly affiliation with long-haired excuses for white men, and howled themselves hoarse in an attempt to fire the Northern heart. The mayor did himself the honor to preside over this sweet-scented assemblage of Meddlesome Matties, who were ready to sacrifice all their relatives on the altar of racial equality and political reform. The temple of Janus was thrown wide open like a boot-jack; Ate came whooping, hot from hell; Bellona

gazed into the assembled gold-bowed spectacles, took a long breath and shrieked for *bella, horrida bella*, which were equivalent to asking her prandial neighbor to pass the canned blood. The orators of the evening demonstrated that, as a distributor of "livers and lights," Gov. Hogg is but an awkward amateur—that if Waite wants to ride in bright red gore he must go to Boston.

The meeting then whereased and resolved in most abominable English to the effect that niggers, guilty of nothing worse than the ravishment of Southern white women, shall not henceforth be fricasseed—that these "beings born in the image of God are entitled to a fair trial by a jury of their peers." As their "peers" in these parts have been killed as fast as caught, this means that we must send the black beasts to Boston, where 3,000 of their mental and moral mates were recently collected in the same corral. If Almighty God resembles in personal appearance a nigger ravisher, it is small wonder that he's devoutly worshiped by the Faneuil Hall folks. They belong to that class of mangy mavericks who are utterly destitute of race pride—who concede that "a white man is as good as a nigger if he behave himself." Quite naturally, they imagine that the Deity is the prototype of Fred Douglas—that Christ was conceived from such a source by a white woman without her consent. The Faneuil Hall meeting declared in the name of Massachusetts that the Ethiopian is not an immoral race, nor addicted to the crime of rape; that the *raison d'être* of Southern roasting-bees is to keep their noble black brother in political subjection.

It was the barbecues at Tyler and Paris, Texas, that occasioned Boston's remarkable outburst—that led to the renaissance of the erstwhile John Brown. Massachusetts will make just one mouthful of Texas, then devour the rest of Dixie. We may expect the knight-errantry of Boston

before the roses bloom again. Sergeant Fight-the-Good-Fight and Captain Smite-'em-Hip-and-Thigh will swoop down upon us with a Bible in one hand and "The Sword of Bunker Hill" in the other. Not even a special session of the legislature can keep the Puritan and the Cowboy apart. Dallas can transform the J. Harvey, Jr., into a man-o'-war and seek shelter beneath its guns, and Waco protect herself by putting up a few of those awful lithographs of the erstwhile Cotton Palace; but the rest of the State will be naked before its enemies. Mexico has an idea concealed about her person that she could whip the United States and not half try if Texas would keep out of the muss, and the South is nursing a sneaking suspicion that she could make the effete East whistle *peccavi* through her proboscis if the West would give bond to keep the peace. Of course, both are mistaken. Mexico imagines that San Antonio is the "Gringo" metropolis, while the South forgets that the New Woman has appeared in Massachusetts since Lee made a monkey of McClellan. Furthermore, President Cleveland has taken up his summer residence at Buzzard's Bay, and his experience with substitutes would enable him to select a veritable Sir Launcelot. Boston does not run so largely to beans and wind as in the erstwhile—even China has adopted new military tactics.

Suppose that Texas and Massachusetts hold a conference between the lines before the ball opens with the musical

"Rounder of the iron six-pounder,
hurling death."

Massachusetts should not execute us without affording us an opportunity to ask forgiveness and bid the world farewell. In matters so serious as civil war it were well to

carefully examine the *casus belli* before making a break. We call for a parley with a view to coming to an accommodation; for has not Job said that "all a man hath will he give for his life"? We humbly ask that the brigadier-generals of the Faneuil Hall Grand Army Corps be commissioned to confer with us—and may the pitying gods move them to compassion!

What in the devil's name does Massachusetts, or any other Northern State, know about the nigger? You have studied the coon at long range, and through the bottle-green glasses of such vindictive blatherskites as Tourgee and Cockerill. Occasionally a "smart nigger," educated at our expense, drifts to Boston and plays upon the misguided sentiment of its citizens with Munchausenisms patterned after Uncle Tom's Cabin. The Ethiop is better treated in the South than in any other portion of the American Union. We freely tax ourselves to educate his offspring and build hospitals and asylums for his unfortunate. Now that Boston is turning up her nose at Texas, it may be well to remind her that during slavery times the niggers dreaded a Massachusetts driver worse than the devil—that to this good day the elder Ethiops have no use for the bean-eaters.

Despite the ukase of Faneuil Hall, the nigger has no more conception of morality than a hyena. There is not one buck in a hundred who will not steal a pair of pants from the white man who has given him a coat—who will not despoil his chicken coop after being presented with a capon. There is not one wench in a thousand who will not sell her supposed soul for the price of a circus ticket. Most nigger preachers will steal anything they can carry, and the only one who would not lie when the truth answered equally as well, died "befo' d' wah." You can no more educate honor and chastity into a coon than into a brindle

cat. We, who know the nigger, do not expect much of him. We incur large expense to afford him every opportunity, but it is seldom that he rises above the intellectual level of a camp-meeting pulpiteer. Those who do so are usually bastards—borne by black women to soldiers from Boston. We give him our cast-off clothes and broken victuals. We find employment for him when more competent white labor stands idle, because we have become used to providing for his physical well-being. He was our ward for many generations, and his regard for “massa” and “missus” was little short of worship. A starving horse may obtain a square meal where a man would be turned away hungry. All recognize the helplessness of the animal and are moved to compassion. For the same reason the most worthless coon may keep fat and sleek in the Southland while his betters go hungry to bed.

The South long held the blacks in bondage, and this has been charged up against her as an unpardonable crime. It was a sin against herself, and cruelly has she suffered. The South should have permitted the Ethiop to remain in Africa, a snake-worshipping, cannibalistic savage. The civilization of the black man, such as it is, is due to his enslavement by a superior race. The motive of the American slaveholder was doubtless selfish. The North freed her slaves because she found free labor the shortest road to fortune; the South retained her niggers because unfamiliar with a great economic fact. Had slave labor proven profitable, Mayor Curtis might to-day be calling the roll of his bondsmen on Bunker Hill. Despite the efficient cause of slavery, the South may say to Sambo, as Prospero to the son of Sycorax:

“I have used thee, filth as thou art, with human care.
I pitied thee. When thou did'st not, savage,

Know thy own meaning, but would'st gabble like
A thing most brutish, I endowed thy purposes
With words that made them known: But thy vile race,
Though thou did'st learn, had that in't which good
natures
Could not abide to be with."

While held in slavery the negro recognized his inferiority, and no more aspired to mate with the dominant race than does the buzzard with the eagle. During the civil war the blacks were left on lonely plantations with the families of their masters while the latter went to the front. They were precious little protection, despite the Yankee idea to the contrary; but no more fear was felt that they would invade the sanctity of their master's families than though they had been so many mules. I have heard of but one instance of such infamy. The negroes had not then so much as dreamed of crossing the chasm that separates them from their superiors; but when accorded their freedom and the elective franchise they began to long for social equality. Their preachers—who in *ante bellum* days were chiefly valuable for breeding purposes—wanted white wives, and as new generations arrived at the age of puberty, violations of white women by black fiends became frequent. More than a thousand reputable maids and matrons have been ravished—and many of them murdered—by black bucks during the last dozen years. White babes have been torn from the cradle and sacrificed upon the unclean altar of Ethiopian lust. No Southern woman is safe from assault beyond the reach of the six-shooter. No white babe is secure in its crib unless guarded night and day. The buck nigger is a black cloud hanging over every Southern home. The dread of our women is not death, for a worse fate may at any moment befall them.

We have tried "due process of law" on the lecherous devils "born in the image" of Boston's deity. We have put rapists in prison and given them to the gallows. We have bored them with bullets. We have hanged them between Heaven and earth and left their brutish carcasses for the buzzards. We have flayed them alive, and all without effect. Having found the law a failure and respectable lynching futile, we have begun to kerosene 'em and set 'em on fire. If we cannot insure the sanctity of our homes, by the Lord God of Israel, we will have the satisfaction of making the black demons suffer the tortures of the damned.

And Boston might as well refrain from ripping great orifices in her undershirt; for if we knew that the roasting of a negro rape-fiend would bring down upon us all the ardent admirers of Ida Wells in Old and New England,—all the powers of earth, and legions of hell and the eternal wrath of Heaven, we would apply the torch and brave extermination. It were better to be dead, damned and delivered; it were better the South should be made a desert of desolation forever and a day; it were better that the owl and the jackal should make our ruined homes their habitat, than to live, a race of cowardly curs, breeding babes for black demons to debauch.

So much doth the South urge in her defense. Now stand forth, thou city of baked beans and buncombe, and answer to a counter accusation: The blood of every white babe butchered by the blacks, of every maid and matron who has suffered death and despoliation by these demons, is upon the heads of those mischievous meddlers who freed the slave and made him a political sovereign; upon the heads of those unhung idiots who have been prating of racial equality; upon the heads of such unclean cattle as those who, herded together in Faneuil Hall, compared a

negro rape-fiend to the Deity, and threatened to take up arms in his defense. Just such infernal guff by ignorant gillies, whose chosen vocation is vicious intermeddling with matters anent which they know less than nothing, led the foul victims of the Paris fricassee to rip open a white babe and debauch the poor little innocent after it was dead!

It is easy enough to make excuses for the war waged upon the South in behalf of the slave. We long ago conceded that it was the result of an honest misconception. The most serious of its consequences to the South was not our broken altars and ruined fanes, not the impoverishment of a people little inured to labor, nor yet the lonely graves that dot our land thick as autumn leaves; it was the transformation, as if by infernal magic of millions of stupid slaves into American sovereigns. Improvident, idle and ignorant, it is small wonder that they became criminals and courtesans. Being political incapables, they are the easy prey of designing demagogues. The South shouldered this appalling burden uncomplainingly and proceeded to make the best of it, for the *ci-devant* master is really the freedman's best friend. Had the carpet-beggars, professional reformers and other pestiferous busybodies let the new-made citizen alone, it would have been infinitely better for all concerned; but they proceeded to fill his fat head with false ambitions, to preach to him that his poverty, born of idleness, was the result of persecution, to hint that no social distinction should be drawn between political equals in the same republic—that the only solution of the negro problem was miscegenation. Then followed, as a natural sequence, those conditions that have alarmed our self-constituted critics.

Educating the Ethiopian were like casting pearls before swine. You may discover jewels in the head of a toad, but you'll find no wisdom in the skull of a nigger. The

"brainy black men," to whom the Bostonese point with pride, are simply featherless poll-parrots. Education only serves to make the Ethiopian impudent, more inclined to live without honest labor. Politically he is a commodity, ever for sale to the highest bidder, while industrially he isn't worth a tinker's dam when beyond white domination. The idea that the Southern whites rule the ballot-box with shot-guns is all moonshine. We can buy a nigger's vote for fifty cents, while it costs four dollars to bury him.

The black is here, and I see but one way to get rid of him, and that is to drive him *en masse* beyond the Ohio and give our nigger-loving neighbors an opportunity to test their fine theories by conditions. Boston can have the whole caboodle if the Faneuil Hall crowd will pay the freight. But it is our duty, as honest men, to give her an idea what to expect of her black "images of God." She will have to build more prisons and poor-houses. She will have to chain Bunker Hill monument to the center of gravity or they'll steal it. She will have to put sheet-iron lingerie on her marble Goddess of Liberty or some morning she'll find the old girl with her head mashed in and bearing marks of sexual violence. By all means, let Massachusetts take the nigger away from the wicked Texans and carry him in triumph to the land of racial equality, political reform and gods who resemble colored ravishers. That were much better than bruited it about that we make bonfires of innocent blacks—both "men and women"—just to see them burn. All the niggers roasted by Texas freely confessed their guilt. They were identified beyond the peradventure of a doubt. There may have been rape fiends roasted in the South who "protested their innocence even in the very jaws of death." There have been criminals hanged, shot or beheaded in every country who declined to confess. So far as I know, there has been but one colored

woman burned in the South since the war. If I remember aright she assisted a syphilitic negro lover to debauch two little girls, both less than ten years of age. Massachusetts has put a number of white women to death on the suspicion that they were witches; hence her criticism of the South seems a trifle too much like the devil rebuking sin.

Massachusetts' war talk is all damphoolishness. It were impossible to raise in the entire State a thousand men for the invasion of the South on behalf of the Senegambian. The great body of the Massachusetts people have sense enough to know that the South is civilized and that the negro is a semi-savage. In the Faneuil Hall aggregation of long-haired he- virgins there were not a dozen men who would fight their own shadows on compulsion. They represent the crank element of the Old Bay State, an element that will say more in a minute than it will stand to do in a month. The better element of Boston is not meddling in other people's business. It understands the South. It appreciates the black burden under which every Southern State is struggling. It holds female chastity in high esteem. It rejoices whenever a ravisher is done to death. Boston runs to brains as well as to beans and brown bread. But she is cursed with an army of cranks whom nothing short of a straight-jacket or a swamp-elm club will ever control. Boston has no cause to blush because of Southern roasting-bees; but the wild yodel of her own irrepressible damphools—"one of whom her mayor is which"—might well tinge with shame the brazen cheek of Sodom. If Massachusetts really wants war she should wage one of extermination on her own busybodies. When Cleveland again hires a substitute he should select the Fool-Killer and assign him to duty in the lobby of Faneuil Hall.

MARRIAGE AND MISERY.

SOME SANCTIFIED DEBAUCHERY.

THERE are probably a million women in this land living lives of legalized prostitution; who conceive children in hate of husbands they abhor, bring them forth in bitterness of spirit to be reared in an atmosphere of discord—offspring stamped from their very inception with the die of the criminal or the courtesan. Yet the purists and pietists “view with alarm” the vast increase in the number of divorces; are weeping and wailing because women will not suffer in silence a bondage that is bestial—a prostitution preëminently the worst in the world, that of loveless marriage. Day and night the doleful jeremiad goes up from these pious pharisees that the laxity of American divorce laws is imperiling the morals of the people, sapping the home and threatening to topple our entire system into ruin irremediable.

And what remedy do they propose? Uniform divorce laws and a reduction of the number of causes for which marital bonds may be legally broken. This would be equivalent to enacting a law that people should not summon a physician except in certain dire exigencies. Those who would elevate public morals by repressing legal separations appear to consider lax divorce laws the cause rather than the result of marital misery. They are pounding away vigorously at the shadow, leaving the substance untouched.

These foolish philosophers appear to be harboring the hallucination that where divorce is not difficult, husbands and wives are taken on trial; that matches are made just for amusement or to gratify a prurient passion, and that women pretending to respectability change their lawful companions much as men of the world do their mistresses;

also that where it is next to impossible to break the marriage bond it is regarded with greater veneration and entered into with much greater caution. Doubtless a few old *roués* and adventuresses might make a business of marrying if divorce could be had for the asking, but it is an insult to the better class of American women to suggest that any law could so demoralize them that they would deliberately wed men with whom they did not expect to pass their lives.

Wedlock is holy only where there exists mutual love and respect. Such unions do not need to be reinforced by strict marriage laws. They mean much more than a "civil contract"; they mean devotion unto death, and would stand unshaken if every law known to man should perish from the earth. Only such unions should endure. All others are unholy and unclean—civil contracts to commit a crime against posterity—and should be dissolved. Those who protest so bitterly against divorce, who would compel people to live together after love has flown, appear to think the marriage ceremony a thaumaturgic incantation which sanctifies debauchery, a modern correlative of the ancient rites of Bacchus.

That eminent statistician, Hon. Carroll D. Wright, has recently stated that during the twenty years ending with 1886, there were granted in the United States 328,716 decrees for divorce; that the number in 1867 was 9,937 as against 25,535 in 1886, being an increase of nearly 157 per cent., while the population of the country increased during the same period only about 60 per cent. Mr. Wright added, almost unnecessarily one would think, that "the divorce statistics do not fully indicate or measure the marital infelicity or social misery of the country; they only measure the misery which can no longer abide conditions, and when parties have the courage to publicly seek release from demoralizing burdens."

Those words in quotation are worthy serious study. "When they have the courage"—to go into court and recite their grievances, to lay bare their torn hearts to the world, to be badgered and baited by shyster lawyers, made the cynosure of the rabble, and have the degradation and despair which they would fain hide from their dearest friends, caught up by a prurient press and heralded to the four winds of Heaven! Only people who have the courage can stand that kind of thing, can hope for legal relief from bonds that make life a burden. And what kind of people possess this courage? Those who least deserve relief—brazen women and brutish men. How can a high-bred gentleman go into court and brand the wife to whom he poured the whole wealth of his heart, as a wanton—confess himself that most pitiable of all objects, a cuckold? If they have children, how can he deliberately cloud their whole lives? How can a modest, sensitive woman go before a rabble and rehearse the brutal scenes that have made her home a hell? No, they cannot do it; they must suffer in silence or quietly depart, leaving their unworthy mates to explain the separation as their interest or maliciousness may suggest.

The number of divorces has indeed become appalling; but this is but a partial suppuration of the sore. It argues, not that divorce laws are too lax, but that society is rotten. Marital misery cannot be decreased by denying it relief. If a woman does not love and honor her husband above all other men, she might as well be in a brothel as compelled to share his bed. If a man does not love his wife, happiness cannot abide in that home. People who do not desire to live together should be allowed to legally separate without being compelled to go into court with their grievances. It is a matter which they alone are competent to wisely decide. They have entered into a "civil contract"

to make each other happy. If either wishes to annul that contract it is *prima facie* evidence that it has not been fulfilled, is void, and should be so pronounced by the courts.

To guard against hasty and ill-considered action the law might provide that application for divorce be followed by a separation of six months, during which period the marital relations would be suspended in law and in fact. At the expiration of that period, an application that the divorce be made absolute should be followed by a decree to that effect, proper provision made for the children, if any, resulting from the union. Unquestionably such a régime would increase the number of divorces. More people would "have the courage" to seek separation from uncongenial mates if they did not have to go into court with a lingering tale of woe—to explain to all Christendom, through the columns of a sensation-seeking, garbage-grabbing press, why said mates were to them a source of misery. It would afford relief to many cultured gentlemen and refined ladies to whom our present barbarous system of procedure offers only a cure infinitely worse than the complaint.

The objections that libertines would marry young ladies with deliberate intent to secure divorces is not without weight; but we cannot well condemn those already in the Slough of Despond to remain there because to help them out will afford a few fools golden opportunity to fall in. With the law as suggested, young ladies really deserving our consideration would not be so ready to contract hasty marriages with men of whom they knew little. As matters now stand many incautious women are victimized by adventurers who do not hesitate to marry as often as opportunity offers.

While we may properly look to law-reform to relieve

much of the marital misery now existing, we should strive to prevent, rather than to provide a panacea for this ill in the future. The church might profitably allow the heathen a holiday and devote a little more of its energies to teaching the American people that marriage is more than a "civil contract" that may be entered into much as one does into a contract for a car-load of cotton or a pound of putty. It should set its face like flint against "marriages of convenience"; should launch some of its thunderbolts it is now wasting on the heads of harmless agnostics, at those pious people who teach their daughters that the chief end and aim of their lives must be to marry money instead of men. Our public schools should not waste quite so much time ascertaining the number of bones in the caudal appendages of the ichthyosaurus, or determining just when the paleozoic gave place to the mesozoic, and that in turn was tumbled into the unlamented erst-while by the cenozoic time; but should devote an hour occasionally to teaching the rising generation something of the sacredness of Lamartine's trinity—the trinity of the father, mother and child.

That is the only hope for the future. Laws cannot make a people virtuous or happy. They cannot prevent mistakes in marriages. They cannot guard the sanctity of the home.

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NO LIMIT TO "LALLYGAGGING."

A BROOKLYN judge has formally decided that free-born Americans possess no rights which lovers and newly-married couples are bound to respect—that they are at liberty to bill and coo, yum-yum and swap gum regardless of the sufferings of those it makes seasick. Mrs.

Lydia Hentschell is a bride of four weeks, and is still full of that "shudder and groan" which the poets of passion call love, the doctors disordered liver. Miss Annie Wheeler, the young matron's landlady, is supposed to be securely anchored "in maiden meditation, fancy free." The party who plays Romeo to Lydia's Juliet recently returned to their apartment after a protracted absence of almost an hour. There's nothing like these cruel separations to make the heart grow fonder. In such cases the reunion is like finding a two-dollar bill in the road. Miss Wheeler was sitting by a peacoal fire in an adjoining room, in company with a cup of tea and a Maltese cat. She was thinking of the old days that are dead, and of what might have been. Her reverie was suddenly ruptured by a succession of reports that sounded like a muley cow pulling all four feet out of a Waxahachie mudhole. These alarming explosions were succeeded by other noises resembling a couple of pigeons exchanging compliments, or a young pickaninny mouthing and mumbling the unctuous maternal udder and trying to talk at the same time. The ovey-dovey, the goo-a-roo and ootsie-wootsie, complicated with the creaking of corset-stays, made the old spinster tired. Taking a little bromo-soda to settle her stomach, she rose to a point of order. She informed the happy pair that people were not permitted to swallow each other on her premises. She declared that unless they applied the soft pedal to their divine harmony she would ring for the police—that she didn't propose to put in sound consumers at heavy expense, or have her other roomers striking for a reduction in rent. At this the newly-wedded waxed wroth. Like Shylock, they declared that she might as well take their lives as deprive them of that by which they lived. The young husband declared it a foul interference with their right to life,

liberty and the pursuit of happiness. He read the Declaration of Independence to the recalcitrating Diana, and she retorted with the Riot Act. Then Lovey and Dovey had her arrested for using language that did not harmonize either with the rhythmic beating of their true hearts, or the peace and dignity of the Republican State of New York. Thus was a Brooklyn judge afforded the opportunity of a lifetime; but he failed to rise equal to the occasion. Sixty million Americans prayed that he would sustain Gentle Annie's protest and remand the young boobies to the Bridewell for at least ten days for committing a nuisance. Had he done so, no power on earth could have prevented his elevation to the presidency. The nations would have hastened to confer upon him the highest honor, and philanthropists to bless him as a public benefactor.

“There's a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.”

But the Brooklyn judge failed to get afloat. Instead of punishing Lovey and Dovey for their flagrant offense against the canons of good taste, he required the defendant to give bond not to further interfere with their funny business. He decided that a wife has a perfect right to kiss her hubby when and where she pleases, with none to molest her or to make her afraid; that she may pillow her chignon on his heaving brisket in public and cuddle him till the cows come home—that whom God hath joined together the public is not privileged to pull asunder with a pair of mules, even to preserve its appetite. Of course the spinster may have kicked because there was nothing in it for her; but whatever the efficient cause of her complaint, it was a move in the right direction. A long-suffering nation says amen to her reform efforts and trusts

that she will carry this *cause célèbre* to the court of last resort and secure a reversal. All the world may love a lover, but it doesn't want to be compelled to witness his absorption of hyblæan honey. Those who take yum-yum by proxy prefer to have it filtered through the printed page. The paper absorbs the saliva, so to speak. Kissing is a game that should always be played in private. Those who must lallygag or perish should pull down the blinds. When two hearts beat as one, their proprietors should not permit the cardiac hammer to disturb the whole neighborhood. It is noticeable that love so fulsome that it slops over in the presence of witnesses, is the first to sour. It is animalistic rather than ethereal. It is aphrodisiacal, of the earth earthy. It is suggestive of Anacreonics and Parisian plays. It smacks of 'Arry and 'is 'Arriet. The love that lasts forever is the quiet, lambent flame. The fierce conflagration soon burns itself out and leaves only bitter ashes. People addicted to the slobbers are the first to seek a divorce. Amelie Rives' case of "spoons" was the wonder of the world; but it wouldn't stand the wear and tear of wedlock. Most men like a little tutti-frutti now and then; but it's a devilish poor excuse for a steady diet.

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THE DEMOCRATIC DEFEAT.

THE Democratic party is in the mulligatawny up to its middle. It is at the bottom of Symmes' Hole, with never a ladder in sight. It has received a biff in the umbilicus that doubled it up worse than a case of cramp colic. A brick block has fallen upon it and buried it in the débris. It is dead, to all intents and purposes, for a dozen years,—dead, but not altogether damned. The

public teat has been pulled out of it with a stump extractor. The toothsome pie-counter has been transformed into a feast of Tantalus. The Democratic donkey has been dragged from the public feed-trough by the caudal appendage and stood out in the pitiless snow-storm with no one to love him. His megalophonous voice, that was wont to wake the echoes from Tadmor-in-the-Wilderness to Yuba Dam, reverberates no more; his ears droop like a lovelorn maiden who wants to get married but can't, mama, while the Republican bull-elephant goes a-trumpeting through the fragrant clover-field, "Four more years of Grover—I don't think." It was a case of "one to make ready and two to go"; and it's gone.

Three years ago the Democracy might have stood against the world; now the very dogs that bay the moon and love to linger where the grocer displays his wares upon the sidewalk, pass it by in favor of the *Houston Post*. What has happened? What hit us? Where are we "at," and whither are we drifting? The leaders who led us into the Slough of Despond and lost us, are saying little; but ye able editors of "great dailies" are diagnosing the disease. But even they agree to disagree. Some say it was the free silver craze that floored us; others that the fickle hoi polloi held the party responsible for the omnivorous cutworm and the New Woman craze. In my humble opinion, it is a clear case of too much Cleveland. The policy pursued by the Administration has disgusted the American people, irrespective of party. A nation that would not seize the earliest opportunity to resent the unmitigated impudence and ineptitude of the Cleveland régime, deserves a dictator. Cleveland was elected on a free-silver platform, which he treated with ostentatious contempt. He made a desperate effort to strangle the nascent republic of Hawaii and make a yaller

prostitute the sovereign of white people. He increased the national debt in time of peace to give a syndicate of banker friends an opportunity to make a rake-off of several millions. He compromised the honor of the Nation in the Nicaraguan affair, then invaded a sovereign State with federal troops on a flimsy pretext. By his churlishness he alienated the ablest leaders of his party and sowed dissension when he should have played the peacemaker. Instead of solidifying the Democracy he split it into warring factions. He arrogated to himself the prerogatives of a dictator, and disciplined the representatives of a sovereign people as though they were so many yaller coons. He called incompetents into his cabinet and treated heads of departments as though they were cheap clerks. Me and Wall Street constituted the State. His every public act said more loudly than words, "The public be damned." He went squarely back on his first term policy of non-interference in politics by federal officials. Instead of a public office continuing a public trust, he treated it as though it were a private snap. Scarce had he planted his broad beam on the presidential cushion and begun to talk through his plug hat about "my policy," ere a panic occurred that prostrated the business of the entire country and filled our highways with tramps—sent the cohorts of Coxey on their weary march to Washington and transformed thousands of industrious workingmen into reckless revolutionists, with a Eugene Debs for their Jack Cade.

Then, infatuated with his own monumental mistakes and puffed up with the turgid adulation of fool editors and official parasites, Cleveland got the idea lodged in his nice fat head that the American government couldn't exist without him—that if he took his hand from the helm the Ship of State would run headlong on some

Roncador Reef. He began to lay his wires for the capture of a third term—an honor that Washington declined and Grant couldn't get. The cuckoos took the tip and began to cry aloud with one accord that Cleveland was the only man who could save the country. The honor was to be "forced upon him" despite his tearful protest that he was ahunger and athirst for the sweets of private life—was to be driven into his shrinking anatomy with a maul. And Cæsar has not put back the crown—has not so much as rebuked his busy Buckingham and conspiring Catesbys.

In England when the country votes a want of confidence, the ministry resign; but Cleveland and his cabinet of obsequious clerks are not built that way. Were a national election held to-day, the Populists would carry more States than the Democrats. During his first term Cleveland so crippled the party that defeat was a foregone conclusion; this time he has placed it six feet underground and planted his *avoirdupois* upon its grave. Gabriel could not resurrect it under such conditions. The people will have none of us; not that they love Republicanism more, but that they love stupidity, jobbery and mugwumpery less. They do not mind being robbed occasionally; but they insist that it be done artistically, instead of being held up in broad daylight by a presidential highwayman while a gang of bankers go through their baggage. They have soured on the whole party because we were chumps enough to elevate a small-bore politician to the presidency—a my-policy. And Johnson without the *ci-devant* tailor's ability. Cleveland will continue in office to the end of his term simply because the sovereign people have no peaceable method for the peremptory discharge of their unfaithful servant. After that he can return to Buffalo and resume his old-time

occupation by playing pinochle for the beer. He is a dictatorial has-been, a political corpse that smells above the earth, groaning for burial. Our prostrate industries, our aspiring national debt and dismembered Democracy make for him a suitable cenotaph, an appropriate monument.

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AN UNRAVELED RIDDLE.

SINCE the last issue of the official organ of the Texas ministers I have discovered Rev. Mr. Riddle, of Waxahachie, State of Texas, and am now industriously seeking an Œdipus to unravel him and set forth his true significance. He is evidently one of those Riddles who are born, not made,—either an accidental enigma or a conundrum propounded by an inscrutable Providence. I do not take to myself any credit for having discovered Riddle, for he signaled me before I saw him. Some entomologists are born great, some achieve greatness and some have it thrust upon them. Left to my own resources, Riddle might still be an insectivorous incognita or microbean unknown. I simply touched the button of my compound microscope and Dr. Riddle did the rest. Having discovered him, I am unable to properly classify him. He is almost too small to be described as a dwarf doodle-bug, and too large to be scientifically accepted as a Brobdingnagian bacillus. I incline to the opinion, however, that he is what some naturalists call a “sport”; in other words, a *lusus naturæ*, and probably of the pathogenic group of the genus micrococcus. This particular form of bacteria is usually found in decaying organisms, and the *fin de siècle* body social is producing them in great variety and multitudinous abundance. Waxahachie, like

Waco, is dominated by pestiferous little Protestant priests who arrogate to themselves the prerogatives of the Deity and impudently intermeddle with the secular affairs of men. Like Waco, Waxahachie has a respectable run around to the ministers every morning with their little tin cups to procure their daily supply of mental pabulum. Dr. Riddle dishes out the Burlesonian-Baptist brand, and when the people fail to leave their vessels on his front steps to be filled, he goes forth and peddles it about the streets; even gives it away without money and without price—much as the pole-cat does perfume. The reverend D.D. is very industrious, and always in evidence. When I discovered him he was raging up and down the streets of Waxahachie like a Numidian lion with a steel-trap on its narrative. He was pawing up the gravel with his long toe-nails, lashing his sides with his prehensile ears and proclaiming the awful iniquity of the “Apostle.” And several worthy Waxahachians evidently felt as did the child when her pet poodle barked at a regiment of cuirassiers—they feared that Fido would “bite the army.” But he didn’t—the Apostolic procession passed by in safety. Just why the Rev. Mr. Riddle objects to a journal that assails humbugs and hypocrites I am unable to understand. I cannot conceive why he should consider its assaults on frauds and fakes a personal affront. Can it be another case of the galled jade wincing, of the hit dog howling? Does the nice little man find in its stock of caps occasionally one that fits the knot on the end of his neck? He complains that the ICONOCLAST has criticized Baylor University. After railing at Catholics because of their assumption of Papal infallibility, have the Baptists placed Dr. Burleson on the same exalted pedestal? If I have done Dr. Riddle’s *alma mater* an injustice why does it not carry the matter into

court? There's another riddle that requires unraveling. If I cannot jingle sufficient guineas to heal the hurt that Dr. Burleson's honor is supposed to feel, we have in Texas an iron-clad criminal libel law. Why doesn't he have me indicted by the grand jury and put into the penitentiary—as several of the theological cubs have informed their parishioners he would do? Is it because Baylor fears to place me on the defensive lest I prove too much, and make of that supersanctified institution a by-word, a reproach and a shaking of the head to the nations? I much fear that Dr. Riddle winds up the wheels in his head with a sectarian crank, then allows them to run without a regulator. Were I a doctor of medicine instead of a doctor of divinity, I would try to alleviate the awful agony of his itch for meddling.

Ministerial Meddlesome Matties are the curse of this country. In the smaller cities and towns, like Waco and Waxahachie, they play Old Man of the Sea to the social Sinbad. They gather about them people who are at once deeply religious and densely ignorant, and who suffer themselves to be dominated by turgid preachers in matters both spiritual and temporal. The most irremediable ministerial mutton-head may secure a considerable following of this kind, because people naturally seek as leaders men of their own intellectual level. That is why Sin-Killer Griffin and Sam Jones command a larger following than ministers who run to brains instead of bazoo, to mentality rather than mouth. Having obtained the ascendancy over a number of ignorant fanatics, the small-town preacher is practically master of the situation, the lord high executioner of the community, for the business and professional element, from the barber's clerk to the candidate for congress, is largely dependent upon the patronage of these dupes. Many know him to be a

presumptuous idiot; but the bread-and-butter problem leads them to play policy, to do the Sweet Alice act and

“Laugh with delight when he gives them a smile,
And tremble with fear at his frown.”

When a newspaper offends his high mightiness he orders his peons to quit patronizing it; when a merchant presumes to express an opinion that doesn't bear the imprimatur of the little tin Jesus of the place he becomes the victim of a religious boycott. Of course the wealth and intelligence of the town could make common cause and crush the jackass who is giving an imitation of Jehovah; but business is business, and the “leading citizens” are on the ground, not to preserve human liberty, but to sell goods; so they begin to creep into the amen corner and propitiate the infallible joss of the intellectual jays with liberal peace-offerings. The result is another “religious center,” composed chiefly of policy players and mental incapables, fanatics and frauds. It becomes, according to the unwritten law of the community, a greater crime to criticize the clergyman than to commit a homicide or steal a horse. A man may blaspheme the name of God and be forgiven; but the moment he puts the logical gaffes into a presumptuous little dominie his name is Dennis. Yet these same suckers and sycophants denounce the Catholics for accepting the doctrine of Papal infallibility, accuse them of brutish idolatry when they bow before the image of the crucified Christ! I am not a Catholic; but I think more of the crucifix than of Cranfill; more of the Blessed Virgin than of Dr. Burleson. The wisdom of the Vatican has long been the world's eighth wonder; Dr. Riddle has just been discovered. We have many learned and devout men in the Protestant ministry—men who, like the Pope, could be

safely intrusted with the spiritual welfare of half a world—and no journal treats them with greater deference than does the **ICONOCLAST**; but it suggests in all seriousness that the body social take a medicated bath and a box of compound cathartic pills and thereby rid itself of the ministerial micrococci of Dr. Riddle's class. Like the itch bacilli, they are becoming an insufferable nuisance. A gentleman cannot open his mouth without getting his lungs full of them.

* * *

OUR H.Y.C. GOVERNOR.

At a time when there was a yawning hiatus in the treasury and small-salaried clerks were hawking their warrants among the Shylocks; when the tax-rate had been raised sixty-six and two-thirds per cent. and the people were being squeezed in a cider-press for a million past dues; when the cotton-crop was sawed off at the knees and corn not worth the cost of cribbing; when merchants were failing because they could not make collections and the industrious poor losing their little homes for lack of money to meet the monthly payments, "Our Heroic Young Christian Governor," called a special session of the legislature at immense cost to prevent a brace of brawny bucks pounding each other with pillows. It is not putting it too strong to characterize Gov. Culberson's act as that of a fool or a knave. As he prides himself not a little on his intellect, we will concede that he is not altogether a lunatic—that there was method in his madness. That eliminates one horn of the dilemma—reduces him to the choice of Hobson.

When Gov. Culberson bobs serenely up for a second term he will doubtless be confronted with a full history

of his connection with the pugilistic miscarriage. And the facts established will read about as follows, unless the **ICONOCLAST** is most egregiously misinformed:

Gov. Culberson gave the promoters of the physical culture carnival to understand that he did not believe the anti-prize-fighting statute was worth the paper it was written on, and that the courts would so declare. In this his opinion coincided with that of the best legal talent of Texas. The promoters were satisfied that the statute would be knocked out; but before investing their money desired assurance that the governor would not call a special session of the legislature to enact a new one. *That assurance was given*, if we may credit the testimony of several distinguished citizens of the Lone Star State. According to the same testimony—which would pass current in any court—Gov. Culberson declared that the fight would produce a “flurry” among the self-righteous, but “would soon blow over,” and he would grace the occasion with his august presence. That is a pretty stiff string of circumstances for “Our Heroic Young Christian Governor” to go against, and he will not be permitted to dodge ’em in the next campaign. They will confront him on every stump, will catch him acomin’ and agoin’, and will be backed by the affidavits of credible witnesses and documentary evidence. It seems that, like the letters of Blaine, some of Culberson’s missives have survived the crematory to play Banquo to his Macbeth. Unless we much mistake, it will be clearly demonstrated to the public that Culberson could have checked the proposed carnival with one word before a stick of timber was purchased for the big auditorium—that he, more than all others, is responsible for the coming of Corbett and Fitzsimmons to Texas; that he broke faith with the Florida Athletic Club and the city of Dallas after a mint of money had

been invested in the enterprise,—that he ate his own words when he called a special session of the legislature and demanded an iron-clad anti-prize-fighting law. Mr. Facing-Both-Ways might as well pull himself together for a very ugly political fight. The Florida Athletic Club will probably take no hand in the affray; but he'll find the city of Dallas well up to the front, and when she gets through with him the State at large will give him the marble heart in every known language.

The state treasury was as empty as a *Dallas News* editorial, and Gov. Culberson seems to have thought a \$500 prize-fight fee a good thing to have in the hungry official family. Dallas is the political axis of Texas, and her business element was for the fight almost to a man. Policy is even a more popular game with the governor than poker, hence he was anxious to propitiate the Texas metropolis. He figured it out that the crippled law would enable him to carry water on both shoulders—to hold the godly in line while standing in with the men who put up the money for political campaigns. But the “flurry” he had predicted developed into a full-fledged cyclone, and “Our Heroic Young Christian Governor” stampeded. He mistook the wild yodel of a few flannel-mouthed preachers and the shrill piping of a bevy of long-haired eunuchs for the voice of the people, and went back on his promises as squarely as he did on the Dallas platform.

Such appears to be the situation. In attempting to ride two horses headed in opposite directions, Culberson has torn his political nether garment from narartive to neck-band. The taxpayers who are going down in their purses to pay the cost of that extra session which Culberson called to nurse an abortive little second-term boom won't do a thing to him when they get his head in chancery during the bleak November ides of '96.

Culberson is giving an excellent imitation of a man who is about to attend his own political funeral with vociferous popular approval. He neglected to heed the warning of Lincoln to the effect that some of the people can be fooled all the time, all of the people some of the time, but all of the people cannot be fooled all the time. He hasn't toted fair with his party or the public. He basely betrayed the one and attempted to hoodwink the other. His public record from first to last has been a game of policy, with self for the central figure. He is cold-blooded as a fish, as selfish as a wolf. He is imbued from head to heel with the spirit of Iago, but lacks that plotter's cunning. His character is aptly in Macaulay's description of Bertrand Barere: "In him the qualities which are the proper objects of hatred and the qualities which are the proper objects of contempt, preserve an even and exact harmony."

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THE NEW MESSIAH.

I AM pregnant with an idea that will probably make the ultra-orthodox want to burn me as a blasphemer; but it is a legitimate child of the brain, and I give it my blessing and send it forth into a world where only the fittest are supposed to survive. It is to the effect that the career of Francis Schlatter, "The Healer," must give pause to all intelligent people who regard Jesus of Nazareth as "the only begotten Son of God." I fully realize that this thought is frightfully heterodox,—that it may precipitate a trial for heresy, my formal dismissal from the Baptist ministry, and give Brother Cranfill an aggravated case of the fantods. It is a comfort, however, to reflect that a liberal shot of old bourbon—bought in five-gallon

lots for "medicinal" and other prohibition purposes—may enable him to survive the shock.

Denver is one of the most intellectual and progressive American cities; yet Schlatter was able to secure there as large a following and well-nigh as much worship in a few days as did Christ during the two years of his ministry among the ignorant and superstitious rabble of Palestine fourteen centuries before the invention of printing. The question must have occurred to more than one intelligent worshiper of the Hebrew carpenter: "Suppose that Christ and Schlatter had been transposed—which would I worship as the Messiah, which denounce as a presumptuous mountebank?" Both claim to be under the special guidance of "the Father," both "wrought miracles"; both were regarded by their followers as something more than mortal.

Christ had to deal with ignorant and credulous, Schlatter with an educated and skeptical people. The former wrought in an age of miracles; the latter in an age of materialism. When the Nazarene began his public career, Palestine was under the dominion of Rome. For centuries the Greeks had been numerous throughout Asia Minor. Jerusalem and all Judea were filled with people whose theology was grounded upon immaculate conceptions. Their gods and demi-gods haunted the hills and dallied in the groves. The very Jews were becoming impregnated with what Carlyle called "natural supernaturalism." Judaism, the chief tenet of whose theology was material rewards and punishments, was being encroached upon by Gentile cults, honeycombed with polytheistic ideas and imported superstitions. The "Deliverer" promised by the prophets, came not, and hope deferred made the heart sick. The descendants of David were wedding foreign women and following gods unknown to their fathers. The

Roman deities were falling into disrepute. Cicero had dared express his wonder that the auspices could look into each other's faces without laughing. The throne of Jupiter tottered on high Olympus, the Delphic Oracle was discredited and Donona's Oaks whispered their secrets only to Zephyrus. Memnon had become mute, the power of Baal was broken and Apis slept unheeded in his marble sarcophagus. The world was a theological chaos, of which Asia Minor was the maelstrom. The religious faculty of mankind was in a transition stage, waiting for a master. At such a time the Wonder-Worker from Nazareth appeared, commissioned by "the Father" to heal the sick, to minister to the poor, to call sinners to repentance. His fame as a "Healer" secured him a following among the common people—shepherds and fishermen; but the patri-cians laughed to scorn his pretensions. His eloquence failed to win, his miracles to convince them. His claim to the kingship of the Jews was answered with a crown of thorns and death on Calvary. He was regarded as a Jack Cade and treated accordingly. After two years of tireless proselyting the Sanhedrim dared demand his death, the procurator to publicly execute him as a common criminal. Had an attempt been made to execute Schlatter at Denver, men would have died in his defense, the city have risen to his rescue. Christ was more powerful in death than in life. The deep damnation of his taking off raised him among the Gentiles to the rank of a demi-god. Under such conditions it was but natural that his miracles should be magnified and a nobler interpretation given to his every utterance. It was but natural that Greek mythology, grafted upon Oriental exaggeration, should make him the only begotton Son of the Hebrew God. As a matter of course, the new priesthood would make the most of its opportunity. Zealous converts would exaggerate un-

consciously, metaphor become dogma and faith cures grow into miracles. The new cult formed a nucleus in the wide-weltering chaos, around which a new world was slowly formed. And the question returns: Had these "Healers" been transposed, might not America been Schlatterian instead of Christian? When, in an era of printing-presses and popular education, we see vast crowds of people travel further than from Joppa to Jerusalem, patiently stand in line for days to touch the hand of a faith-cure fanatic, then declare themselves instantly cured of chronic ills, it becomes difficult to discriminate between fact and fancy in the days of Pontius Pilate.

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THE ARMENIAN MUDDLE.

JUST at present the so-called Christian world is wildly agonizing because a number of Armenian converts have been given the worst of it by the Mohammedans. Ministerial associations are exporting sympathy by the shipload and demanding that the Christian powers make common cause against the Ottoman Empire—sacrifice a million lives, if need be, to right the supposed wrongs of the Armenians. At this time (Nov. 26) the warships of various European countries are hovering about the Bosphorus and their ambassadors ostentatiously bullying the Sublime Porte. All the "great dailies" of Christendom reek with grewsome tales of Armenians slaughtered by fanatical Moslems, while the pulpits ring with "Turkish atrocities." According to the American Board of Foreign Missions—or whatever they call it—enough Armenians have been butchered during the past six months by prowling bands of Kurds to capture Constantinople and wreck the Ottoman dynasty. Homer, in his Wondrous Tale of Troy, never dreamed of such human hecatombs. There are

two sides—or more—to every question; but the “unspeakable Turk” has been condemned unheard. His every attempt to file a protest has been drowned with shouts of derision and charges of premeditated perjury. Reason has been dethroned and religious hatred suffered to have full sway.

According to even the most conservative accounts, much blood has been shed in Armenia; but in these religious butcheries the blame is seldom altogether on one side. Neither the Turk nor the Armenian has been classed by the ethnologist as an angel. Each lays the blame of the recent rioting upon the other; each protests that he's been basely belied, persistently misrepresented. The world must decide between them, and that on insufficient evidence. Under such circumstances an upright judge would ask: “Which is the more credible witness?”

The subjects of the Sultan are, for the most part, a semi-barbarous but intensely religious people. A majority of them are Mohammedans, but the Armenians of Asia Minor profess a kind of bastard Christianity. Asiatic Turkey is an anthropological chaos, a human rubbish heap. There, from time immemorial, could be found the fag-end of creation. It is just the place in which religious fanaticism might be expected to run riot. Historians and observant travelers usually agree that the Turk proper, who constitutes the dominant force in the empire, while inclined to be indolent, is the soul of honor; that he is brave to a fault, truthful to scrupulosity, severely temperate in his habits and the essence of hospitality. Contrary to popular opinion, he is seldom a polygamist, as his laws forbid him to marry women he cannot properly support—a statute, by the way, that might prove beneficial to our own Christian country. He is an indulgent father and a devoted husband. Like most ignorant men, he is a religious

enthusiast, but is little inclined to meddle with the faith of his neighbors if his own is treated with proper respect.

The Armenian is, according to the most reliable authority, the antithesis of the Turk. His niggardliness and inhospitable nature long ago passed into a proverb. As a prevaricator he could give the Gascon cards and spades and beat him at his own game. Compared with the modern Armenia, the ancient Cretan was the avatar of veracity. He is as great a religious fanatic as his Moslem neighbor, and more addicted to meddling. Such conditions, existing in conjunction with an impotent government, would naturally result in petty religious wars and murderous massacres.

Of late years Europe and America have been sending missionaries to Asia Minor to prize up h—l there among its inhabitants by offensive proselytizing. The recent rioting and bloodshed is doubtless largely due to their pernicious industry. The Moslems object to being bluntly told that their religion is rot, that their Prophet was an impostor who is now raising high old jinks in hades. They are a trifle more liberal in their religious views than were the American Puritans of the seventeenth century; but they won't stand everything. They may not bore the tongues of inoffensive dissenters with red hot irons, but, like the Southern Confederacy, they insist on being let alone. They have not yet driven the Armenian Christians a thousand miles into the wilderness, as we did the Mormons, then compelled them to relinquish the religious rites of their fathers. We, who employ the electric light of a progressive civilization to tar and feather Mormon missionaries, ride them on rails and give them time to leave town, should not have too much to say about the "brutal fanaticism" of the disciples of Mahomet. It were hardly safe for a

crowd of Mohammedan priests to set up shop in Waco, adhere to all the customs of their country, rail at Jesus Christ and Doctor Cranfill and educate our children in the faith of Islam; yet we force our missionaries upon the Moslems, and if they are treated with scant courtesy, cry havoc and let slip the dogs of war. And all this because we want to convert the "heathen" and keep him from going to hell.

For generations Christian Europe has been robbing the Turk of fruitful provinces on specious pretexts. It would drive him across the Dardanelles without more ado if it could agree upon a division of the remnant of his once magnificent empire. For a time England talked loudly of "Turkish atrocities"; but, having observed that Turkey cannot be carved for her Thanksgiving dinner without costing more than it comes to, she is inclined to suspect that the blessed Armenians have been much to blame—that the time has not yet come to administer a euthanasia to the "Sick Man of the East"! A nation that is always butchering some savage tribe to secure its territory is certainly a fine bird to prate of Moslem barbarity. Russia is another Christian country that is weeping for the woes of the Armenians—and the blood of her own Jewish citizens scarce dry upon her sword! In Russia thousands of inoffensive Jews were recently robbed and murdered, their houses burned and their women ravished by the Christian subject of the Great White Czar. Those able to do so fled to the uttermost ends of the earth to escape the persecution of a Christian people who are now sending warships to Constantinople to protest, in the name of God and humanity, against Moslem cruelty! And neither Austria, Italy nor England rose up William Riley and issued ultimatums to the Czar—they saved those interesting pieces of political property for the Sublime Porte! An individual humbug is bad enough; but the whole Christian world

ostentatiously playing the hypocrite were enough to make the Almighty repent him that he didn't castrate Adam instead of banishing him from Eden.

* * *

ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKE.

EDUCATION is a great thing, and we could not think of trying to get along without it. The young idea must be taught to shoot and the American voter brought by degrees to a knowledge of the alphabet, that he may be able to spell out the names on his ballot when the Australian system takes the place of the ward heeler—when candidates will no longer be allowed to furnish a man to go along and see that he delivers the goods according to contract. The negro must be educated so as to be able to recognize a "Southern outrage" when he sees one, and the child of the forest taught to read the Scriptures, the wickedness of looking upon government whiskey when it is red, or of devoting his energies to raising hades and vermin instead of potatoes and political candidates. I admit all this, but there is such a thing as overdoing the matter. There is danger that our children will become so smart that we will not be able to understand them when they talk back, although they will always be able, by means of signs, to let us know the amount of cash they require.

I was impressed with this fact soon after I put my eldest hopeful in the Texas public schools. I advised her to devote a great deal of attention to language, as she would probably need a good deal of it when she grew up and married. In a few days I got the impression that a tumor was developing inside her mouth, and called in the family

physician. He said there was nothing the matter, and that he would call again next day to see how the patient was getting along. In two weeks I had to employ her mother as interpreter when addressing the heiress-apparent of our distinguished house. She appeared to have entirely forgotten her native tongue, and spoke the wild, uncouth jargon of an Englishman struggling with his first gold-headed cane. Then I empaneled a court of inquiry and called her before it. I recited that being her only father it naturally gave me pain not to be able to understand her when she passed up her plate for the second piece of pie, or warbled a childing roundelay while making a sneak on the latest novel. She said that she pronounced her words as her teachers instructed her, and as indicated by various cabalistic signs in the text-books. She proved to me that I was a rank stranger to the language of my native land, and that my dialect was a barbarism.

Her teachers told her so—told her that her old daddy might be able to spell simple words, but that when he undertook to pronounce them he got clear off his base, so to speak. I told her that she made me laugh, but she said that “lawf” was the proper caper, and I lawfed. She then gave me the key to the new educational combination, and now, when she talks real slow, I follow her pretty closely, although the “pawth” is pretty rocky sometimes, and I “cawn’t” always lay hold of her ideas the first toss. It’s “rawther” tough for teachers and text-book makers to form a combination at this late day to force the “nawsty” broad A of our English cousins upon a people that has almost succeeded in making the barbarous language respectable. The American mouth is not adapted to the murder-provoking English accent, and to attempt to force its adoption is a pedantic absurdity. Teachers do

not use it in common conversation. Our best public speakers use the American vernacular as being more clear-cut and forcible than the accent which suggests a mouthful of mush or a predisposition to priggery.

But to return from education to the "kids" themselves: Can any State in the Union show up more babies in proportion to population than Texas? Everybody appears to have a houseful, all healthy, rugged and bright as young coneys. I don't know what a "coney" is, but "what's writ is writ," and if the proofreader don't know he can scratch it out. Beautiful, romping youngsters, the future hope of the Empire State; but what in goodness' name have they done that they should be handicapped with such names? The Lillies and the Willies, the Nellies and the Bell—everybody seems to sit up nights to think of nonsensical names with a belittling jingle to them for their young olive plants. Especially is this true of the girls, and the Hatties and the Matties, the Gerties and Myrties, are strung out in endless profusion, while one looks in vain for those old-time names that seemed in themselves a tower of strength and womanliness, such as Margaret, Helen, Emily, Charlotte, etc. Such names suggest the Spartan mothers, the wives and daughters of Carthage, the Roman matrons; but the female nomenclature of to-day suggests French novels, dudes and spruce gum. By the bye, I see the dear girls have got into the habit of retaining their patronymics after marriage—when their paternal ancestors happen to amount to something. If John Brown happens to be one of the bigwigs, she writes her name Mrs. Pettie Brown-Smith. If old Brown chanced to be hung or sent to the penitentiary she omits the Brown from her name. In the same way, a widow when re-marrying retains

the name of the late lamented to remind No. 2 that he is second choice, and that she has a name to be proud of even if he hasn't, all of which must be very comforting.

Speaking of names reminds me that all the folly is not committed by doting parents and giddy young widows. The youth of the land developed a penchant for parting his name on one side about the same time that he acquired the habit of parting his hair in the middle, aping the English accent and trying to swallow his cane. The woods are now full of A. Rolando DeSmythes, etc. Some, not content with this half-way affectation, persist in spelling out their entire names, and so we have Alcibiades Rolando DeSmythes. Jehosaphat! Did it never occur to these worthies that it is impossible to accumulate enough fame in three-score years and ten to silverplate such a lingering eternity of a name? The great men of antiquity had lots of name, but they kept the most of it in the background. They cut it, so to speak. They knew that they could never drag it up the rugged pathway (pawthway) of fame, and didn't try. The greatest of English bards, although he persisted in making sky rhyme with eternity, and can't with vaunt, did not try to take his title with him, or even an initial, but signed himself "Byron." Cicero (some of our smart American teachers now call him Kickero) and Cæsar (the new pronunciation is Kæsar) had plenty of name, but they didn't intrude more of it than was necessary upon the world. Virgil and Homer, Plato and Socrates cut their names short when they started in the race for immortality; yet thousands of modern youths are growing bowlegged beneath names of three and four sections, which they fondly hope to set on end as monuments for future ages.

BRECKINRIDGE REDIVIVUS.

THE announcement is made that Col. W. C. P. Breckinridge is pulling himself together for another congressional campaign. This may be accepted as an indication that Kentucky is recovering from the moral spasm which resulted in his political overthrow because of his dalliance with Madeline Pollard. I don't know why, but I've always sympathized with the "silver-tongued." Perhaps it is because he was selected as the scapegoat for the sins of our political Sodom. I want to see Breckinridge triumph over the sanctified he-virgins and tearful Miss Nancys who double-banked him in the name of Christ at the last congressional election. I am inclined to love him for the enemies he has made. I admire him, not because he committed an assault and battery on the Seventh Commandment, but despite thereof. I regret exceedingly that the Colonel ever had aught to do with closed carriages. And I opine that he is very much of the same mind. It was certainly no place for a pillar of the Presbyterian Church,—but it may have been "foreordained" and, therefore, unavoidable. Many a good man has gone wrong—even David was wont to play bo-peep with the pretty girls. The best of us will sometime nibble at the devil's hook when baited with a sun-bonnet or a pair of bloomers. Joseph may have torn off the tail of his undershirt to escape the wiles of a pretty woman, and Adonis answered the importunities of a desiring Venus with an *Apagē Satana*; but they failed to get their health certificates framed. When Miss Pollard attempted to transform that closed carriage into a Pompeiian house of pleasure, Willie should have read to her his eloquent lecture on "Morality"; but perhaps he didn't happen to have it concealed about his

person. He fell from grace; but having repented, should be forgiven. If there is no balm of Gilead for repentant he-Magdalens what is to become of Doctor Cranfill? Who will fill the municipal offices of the New Jerusalem? Of course, all our congressmen should be models of continency; but if we eliminate from the public all who listen to the siren's song, we commit the government to the guidance of eunuchs and octogenarians. Measured by the standard of morality adopted by the super-sanctified, the Father of his Country would have fallen by the wayside. Washington bears the reputation of being one of the most corrupt of modern capitals. Influential statesmen are beset by temptations on every side. There congregate the ladies of intrigue, from the dashing Aspasias who prostitute both mind and body in the service of boodlers with "little bills," to the smart chippy who hopes to "make a mash" and obtain a small sinecure. The Federal capital is the Mecca of the adventuress and the demi-mondaine. There, when congress is in session, the Goddess of Pleasure holds high carnival. The Washington code of morals is not particularly exacting. Like charity, it covers a multitude of sins. The Capital City would rather see her visitors spend money than cultivate morality. She takes it for granted that people away from home will have their fling—that when politicians and maids of pleasure meet they'll chase the glowing hours with flying feet, or words to that effect. So she looks demurely into her leather spectacles and gives Mrs. Grundy little encouragement to gab. Dame Rumor devotes herself to matters political and gives the kaleidoscopic society of the Capital full swing. Breckinridge was probably neither better nor worse than a majority of his congressional brethren—but he got found out. His Dulcinea became an incorrigible nuisance and he tried to shake her; thereupon she made him the defendant

in a ridiculous damage suit, knowing that she could not collect a dollar. It were like Mrs. Potiphar suing her slave for seduction. It may have been simply another case of a woman scorned; or Miss Pollard may have concluded that national notoriety would enable her to elevate the stage a few notches and fill her purse. A deliberate conspiracy between Colonel Breckinridge's political enemies and the discarded drab was strongly suspected. Whatever the moving cause in the case, it may be accepted as infallibly true that the woman who carries a broken heart into court and asks the jury to patch it up with Uncle Sam's illuminated mental anguish plasters, is considerably beneath contempt. When a woman's heart is really hurting her, she tells her troubles to the Lord instead of to policemen and reporters. She seeks the grace of God instead of greenbacks. Had Breckinridge ruined an innocent girl, then turned her adrift to go to the devil, he would have deserved not only defeat but death; but to politically damn a public man because of a pretty woman who throws herself in his way, were to trace the brand of infamy on the brow of almost every American president from Washington to Cleveland. The first was somewhat celebrated for his gallantries, while the latter was caught *flagrante delicto* with a dashing widow, and—like Willie—had to "tell the truth." Had Breckinridge been the first American statesman to keep a mistress, there would be some excuse for the execrations heaped upon his head. Had Kentucky been able to substitute for him in the national councils a Sir Galahad, there would have existed a valid reason for his retirement. But to select a congressman whose public life has ever been above reproach; upon whose political escutcheon there has rested never a shadow; whose eloquence has long been the glory of his State and his intellect the nation's pride, and drive him forth in disgrace

like a sheep-killing yaller dog, on the pretext of purifying American politics, was the very apotheosis of brazen and unmitigated humbuggery.

* * *

SALMAGUNDI.

It took six ministers to marry Miss Vanderbilt and the "Jook," but it will require only one judge to divorce them.

Cleveland should have taken in his little hot-house third term boom before the frost.

If Dr. Parkhurst had bought votes for the Gazoos with the money he expended hiring prostitutes to sit on his lap and swill beer that he might peach on them, the recent election might have put a crimp in the tail of the tiger.

The Republicans love Cleveland for the enemies he has made.

"With all my worldly goods I thee endow," said the Duke. And everybody sniggered. His "worldly goods" consist of a mortgaged castle and a title purchased with a grand-aunt's infamy.

The combined power of the mighty commonwealths of Texas and Arkansas couldn't prevent Corbett saying "Boo" to Lanky Bob; and now our blessed civilization totters to its base.

A governor who puts his State to the expense of an extra legislative session to gratify a private grudge against a

brother gambler, is staking his entire political fortune that the Googoes will "turn jack."

In response to the appeals for and by the struggling Cubans, Uncle Sam sends his unofficial moral support. That's the kind of assistance Grover Cleveland gave the Charleston earthquake sufferers.

The editor of the Kaufman County What-is-it is giving a very happy imitation of a feline eunuch that has been shot in the umbilicus with a double-barreled bootjack.

An inter-collegiate football game was recently played in which not a single member of either team was seriously injured. Football may in time become almost as harmless as professional pugilism.

Tom Reed is not so brainy as were Clay, Webster and Blaine; but he is so far above the intellectual average of American presidents that it's safe to bet his boom will die abornin'.

In the early days of the bleak November, Houston had horse-racing and Sam Jones' great moral hippodrome, a communion of saints and John Bell's variety joint. Houston is becoming almost as cosmopolitan as the Midway Plaisance.

It is now said that Cullen F. Thomas has a congressional bee in his little bonnet. Even children must have their troubles. As soon as Little Boy Blue learns to blow his horn he wants to ride in the band-wagon.

Cleveland should not make a remnant sale of the Democratic party and add the proceeds to the Gold Reserve.

The Dallas *News* opines that the "roasters" of rapeliends will soon demand crematories and the incineration of their victim at public expense. The editor who can prattle of due process of law when a black brute confesses the murder and outrage of a respectable white woman, has bonny-clabber in his veins instead of blood.

Grant, Blaine, John Sherman and Roger Lawson Fulton, America's political Big Four, have all written their memoirs.

The Republicans grabbed pretty nearly everything but Texas, and the Pops have a red fence around that.

A correspondent wants to know if Christ would have been so worshiped had he been a woman? We don't know; but we do know that he would have been tempted of the devil, not once, but every day.

The Texas Immigration and Industrial Association should stand its name on end, paint it a pea-green and place a brass statue of Wherein Riggins on the apex.

Perhaps Schlatter, who started out to give us an imitation of the Great Nazarene, is doing his forty days in the wilderness.

A clipping credited to the *Southern Messenger*, attributes to the ICONOCLAST the expression: "There are no she-Damiens." The *Messenger* is either misquoted or misinformed. What the ICONOCLAST said was this: "There

will never be a she-Damon and Pythias." That is a distinction with a difference. Woman knows much of love and is equal to all its sacrifices; but in the lexicon of Eve, friendship is a synonym for fraud."

J. Howler Jackson, assistant chief herdsman of the Aggregation of Political Asses, must have fallen into a "feather-bed," as he has adopted no new plan of saving the country for more than a month. Democratic candidate, Populist candidate, Knights of Labor candidate, A.P.A. official—that leaves him the Black-and-Tan Republicans and the Female Suffragists to fall back upon.

The trouble with the "Sick Man of the East" seems to be a superabundance of Circassian girls.

Waco is becoming a famous watering-place. She has the finest bath-house in the world, a Baptist University and a Campbellite College.

Man, born of woman, is of few days and full of prunes.

A man seven feet tall and an eighty-pound woman have just been married in Michigan. They doubtless selected for their epithalamium, "Love me little, love me long."

A returned American missionary says that Minister Terrell has become a Mohammedan. It's a mistake; the heaven for which the mouse-colored mule is headed is not one of dark-eyed houris, but one where every free-born American Sovereign holds an office.

Joe Phewlitzer of the New York *World* is weeping because Texas toasts nigger rape-fiends. Joe should evapo-

rate his tears and apply the salt thus saved to his putrid newspaper.

If Hillsboro would stage her Prohibition farce it would make a greater hit than any of Hoyt's.

The leaders of the old political parties will pay a liberal reward for a presidential issue that will enable them to untangle their herds. At present it is impossible to distinguish the Democratic sheep from the Republican goats, and by cross-breeding both flocks are fast degenerating into mongrels and mugwumps.

The proofreader is the bane of genius. He recently made the Santone *Express* say, "kjizxjcayzjjspkti," when the editor doubtless means zjjspktyzcyjzijk. Some of these times a careless proofreader will get our contemporary into trouble.

We gather from the daily press that "James Whitcomb Riley is the only American poet who wears a smooth face." It is seldom that a poet can get a standoff at a barber shop. Chimmie has the advantage of his brother mockingbirds—he shaves himself.

It is said that Hubbard City's brand of whisky has actually improved since the triumph of the local optionists. There are exceptions to all rules.

Uncle Sam has about decided to let somebody else build the Nicaragua Canal. For once the old man is wise. Were it a good business investment, its projectors would not have to call for government aid.

Having purified New York politics, David Bennett Hill will proceed to elevate the lecture platform.

Rev. C. L. Seasholes says Doc Parkhurst is the greatest man on earth; which reminds us of Carlyle's remark that "what men see and cannot see over, is good as infinity."

Sir Miles Crowley, Galveston's æsthetic Congressman-elect, has reached Washington. The country may now be considered safe.

When a citizen of Cleburne begins to spit cotton he secures a doctor's certificate to the effect that his system needs stimulants, then buys bug-juice on the strength of the prescription until the letters wear off the paper. If he fears it will frazzle too soon he gets it framed.

The thrifty firm of Cleveland, Morgan & Co. is evidently paving the way for another bond issue. If the conspiracy is consummated the Democratic donkey will not bring the price of a soup-bone at a political 'stray sale.

Cleburne Brown is still swirling his Banner of Liberty aloft, and hurling his blood-curdling defi across thousands of miles of shrinking land and sea into the very face of the Holy Father. If the College of Cardinals thinks it can subjugate Cleburne Brown it is 'way off its base. His proud spirit resembles Mark Twain's Mexican plug—it may bend, but will never break.

The New Woman is in imminent danger of forgetting to remember that the hand that folds the diaper is the hand that rocks the world.

It is thought that Cleveland will devote a message entirely to finance. He can make it deeply interesting by explaining why he made a secret sale of the last bond issue at a price several millions below what could have been obtained at public auction.

All the "great dailies" now keep standing on their "phat galleys" half a hundred repetitions of the phrase "as furnished exclusively by the Associated Press." It is a wonderful institution and never wearies of self-admiration. It is a monstrous rake that is drawn every twenty-four hours through the world's muck-heap. Occasionally it brings up a true orient; but its usual product is has-been cats and putrefying cabbage.

John P. Altgelt of the Sucker State has again distinguished himself. That's a way John has. He never misses an opportunity to secure a free "ad.," to keep himself before the public. He would have made an invaluable press agent for a society actress, for he breeds sensations. Refusing to ride in the parade in which Federal soldiers took part, he won the jackass pennant—no small distinction in a country that has produced both the A.P.A. and the editor of the *Houston Post*.

The Jook of Marlborough made a farewell speech to the American people, declaring that he "is no fortune-hunter." And Consuelo is no title-hunter. They've bagged their game and don't have to hunt.

It is now generally conceded in naval circles that the battleship *Texas*, upon which \$3,000,000 has been already expended, with more to follow, is an unseaworthy "old tub." The plans for the vessel were adopted by the first

Cleveland administration, despite the protest of the naval board that a ship so built would prove useless in war and vexatious in peace; but her cost is a mere bagatelle to the other losses inflicted upon a long-suffering country by Dictator Cleveland and his cabinet of obsequious clerks.

Whitney admits that he would dearly love to be president, but declares emphatically that he will not be a candidate. In other words Mr. Whitney will refrain from lifting himself over Mt. Blanc by his own boot-straps.

Carlisle was long regarded as Cleveland's political heir; but the people passed a bill of attainder, and now other provisions must be made for the great monetary acrobat of Kentucky.

If the president has not selected a party for the supreme bench, we beg to remind him that Waco's Warwick is still waiting and watching, with his face toward Washington.

We gather from the press dispatches that the Czarine—Grand Duchess Alexandre Feodorovna, née Princess Alix Victoria Helen Louise Beatrice of Darmstadt-Hesse—has given birth to a girl baby “and is rapidly recovering.” We are so glad! When a woman struggles through childbirth, handicapped with a name like that and a drunken and impotent husband, we may rest assured that the age of miracles is not at an end.

MORALITY VS. RELIGION.

EVANGELIST CULPEPPER is now at large in Texas, giving an imitation of a preacher who aspires to be a second Sam Jones, but is somewhat lacking in ability to sling sanctified slang. He works off a great deal of it, but with evident difficulty,—has to hoist it out of himself with a derrick. He is doing the small towns with a gospel tent, and when discovered by the ICONOCLAST was taking up collections at Calvert. I know not whence Brother Culpepper came or what for; whither he goes, or what he'll do when he gets there. I was vouchsafed but one fleeting glimpse, and he was gone—had folded his tent like the Arab and as silently pulled his freight. But I saw enough of him to realize that he's "the hot stuff," the tabasco sauce, so to speak. Like most ministers who, failing to make a living by local labor in the Lord's vineyard, proceed to do the evangelical act and chase the devil helter-skelter, hither and yon, over the habitable globe, Brother Culpepper appears to be long on zeal, but a trifle short on judgment. He is inclined to let his mouth go whithersoever it listeth. His tongue has cast off the dominion of his mind and is holding a ratification meeting,—transforming the slot in his face into a shop for the manufacture of noise. But it does not follow from the foregoing that Brother Culpepper was not "called to preach." He is just the kind of a man to pound "hell-fire and damnation" into a race of degenerates. Whenever a preacher exchanges rodomontade for the philosophy of religion he's a foredoomed failure. The people expect sentiment instead of sense from the pulpit, and that preacher who disappoints them will preach to empty pews. Sam Jones said in one of his Houston harangues that he would as soon commit suicide as make a critical examination of his faith; which were equivalent

to declaring that reason has nothing whatever to do with his religion—that had he been born under conditions that prevail in some parts of the Orient, he would find spiritual exaltation in gazing for hours at his belly. But Brother Culpepper is all right. When he enters the ring with the Old Boy it is for a finish fight with bare knuckles. And as a devil-chaser he is, to employ the patois of the diurnals, “a daisy.” Culpepper, Mulkey and Collard would make an elegant gospel-team to drive tandem. With Sister Mulkey to “pitch the chunes” and make the collections, sinners and shekels would be saved by wholesale, and two more palatial residences might be erected—“just to afford the poor workingmen employment.” But the object of this homily is not to point out new schemes for the personal profit of peripatetic laborers in the Lord’s vineyard, but rather to call the attention of Texas ministers to a startling statement made recently by their brother in Christ. He said: “Some people think morality is religion. There is just as much difference between morality and religion as there is between Heaven and Calvert.”

To a certain extent this is true, O fisher of men; but how the pharisees will trample your diaphragm when they hear of this frank confession! It is, perhaps, the first time a preacher ever publicly admitted that a man may be at once deeply religious and as devoid of morality as a monkey. Brother Culpepper should have a care or the godly will accuse him of drawing his mental pabulum from the *ICONOCLAST*. But we are inclined to think his statement a *lapsus linguae*, which is the Latin for didn’t know it was loaded. It would be somewhat difficult to demonstrate that a religion having no relation to morals has a reasonable excuse for existing. It were too much a whisky cocktail with the bourbon establishing an alibi. It were a barmecidal feast, as stale, flat and every way unprofitable

as an un-kissed kiss or an unsung song. If Dr. Culpepper is not talking through his six-and-one-quarter hat he should rent his tent for a snake-show, eschew his hortatory career and devote his energies to the planting of hogs. As a doctor of divinity I deny the correctness of Brother Culpepper's conclusion. He has drawn it from insufficient premises, from false predicates. He reasons inductively instead of deductively,—which we ministers are not privileged to do. He has probably noted that a large proportion of the foulest prostitutes preface their debauchery with prayer; that most thieves and murderers are orthodox in theory, if not actual church communicants; that the men who moan and groan loudest in the amen corner usually have the reputation of being “skinflints”; that the banks examine the security offered by saints as carefully as that offered by sinners, and he argues from this that religion and morality are not derivatives of the same root. He regards religion, not as the mother of morality, but rather as a smart plan to secure the remission of sin and a “phat take” in the future—a kind of *post mortem* Utilitaria! I had not regarded the labors of the evangelists in that light before—had not looked upon the ministers as agents for a celestial insurance company with a limitless paid-up capital, in nowise interested in the mundane acts of men beyond the payment of premiums! I feel it my duty as a self-commissioned minister of the Gospel, to defend the Christian religion against the aspersions of Culpepper and his kind. That religion which does not make men honest and women pure is of a spurious brand. It is a sentimental exhalation, such as we sometimes see at political meetings and dramatic performances,—an affection of the nerves, quite as likely to produce nymphomania, hysteria or homicidal tendencies as the calm serenity of the saint. It is the kind of religion which furnishes employ-

ment for the neurologist and the insanity expert. I note with pleasure that St. Paul does not agree with Dr. Culpepper, for he declares that "faith without works is dead"—in other words, that religion divorced from morality is strictly "n. g." The great Apostle did not consider the Christian religion a Fortunatus Hat to carry whosoever donned it straight to the seventh heaven. He intimated that people were required to work their passage. We have entirely too much of Culpepper's kind of religion. It is supposed by its devotees to cover more sins than charity. If a man believes and is baptized he expects to go to heaven awhooping—as though it makes a d—d bit of difference what the duffer believes, if he only does the best he knows! He imagines that if he howls hallelujah he may hug his neighbor's wife; that if he pray with might and main he may give scant measure; that if he lies about his dissenting brethren he may despoil the widow of her cow and the orphan of his patrimony by due process of law, and still be in the middle of the road and fairly sailing Sal for the Celestial City. Perhaps I am not strictly orthodox. I have an idea that the religion which does not sink clear down to the hypogastric region of a man's soul and mold or modify his daily life; that doesn't eliminate his animal nature and make him gentle and pure and honest to the heart's core, is of as little use as a Delmonico meal ticket to a starving pilgrim in the Saharan desert. Morality is the web and divine worship the woof of a perfect life. Brother Culpepper should take his theology to some secluded spot and carefully fumigate it. He should place a time-lock muzzle on his mouth until he can refrain from putting both feet in it every time it falls open.

SALVATION NO LONGER FREE.

In Auld Lang Syne the people were wont to sing,

“Salvation’s free for you and me.”

But it is different now. Salvation comes high. The free excursion trains to the heavenly hereafter have been pulled off, and the passenger who does not pay cash fare to the New Jerusalem has got to give the conductor a very pretty “stand-off” or get dumped at the first station—is required to count ties, to “pack cinders” to the Celestial City. The “without money and without price” placard seems to have been simply an ad. to attract people whose legs could be subsequently pulled. I have just received a set of whereases and resolves solemnly promulgated by “the First Baptist Church, Bristol, Tenn. and Va., July 10th, 1895,” setting forth that members of that church who fail to cough up more or less cash for the good of the cause at least once a month, will “be subject to the discipline of the church”; that “no person shall be received by letter or baptism without previous conference with the pastor or deacons . . . and promising to contribute to the expenses of the church according to the system adopted.” In other words, the First Baptist Church of Bristol is “out for the stuff,” and doesn’t propose to do any deadhead business. The widow and the orphan, the halt, the lame and the blind minus a bank account can go to Hell! No human soul can break into Heaven via the Baptist gate without first securing the consent of “the pastor or deacons,” who are supposed to carry the keys of the Kingdom of God in their pants! And the devil wunk the other eye. There’s no toll-gates on the broad turnpike to his dominions. You don’t have to get anybody’s consent but your own to go there. You can secure

a through ticket on application, and never a cent to pay. No wonder the Old Boy is doing a rushing business.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest"—the pastors and deacons permitting.

"Believe and be baptized and ye shall be saved"—if you have the amount of the passenger tariff concealed about your person.

The Bristol Baptists are a fine set of Christians—I don't think.

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THE CONVICTION OF DURRANT.

AFTER a trial lasting more than three months, Theodore Durrant was convicted of the murder of Blanche Lamont at San Francisco and condemned to death. Durrant was a young medical student, and the profession of medicine has of late years been prolific of horrors. He was assistant-superintendent of a Sunday-school, and the professionally godly are just now crowding the penitentiaries and the gallows. A majority of the more atrocious crimes are committed by religious cranks. Pious fervor has a tendency to make people crazy, and the study of medicine seems to give a murderous bent to their mania. I am not responsible for this fact, nor under any obligations to furnish an explanation therefor. Several writers of repute have attempted to trace the effect to its efficient cause, but so far such attempts have proven unsatisfactory. The condition is a matter of court record; the psychologists are welcome to theorize to their hearts' content. The fact that Durrant was a professor of religion and about to become a doctor seems to have been accepted as *prima facie* evidence that he was the murderer of Blanche Lamont. It appears

to have been a case of "give a dog a bad name and hang him," for the evidence upon which he was convicted was entirely circumstantial and eminently unsatisfactory. He is either a victim of the now popular opinion that religion and medicine make a bad mixture, or he was talked to death by the prosecuting attorney, sacrificed to enhance the grewsome reputation of a criminal lawyer. The district attorney set deliberately at work to hang Durrant. It was a *cause célèbre*, and he could not afford to let the prisoner escape the infamy of the gallows, whether guilty or innocent. A district attorney is estimated, not by the service he renders justice, but by the number of people he consigns to the scaffold or the penitentiary. The State employs him for the sole purpose of securing convictions. He is *advocatus diaboli* as frequently as *advocatus justitiae*. In the case of Durrant, District Attorney Barnes was so fearful the prisoner would not be sentenced to death that he addressed the jury for two and a half days. He now has the felicity of seeing the press dispatches give him "the credit of the verdict." That is equivalent to saying that had the evidence been submitted to the jury without argument, Durrant would not have been condemned to die—that there was nothing in the testimony to prove him deserving of death. In that case District Attorney Barnes is guilty of deliberate homicide to promote his professional reputation and fill his purse. How many more such crimes he has been guilty of it would be hard to say. He may believe that Durrant is guilty and deserves death. That the public so believes is certain. But beliefs or disbeliefs should be permitted to cut no figure in our jurisprudence. The law and the evidence should be the sole lamp to our feet in matters so serious as the formal sacrifice of human life. Men have been hanged on circumstantial evidence; men have been imprisoned in response to popular clamor

and afterwards proven innocent. I have urged again and again that there should be no such officer as a prosecuting attorney known to our jurisprudence. There should be a reputable attorney attached to every court, whose province should be to elicit facts and place them properly and impartially before the jury. He should be as ready to protect the prisoner from injustice as the average district attorney now is to inflict it. He should be a salaried officer, his remuneration in no wise dependent upon conviction. The prosecuting attorney who employs his ability to pervert the evidence and befog the jury to secure a conviction and earn a fee, is a foul blot on our jurisprudence. He's a criminal with the heart of a wolf, and should be served as King Ahasuerus served Haman.

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MEXICAN ANNEXATION.

THE Mexican newspapers have discovered a "Papal scheme" to annex the cactus "republic" to the United States, and deprive Dictator Dias of his occupation. As might be expected, the Mexican press is having one conception fit after another and shrieking in stallion type. It is a cold day in August when ye Mexican editor cannot discover something to disturb his equanimity and give him a flow of lurid language. Doubtless the priests would prefer the protection of Uncle Sam to the governmental farce of Greaserdom; but Mexico will never become a part of this republic. We have lousy Indians and indolent ignorami enough already. If we take any country in out of the cold it will be Canada. If we could regraft Arizona and New Mexico on their parent stem it would be money in our pockets. We could surrender a baker's dozen of west Texas counties without a sigh—counties that are

good for nothing but the production of cactus and coyotes. It is said that after the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, Old Zach Taylor called on the president to pay his respects. "Well," quoth the chief executive, "the war is over and we have secured a large slice of territory and a host of new citizens."

"Y-e-es," drawled Old Zach; "but I'm powerful 'feard we've got to have another war."

"What? To secure the territory ceded?"

"Naw, t' make Mexico take her infernal cactus and doggoned peons back again."

Mexico will never get into the American Union unless she breaks in with a sledge. And she is not likely to do that. Physical exertion is not her forte. She prefers to sit in the sun and roll corn-shuck cigarettes. She has a chronic case of that tired feeling. Give her a handful of frijoles, an impossible hat and a mangy pigskin filled with mean mescal, and she's as happy as a Georgia nigger who lives near a white man's melon patch. I used to read the history of the war with Mexico and wonder how Scott and Taylor achieved such victories in the heart of the enemy's country with so few men. After visiting Mexico and observing its hangdog soldiery, composed chiefly of convicts, I was surprised that the president didn't send a policeman instead of an army after Santa Anna.

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A RELIGIOUS BOYCOTT.

M. M. WILLIAMS is running a Populist paper over at Georgetown and expounding the Omaha platform. But that is not Mr. Williams' only misfortune. He has had both the old parties astride his paper collar so long that he has come to regard it as his normal condition—to enjoy

misery almost as much as did Mark Twain's bad man, who was never happy unless he had his head in a sling. He has succeeded in offending a party named J. R. Nelson, who seems to be the bell-wether of the Methodist Church of that sprightly little burg, and now has a religious boycott on his hands as big as a skinned horse. It seems that Williams permitted a correspondent to criticize in his columns the Rev. Jeremiah Rhohoboam Nelson, whereupon that worthy representative of a meek and lowly Christ,—who forgave his crucifiers from the cross—mounted the pulpit and proceeded to peel great wads of epidermis off the offending editor. The Rev. Jeremiah is evidently not one of those Christians who turn the other cheek to the smiter and sit up o' nights to love their enemies. Very few people who pound the Bible for pay in fancy churches are built on that principle. They are too apt to assume that criticism on their pompous selves is the one unforgivable sin, a blasphemy of the Holy Ghost. One would have expected the worthy parson to pray long and earnestly for the contumacious editor; but he didn't. He called a meeting of the stewards and had them write Williams a letter intimating very broadly that for a secular editor to criticize the Methodist clergy was a piece of rank impertinence, and that unless he altered the policy of his paper he could expect a boycott with a Pefferian beard. And instead of clothing himself with sackcloth and ashes and crawling on his belly to the stewards, the editor actually had the temerity to hint that the whole caboodle of boycotters could go to blazes. And that's why there's blood on the moon and hades to pay in the great Methodist stronghold. The Methodist parson has made a mistake. He may make the sun and moon stand still and the wind blow whithersoever he lists; he may command the ocean's tides and incidentally tell us something we don't know about the Great

Nazarene; but he'll never succeed in bluffing with the boycott bogy an editor who understands his business. A good stiff sectarian boycott is worth more to a paper than a whole smokehouse full of moral support. The American people are firm believers in freedom of speech, and will rally to the support of any man who is being persecuted for daring to utter his honest opinions. If Williams is wise he will nurse that boycott as though it were a Populist baby. If it lasts long enough he can wear silk lingerie. When the Protestant priesthood cannot abide a free press; when it attempts to crush commercially those papers it cannot control; when it discards the charity of Christ for the cowardly boycott; when it replies to editorial criticism with turgid insolence; when it assumes to be too d—n good for public discussion by free-born American sovereigns, the day of its destiny is about done. A little more insolence by stupid boards of stewards, a little more insolence by ministerial mercenaries, and the long-suffering American people will have a little Notre Dame of their own, with some painted "cat" posing as Goddess of Reason.

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THE AIR-JAMMING JINGOES.

THE *Dallas News* arouses itself from stertorous slumber long enough to indulge in an amusing editorial tirade against "those bumptious people who despise everything English—the atmosphere-jamming jingoes." Hit 'em again, Aunt Nancy,—and more power to your broom! The man who "despises everything English" is certainly a contumacious cuss, doomed to die in his sins. He has heeded not the law and the gospel as laid down by the *Dal-Gal* that heverythink Hinglish is a blawsted sight better than heverythink helse, doncher know, and should

be placed under harrows of iron—or compelled to read one of Cleveland's cockney ukases and take Slap-Slops on the side. When a Jingo is caught jamming the atmosphere he should be required to answer. In cases where he can prove that the said atmosphere was impregnated with the "rot" of the *Dal-Gal's* editorials he should be recommended to the mercy of the court; but Jingoese should not be permitted to swat the atmosphere where it is inoffensive and bears healing on its wings. There is much that is both English and admirable. Still I insist that the party who despises everything English is not such an incorrigible ass as the Texas editor who turns up his smelling apparatus at everything American; that it were better for the Jingo to jam the atmosphere to a mux than for Belo of the bifurcated whiskers and journalistic double-ender to persistently insult the people of this country with his pro-English proclivities. The newspaper that lauds a foreign people and sneers at its own patrons is more contemptible than the ungracious fice that snaps at the hand that feeds him. I confess that I haven't much love for a country that armed the Indians and turned them loose upon the isolated homes of my forefathers. I cannot work up much undying admiration for a nation we have had to fight to a finish on two occasions to preserve our liberties, and which would wreck the American Government if it possessed the power. Not even for immortal Shakespeare's sake can I apotheosize a people whose motto has ever been that might makes right,—a nation that toadies to the strong while waging brutal war upon the weak solely for self-aggrandizement. John Bull is simply an international buccaneer. He insults when he dares, fawns when he must and despoils when he can. He has won no laurels in civilized warfare except where he has had the assistance of some other power. In 1776 his formidable armies were licked by the ragged Con-

tinentials, armed with squirrel guns, and in 1812 his magnificent navy was driven to cover by Yankee dugouts. In war and in peace Columbia has proven Great Britain's master, both on land and sea. They why should we take to bed with an aggravated case of Anglomania? Why should we continue to breed heiresses for scorbutic dukes to debauch, and consider ourselves honored by the unholy alliance? Why should not the American eagle in the day of his strength remember the brutality of the British lion to the unfledged bird? Why shouldn't we be Americans from head to heel, a law unto ourselves, instead of aping in both mind and manners our hereditary enemy? The *News* quotes a London paper to prove that John Bull heartily approves of the Monroe Doctrine. Perhaps so; but the bawling of one British paper is a very small premise from which to draw so large a conclusion. The London *Spectator* is no more the British Government than Fwankie Dowemus is the State of Texas. It is safe to say that if England approves the political miscarriage of President Monroe, it is not because of any Amelie Rives Chanler passion for the American Government. England is for England, first, last and all the time. If John Bull doesn't want to gobble any more American territory it is simply because experience has convinced him that such possessions do not pay—that when able to add materially to his revenues they lick the sawdust out of his hired assassins and set up for themselves. If John Bull has taken a fancy to that worthless rubbish known as the Monroe Doctrine, we should wrap it up in a copy of the *Dal-Gal* and present it to the infamous old pirate with our compliments.

WAR OR WIND?

UNCLE SAM AS DON QUIXOTE.

BRITAIN'S royal beast and Columbia's bald-headed bird are evidently preparing to give an interesting imitation of the historical monkey and parrot—to have “one hell of a time.” President Cleveland slipped a cannon cracker into Queen Victoria's Christmas sock, and is now waiting to receive in return the courtesies of the season. The old girl has got to sand her hands, seize her soap-stick and call the ripsnortin', hades-erecting bluff of the Western warrior bold, else concede Uncle Sam's right or ability to put a red fence around the Western hemisphere and compel the royal guys of Europe to keep off the grass. The party in the Populist pants and the Tippecanoe tile is trailing the flowing narrative of his star-spangled cut-away in the middle of the road, carrying an adult cypress shingle on each shoulder and ostentatiously biting his thumbs at John Bull. He has gone deliberately forth, with a search-warrant in one hand and a forty candle-power arc light in the other, to look for trouble, and either Cranfill or Christ hath said, “Seek and ye shall find.”

In browsing around, seeking whom he may devour, the British lion has encountered something he can't digest. While gayly despoiling the nests of ospreys he has inadvertently run his muzzle into the ærie of the American eagle, and unless the brute removes it with neatness and dispatch, he will be sent home with his tail frozen to his belly-band and both optics swinging in the breeze.

In my humble opinion, Cleveland made a large, piebald ass of himself when he penned that arbitrate-or-fight pronunciamiento. Some public enemy had probably slipped a

little gunpowder into the presidential demijohn, for Grover evidently mistook himself for that substitute who subdued the Southern Confederacy. He longed once again to hear the roar of battle and set his brisket against the bayonet—to drink hot blood out of a camp skillet and satisfy his martial soul with the glorious pomp and circumstance of war. It is difficult indeed to break these prancing war-steeds to the plow. The smell of holiday powder and the roll of the toy drum causes them to stand on their hind legs and neigh for a renaissance of the days that are dead.

There is nothing for it now but to back the president's foolish bluff to the last extremity. That is the penalty we must pay for having placed at the head of Federal affairs a man more skilled in pinochle than diplomacy, who runs to belly rather than brains and drinks bourbon as if it were Weiss beer. According to reliable reports, the president sat him down in a fit of pique, and, while his "hair was pulling," penned in a few minutes that message which may involve the world in war and set back the hand on the human horologue a thousand years. His case of *katzenjammer* is likely to cost us dear. Had he embroiled us with almost any other transatlantic power, we might have crawfished out of it with credit by consigning him to a Keeley-cure establishment or lunatic asylum; but we cannot afford to temporize even a little bit with John Bull. Such a policy would be interpreted by this professional bluffer as a square backdown, and would render him more insolent and overbearing than ever.

Sooner or later, Uncle Sam has got to give his British cousin a lesson in international courtesy—has got to hold Britain's marauding beast up by the narrative and bump its fat head against Plymouth Rock until his fangs fall out—and this disagreeable duty cannot be long delayed. Another war between the two great English-speak-

ing powers has been brewing for half a century and cannot be permanently side-tracked by even the most careful diplomacy or skilled hypocrisy. It is inscribed in the Book of Fate—either Rome or Carthage must feel upon her neck the heel of the conqueror. We might just as well settle the hash of the world's bully and leave to posterity the privilege of paying the bills. It will serve to remind them of their glorious ancestors—and, while in the throes of hysterical patriotism, they'll place all the war-bonds and greenbacks on a gold basis and provide our whiskered orphans with liberal pensions.

The trade relations of the two countries are particularly close and mutually profitable. John Bull and Brother Jonathan wine and dine, toast and taffy each other—indulge in a great deal of gush anent the common ancestry, kindred institutions and the high destiny of the great English-speaking Brotherhood; but all the time they know they are lying like Cretans—are indulging the hypocritical courtesies of commerce, the artificial smiles and effusive hand-shakings of the shop. Ethnologically, the English and Americans are as little alike as are the Germans and the French. There is a mighty tide of English blood in America; but it has been modified by climatic conditions and the admixture of Danish and German, while the Gael has tintured it with iron and the Celt with tabasco sauce. England may have been our "mother country" a century or so ago; but to-day she is not even our anthropological step-dame. We are no more Englishmen because we employ the language, than a parrot is a Baptist preacher because it stands on two legs and gabbles anent things of which it knows nothing.

We owe to England no "debt of gratitude." She has done nothing for us except to fatten upon the fruits of our industry, oppress and insult us in the day of our

infancy and conspire against us in the day of our strength. Despite the "many expressions of good will," down deep in the heart of each nation is a fervent desire to humiliate the other—a feeling that needs little nursing to flame forth in hate so rancorous as to make peace impossible. John Bull has never forgotten nor forgiven the Boston tea-party and Bunker Hill. Yorktown has been a thorn in his side for a century, New Orleans is a fly in his ointment. But it is the growing commerce and the expanding power of the new Nation, born of his own brutality, that aggrieves him most. He aspires to be the autocrat of the earth; to place all nations and peoples under tribute to "the Tight Little Isle"—to make them the industrial peons of his grasping tradesmen; and day by day the truth of Napoleon's prophecy—that America was destined to put an everlasting crimp in Britain's vaulting ambition—is being driven home to the wolfish heart, the iron has entered his sordid soul. When not wrestling with Brother Jonathan for the best end of the bargain in beeves, cotton and corn, or striving, by the purchase of political Benedict Arnolds, to shape our financial system for his profit and our impoverishment, his tone is exasperating if not actually insulting. His globe-trotters take a peep at our institutions from the windows of a palace-car, enjoy our hospitality, then meander home to fill their pockets with dirty pence by pandering to anti-American prejudice by caricaturing us in stupid plays and lying periodicals. Even Charles Dickens, whom we enriched and worshiped as a god—beneath whose feet Columbia laid her shining hair—repaid our love with the base ingratitude characteristic of his brethren. In our joy at meeting the author of *Little Nell* we forgot that he was a Briton—that though he might be the brightest and wisest, he must of necessity be "the meanest of mankind."

John Bull's pauper "nobility"—with bawds and panders for progenitors—consider American heiresses their legitimate game. Englishmen come hither in the steerage of tramp steamers and accumulate fortunes; but when their wives become *enceinte* they send them across the sea that their brats may be born British subjects instead of American sovereigns, then bring back these cringing slaves of a rotten monarchy to be educated at the expense of a people whom they profess to despise. They fatten beneath the American flag, but when asked to bear arms in its defense, plead the exemption of aliens. The Gael and the Celt, the Dane and the Pole, the German and the Russ consider a flag worthy to shield their roof-tree good enough to fight for, and become enthusiastic American citizens, ready to do and die for the country of their adoption; but once an Englishman, always an Englishman. They are so inordinately proud of being the "humble subjects" of a beery old female, and so ready to pour into her ample ear their tale of woe at every opportunity, that their presence here is a constant menace to the peace of a nation that has afforded them an opportunity to rise superior to that state in which they were born—to develop from grimy paupers into pot-bellied plutocrats, from menials existing on "tips" contemptuously tossed them by gentlemen, into pompous millionaires.

When John Bull attempts to be pleasant with us he only succeeds in being patronizing. His diplomacy is deceit that might shame a disciple of Machiavelli, while his friendship is bounded by the shilling. During our civil war the present prime minister openly declared that the disruption of this nation would make to the commercial advantage of England, and those brutal words made him the political idol of his coldly calculating countrymen. And yet the Anglomaniacs are prattling of the "indis-

soluble ties that bind together the great English-speaking brotherhood," and sniveling about John Bull's "friendship for Brother Jonathan!" It is a friendship akin to that of Judas Iscariot—he kisses only to betray.

True, these are but trifles, at which Americans, conscious of their country's invincible strength, affect to laugh; but it is the laugh of men who long to express their hilarity with martial music and double-shotted guns. People in this frame of mind can easily find a pretext for booming the coffin trust. In fact, the official *casus belli* in nearly every bloody struggle has been but a specious apology to the world for letting slip the dogs of war. Petty grievances accumulate and bitterness is fostered, until, without apparent cause, there comes the conflagration.

I sincerely trust that the political buncombe of President Cleveland will not prove a match in the great powder magazine; but if the sword is once drawn it should not be sheathed while the shadow of Britain's flag falls upon one acre of the western world. When Columbia strikes again in the name of human liberty she must strike to kill—must make her flag a terror to tyranny. We have already had two wars with England, and we must make it "three times and out." We gave the British lion a breakfast in 1776, a dinner in 1812, but the omnivorous beast is not yet satisfied. If he puts his paws under our mahogany again, we must serve him with a supper that will forever satiate his lust for Yankee gore.

Nothing short of dismemberment of the British Empire will put England permanently on her good behavior, and this Uncle Sam can accomplish in half the time it required to conquer the Southern Confederacy. For generations Erin, prostrate and bleeding beneath the feet of Britain's marauding beast, has appealed to us for aid. We have given her our sympathy and opened to her our purse; now

let us give her the sword, beneath whose keen edge her ancient enemy has learned to cower. In case of war, let it be emblazoned on every battle flag that Ireland's autonomy is a prerequisite to peace. Let us throw fifty thousand fighting men into the Emerald Isle, as a nucleus around which the Irish, scattered throughout the world, may rally, and strike one herculean blow for God and native land. Do this, and the Irish—who have constituted England's right arm for a hundred years—will fight this war, and they'll fight it to a finish. From every land and clime upon which shines the sun the fiery Celts will come trooping to the fray, and unless held in check by Columbia's strong hand, they'll make of Ireland's oppressor a desolation forever and a day. Twice has England allied herself with the American savages in war upon this country. While she assailed us in front, she incited the murderous redskins to attack the defenseless cabins and isolated villages scattered along our western frontier. It were but retributive justice to turn the Celts, maddened by generations of cruel outrage and brutal robbery—in their thirst for vengeance—loose in their marts of trade.

Those milk-and-water Anglomaniacs, who are crying aloud in the mugwump press that, in case of war we would be at the mercy of England's ironclads, should be sent across the sea where they may feel safe. They are the lineal descendants of those Tories who preached humble submission to crazy King George, and put their white livers on exhibition when John Bull was impressing American seamen. They told America then that she was not prepared for war, and that "the British navy would dictate terms of peace off New York and Boston." They gave an imitation of Jonah, who went bawling up and down the earth, "Yet forty days and Nineveh shall be overthrown." But despite the calamity cackling, Nineveh

stood—and so did New York. The Yankee tars rigged up a lot of rotten scows, armed them with old smooth-bores, and either captured England's terrible seventy-fours or drove them under cover, while Washington's ragged Continentals or Old Hickory's coonskin riflemen were making the British redcoats and Hessian mercenaries hard to catch. The best defense of a nation is not ships of iron and forts of stone, but hearts of oak. With three million poverty-stricken people, the American eagle got in its gaffes. Back of the bird o' freedom to-day are seventy millions of the same fighting stock, and more wealth than is owned by any other nation in the world. America has passed through the fiery furnace—has been welded into one homogeneous nation. In case of another war with England that country will not have vast tribes of Indians and traitorous tories to assist her. She will not find one great section of America inimical to the other and indifferent to national glory, as in 1812. Lee's veterans will keep step with Grant's boys in blue—will set foot as far as who goes farthest in defense of the old flag; and I here do prophesy that when Northern valor and Southern chivalry make common cause—though the sea be black with England's ships and her shores girt with fire—the red tide of war will soon roll through London's streets and Old Glory be planted in triumph on the Tower.

I have been called a "jingo." If by that is meant that I am jealous of my country's honor; if by that is meant that I am all aweary of seeing the most powerful nation that ever graced the mighty tide of time truckle like a whipped spaniel at the feet of a neighbor it could erase from the map of the world; if by it is meant that I long to hear the mighty bird o' freedom emit one scream that will cause every arrogant monarchy on earth to hunt its hole, and hunt it p. d. q., then I am a jingo for your Vandyke beard.

England is the modern Attila, the Scourge of God, the curse of the world. Her arrogance and insolence are only equaled by her conscienceless cupidity. She is the avatar of Discord, the abettor of Strife, the incarnation of Greed. Her power must be broken before a permanent peace is possible. Not until she is humbled in the very dust need the poet dream of that Saturnian age, when

“The war-drum throbs no longer,
And the battle flags are furled
In the parliament of man,
The federation of the world.”

America is the only power that can, singlehanded and alone, cut short the career of this professional filibuster, and this duty seems to have been assigned to us by the Deity. Still, we might have awaited a tenable excuse for hostilities. The Monroe Doctrine is a political back number that should cut no ice in our national affairs to-day. Even when first enunciated and properly interpreted, it was a piece of flamboyant nonsense not worth fighting for. We were induced to adopt it by England herself, who was jealous of other European powers, and employed us as a tool to accomplish her own ends—used as the monkey did the feline’s paw, to pull chestnuts out of the fire. If Europe owned every foot of soil from the Rio Bravo to Magellan Strait, and from the St. Lawrence to Symme’s Hole, the autonomy of this mighty Yankee nation would be in nowise endangered. On our own soil the world in arms would find us invincible. Uncle Sam is a giant who towers, like Saul, above his brethren. There are not men and money enough in the great round globe to trail Old Glory in the dust, or tear one gleaming star from Columbia’s diadem. Seventy million Americans, who know exactly what they are here for, can breed fighting stock to fill the ranks faster than the combined armies of the

earth can decimate them. We can build a Chinese wall around these United States and defend it, from generation to generation, against all the world, and at the same time grow in population and increase in wealth.

Such being the case, is it not arrant folly to say that European colonization of other American countries is inimical to our peace and safety? If we have managed to exist all these years with the British possessions abutting our entire northern border, Spain holding the key to the Gulf, and the American-hating Mexican dynasty on the southwest, why should we become panic-stricken if England adds a few malarial acres to the crown on another continent? We look idly on while generation after generation of Cubans sacrifice themselves in a futile struggle for freedom. We see a spirited and industrious people oppressed by a transatlantic power and shot to death at our very door, and if one of our citizens attempts to do for them what Lafayette did for us under similar conditions, we consign him to a dungeon, then contract a double-barreled bellyache anent the outraged Goddess of Liberty because a few thieving Venezuelans cannot agree with Great Britain anent the Guiana boundary!

It would be infinitely better for us if progressive European powers took forcible possession of all Central and South America and developed those fertile countries, instead of leaving them to a lot of lazy, semi-barbarous half-breeds, who are of less importance in the world's economy than so many agency Indians. The idea that the countries south of us are "Sister Republics," whom it is Uncle Sam's duty, as a modern Sir Tristram or Don Quixote, to protect from the bites, is all buncombe. This is the only government of the people, for the people and by the people existing in the Western World—and even it is not so to any alarming extent. There is as much liberty in Mexico

as in any of the so-called republics further south; yet Diaz is as supreme on Mexican soil as the Czar at St. Petersburg. The average South American "citizen" couldn't distinguish between the elective franchise and an ichthyosaurian. Oligarchies, cabals and dictators rule the roost, and whenever a man becomes rich enough to own two dogs and an antiquated gun he revolts and grasps the reins of government. The people of those "republics" are divided into two classes—those on rule or ruin bent and those content to sit in the sun and roll corn-shuck cigarettes until an opportunity occurs to steal something which they are not too tired to carry.

In case of war we want no alliance with the so-called republics of the south. We would have to provide them with guns and grub, and neither their fighting ability nor their faithlessness justifies the expense. They are first-class assassins, but very poor soldiers. A British regiment would go through them like a thunderbolt through a swarm of gnats. Had the famous Light Brigade charged the mobilized armies of South America it would not have lost a dozen men; but the chances are that every horse would have been stolen from under it.

It is urged that an attempt on our part to enforce the Cleveland-Olney interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine would bring the continental powers of Europe to England's aid. That is beyond the pale of the probabilities. Spain, France, Holland and some others do not like the Monroe Doctrine a little bit; but none of them are anxious for a "go" with the giant of the Occident. Uncle Sam ran a bluff on both France and Spain, and made England herself sing small while the Southern Confederacy was in the very heyday of its power. Russia could not be drawn into an anti-American alliance, for she doesn't care an Austindam about the Monroe Doctrine; but while

America was entertaining Western Europe, the Great White Czar, by pushing his fortunes in the Far East, would cut out some lively work for his neighbors nearer home. France, Spain, et al., will give Great Britain their moral support, then sit on the fence and wait for their slice of Turkey, while discussing the balance of power. Continental Europe has troubles of her own, and John Bull will have to tell his to Brother Jonathan.

If war is the result of the present complication the world will be none the worse for it; but Grover Cleveland, like the fool who fired the Ephesian Dome, will be damned to everlasting fame. The blood of every American patriot who falls before the batteries of Great Britain will be upon his head. After being for years John Bull's man Friday, the subservient tool of Downing street, he blossoms forth as *facile princeps* of the genus "jingo." Hitherto his Anglomania has been offensive to the very mugwumps; now his Americanism slops over like a toy bucket in a cloudburst. After truckling to England in all things like a slave to his master, he hurries us into war with that country without provocation or excuse—puts Uncle Sam in the position of the fool jackess who kicked before he was spurred. Because Great Britain desired to preserve the Hawaiian monarchy, Cleveland exceeded his authority in a feverish attempt to degrade Old Glory and strangle the new-born republic. He ignored the Monroe Doctrine when it was flagrantly violated under his very nose in the case of Nicaragua, then placed upon it a strained and hitherto unheard of construction as a pretext for making a flamboyant war-talk that by appealing to 'American patriotism would cause his political errors to be forgiven and forgotten.

SALMAGUNDI.

BILL HOWELLS, the anile old Mugwump who "does the heavy" for Harper's Weekly, has again emptied his intellectual slop-tub on the Southern people. According to Bill the South is going to hades in a hand-basket because it doesn't think as he thinks and send men to congress to elaborate into law his abortive thunks. He considers that we are suffering for "education" solely because unable to see that we can get rich as grease by borrowing measly pups of Eastern plutocrats and repaying the loan with nice fat pigs—because when we catch a black buck assaulting a white woman we fail to sit calmly down on a gum stump and await the coming of a procrastinating constable, instead of putting an "intelligent" and "right-minded" gold-bugger under ground. The fact that old Bill recently discovered a classic "poet" in a nigger elevator boy, and it hurts him so badly to have a coon rape-fiend killed, suggests that he may have a pint or so of Ethiop blood surging through his insides. He finds upon patient inspection that we have a few passable politicians (all of whom think as he thinks)—a kind of frazzled remnant of our intellectual greatness before the omniscient North saddled us with carpet-baggers and nigger suffrage—also a few editors wise and honest enough to confess that G. Cleveland is God; but on the whole takes a very pessimistic view of our situation, handicapped as we are by almost universal ignorance. Perhaps it would be a good idea for Bill to come South a few seasons. to hibernate here, so that we could sit directly under the drippings of his super-esthetic sanctuary and let his higher education soak into us. Scat! you pompous old paleozoic. You are one of those of garrulous grannies whom God neg-

lected to endow with the slightest adumbration of decency or bless with an ounce of brains. You have been indulging in a pavonian parade for nearly half a century, flourishing your literary tail-feathers in the sun; yet in all that time you never wrote a sensible thing that you didn't steal and spoil, never penned an original line that will be remembered ten days after you are dead. You are simply Grand Cophta of a lot of fourth-rate literary mechanics who don't know how; yet you set yourself up as censor of the South with all the assurance of Rhadamanthus passing sentence on a Corinthian courtesan. It is true the South has now no Clays and Calhouns; but where in blazes are the Websters and Blaines? If we can now boast neither a Geo. D. Prentice nor a Henry W. Grady, where are the elder Bennetts and the Horace Greeleys? But why bandy words with a senescent old babbler who reads nothing but neurotic novels, gorges himself with the inane drivel of hopeless decadents, and knows less of the economic history of nations than does the average hack who grinds out editorials to order and pockets his hire.

Justice Straight of Culia, N. Y., recently married a pretty white orphan girl of good family but weak mind to a coal-black coon, regarded as the toughest Ethiop in the town. The citizens tried to tar and feather Straight, but could not find him. It were a shame to waste honest feathers on a fiend so foul. The citizens will probably never rest until they have driven Straight off American soil and castrated the coon.

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